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2

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCCCLIV.

ROLAND CASHEL BY CHARLES LEVER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ROLAND CASHEL.

BY

CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER," "THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE," &c., &c.

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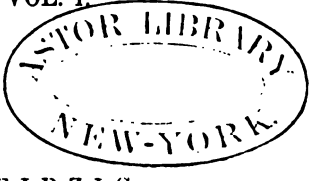
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

1858.

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TO

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

My dear James,

"You, once upon a time, dedicated to me a tale of deep and thrilling interest. Let me now inscribe to you this volume on the plea of that classic authority who, in the interchange of armour, "gave Brass for Gold."

It is, however, far less to repay the obligation of a debt by giving you a "Roland" — not for your "Oliver" — but your "Stepmother," than for the pleasure of recording one "Fact" in a bulky tome of Fiction, that I now write your name at the head of this page — that fact being, the warm memory I cherish of all our pleasant hours of intercourse, and the sincere value I place upon the honour of your friendship.

Yours, in all esteem and affection,

Charles Lever.

Palazzo Ximenes, Florence,
October 20, 1849.

ROLAND CASHEL.

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

And thus they lived ye merrie yeare,
For they were a jollie crewe
Of pleasante laddes that knewe no feare,
And — as little of honestie too.

BALLADE OF CAPT. PIKE.

OUR tale opens on a gorgeous night of Midsummer — at an era so little remote, that to name the precise year could have no interest for the reader, and in a region which seemed to combine all that is delightful in climate with whatever is luxuriant and splendid in vegetation. It was upon the bank of a small river, a tributary of the Oronoco, not very distant from the picturesque city of Barcelonetta, that a beautiful villa stood, the elegance of whose architecture, and the lavish magnificence of whose decorations, were alike evidence that neither taste nor wealth were wanting to its proprietor.

In this land where Nature had been so prodigal of her gifts, the luxurious appointments of this princely abode seemed to partake of the character of a fairy palace; and the admixture of objects of high art, the treasures of Italian *galleries and* Spanish collections, *with the more vivid realities of* the scene, favoured this

illusion. The fortunate owner of this paradise was a certain Pedro Rica, who, for something like fourteen years, had been a resident of Columbia. A widower, with an only child, then an infant of scarce a year old, he had arrived in that country seeking, as he said, by new scenes, and new associations, to erase, so far as might be, the painful memory of his late bereavement.

While he gave it to be understood that he was a Spaniard by birth, some averred that he was a Mexican; others, that he was a Texan; and one or two alleged that he was an American of the States, an assumption that the ease and fluency of his English went far to corroborate. Of whatever nation he came, certain is it that a mystery hung over both his native land and his history; and as he showed little disposition to enlighten the world on these subjects, as is usual in such cases, his neighbours took their revenge by inventing a hundred stories about him, each one only worse than the other. At one time it was said hat his wealth was acquired by piracy; at another, that he absconded from a Texan city, with a large sum belonging to the government; forgery — breach of trust, were among the commonest allegations; and the most charitable only averred that he made his money in the slave-trade.

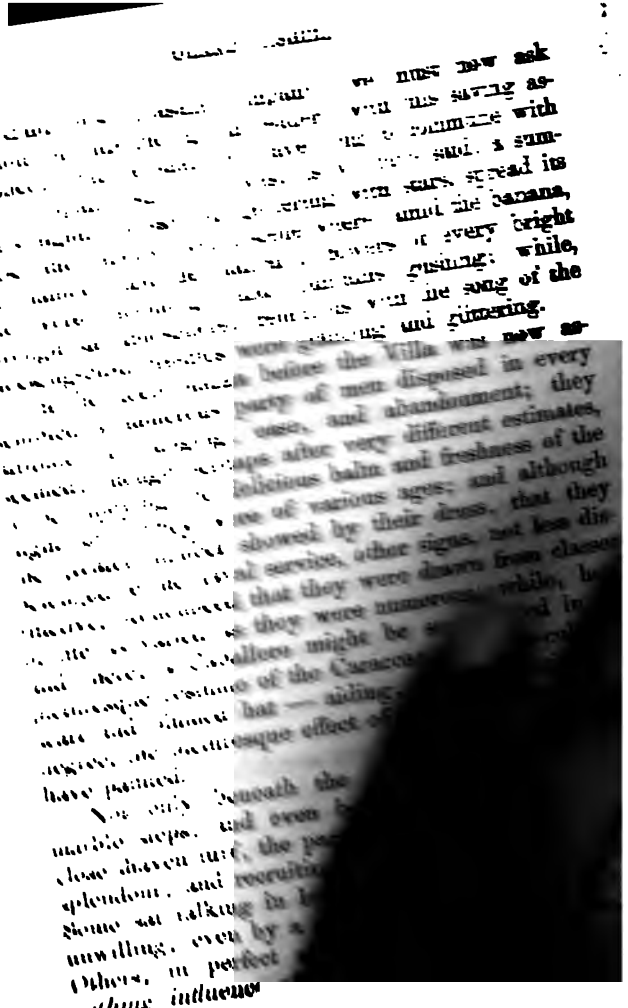
It is but fair to say, that the sole foundation for these various rumours lay in the stern distance of his manner, and the cold, almost repulsive, austerity with which he declined all acquaintance with the neighbourhood. These traits, added to the voluptuous splendour of a retinue and a style of living infinitely above all *around, gradually* estranged from him the few who at-

tempted to form an intimacy, and left him to live — as it seemed he preferred — a life of solitary magnificence; an object of affected pity to many, but of real envy to all.

As his daughter grew up, he was accustomed to visit the sea-coast each summer for some weeks, and from these absences he, now, usually returned with one or two acquaintances, for the most part officers of the Columbian navy, with whom he had formed an intimacy at the sea-side. Such acquaintanceships seemed to increase from year to year, till at last each autumn saw the "Villa de las Noches Entretenidas," "of the pleasant nights," crowded with guests, whose wild orgies were in strange contrast to the former stillness and quietude within those walls.

A more motley and discordant assemblage it would be hard to conceive, consisting as they did of adventurers from every land of Europe. The wild and reckless outcast of every clime and country, the beggared speculator, the ruined gambler, the duellist with blood upon his hand, the defaulter with shame upon his forehead. All that good morals reject, and the law pursues, mingled with others whose faults went no further than waste or improvidence, or the more venial sin, that they came poor into the world, and were stamped "Adventurers" from the cradle.

A service that never exercised too nice a scrutiny into the habits of its followers, and whose buccaneer life had all the freedom of piracy, with the assumption of a recognised class, offered no mean attraction to the lover of enterprise; and certainly, if the standard of morals was *low, that of daring*, reckless adventure *was the very opposite.*



the cigarettos in dreamy indolence; while at intervals, from the leafy groves, a merry laugh, or the tinkling of a guitar, would mingle with the bubbling murmur of the fountains, making the very stillness yet more still as they ceased. Behind the piazza, and opening by several large windows upon it, could be seen a splendid saloon, resplendent with waxlights, and still displaying on the loaded table the remnants of a sumptuous repast, amid which vessels of gold and vases of flowers appeared. Here, yet lingered two or three guests — spirits who set no store on an entertainment if it did not degenerate into debauch.

A broad alley, flanked by tall hedges of the prickly pear, led from the Villa to a little mound, on which a chesnut-tree stood, the patriarch of the wood; a splendid tree it was, and worthy of a better destiny than it now fulfilled, as, lighted up by several lanterns suspended from the branches, it spread its shade over a large table where a party were playing at "Monte."

Even without the suggestive aid of the large heaps of gold beside each player, and piled in the middle of the table, the grave and steadfast faces of some, the excited look of others, and the painful intensity of interest in all, showed that the play was high. Still, although such was the case, and while the players were men whose hot blood and reckless lives did but little dispose them to put the curb upon their tempers, not a word was spoken aloud; nor did a gesture or a look betray the terrible vacillations of hope and fear the changeful fortune of the game engendered. Standing near the table, but *not mingling in* the play, stood Don *Pedro himself, his sallow and* melancholy features *fixed upon the game, with an* expression that might

mean sorrow or deep anxiety, it were difficult to say which. Beside him, at a small table littered with papers and writing materials, sat his steward, or intendant, a German named Geizheimer, a beetle-browed, white-cheeked, thick-lipped fellow, whose aquiline features and guttural accents told that lending money at enormous interest was no uncongenial occupation. Such was his present, and indeed almost his only duty; for, while Don Pedro seldom or never played, gaming was the invariable occupation of the guests, whose means to support it were freely supplied by the steward; the borrowers either passing a simple note for repayment, or, when the sum was a heavy one, mortgaging their share in the next prize they should capture. Other contracts, it was rumoured, were occasionally resorted to, but of such we shall speak anon.

At a short distance from the table, but sufficiently near to observe the game, stood one from whom nothing short of the passion of play could have prevented every eye being bent. But so it was; she stood alone and unmarked, while all the interest was concentrated upon the game. Dressed in a white tunic or chemise, fastened round the waist by a gold girdle, stood Maritaña Rica, her large and lustrous black eyes eagerly turned to where two youths were standing intensely occupied by the play. Her neck, arms, and shoulders were bare, in Mexican fashion, and even the mantilla she wore over her head was less as a protection than as a necessary accompaniment of a costume, which certainly is of the simplest kind. Except the chemise, she had no other garment, save a jupe of thin lama-wool, beautifully embroidered and studded with *precious stones*; this terminated below the middle of

the leg, displaying an ankle and foot no Grecian statue ever surpassed in beauty.

If the deep brown of her skin almost conveyed the reproach — and such it is — of Indian blood, a passing glance at the delicate outline of her features, and, in particular, of her mouth, at once contradicted the suspicion. The lips were beautifully arched, and, although plump and rounded, had none of the fulness of the degraded race. These were now slightly parted, displaying teeth of surpassing whiteness, and imparting to the whole expression a character of speaking animation. Although not yet sixteen, her figure had all the graceful development of womanhood, without having entirely lost a certain air of fawn-like elasticity, which, from time to time, her gestures of impatience displayed.

The two young men, on whom her interest seemed fixed, were playing in partnership, and, in their highly-wrought passion, never once looked up from the board. One, somewhat taller and older by a few years, appeared to exercise the guidance of their play; and it was easy to see, in the swollen and knotted veins of his forehead, in the clenched hands, and in the tremulous lip, the passionate nature of a confirmed gambler. The younger, whose dress of green velvet, slashed and braided in Mexican taste, and whose wide-leaved sombrero was decorated with a long sash of light blue silk, whose deep gold fringe hung upon his shoulder, was evidently one less enamoured of play, and more than once busied himself in arranging the details of his costume, of which he seemed somewhat vain. It was *in one of these* moments that his eyes *met those of Maritaña fixed* steadfastly upon him, and,

fascinated by her unmoved stare, he felt his cheek grow hot, and, whether from a sense of shame or a still more tender motive, the blush spread over his face and forehead. Maritaña looked steadily, almost sternly, at him, and then, with a slight toss of her head, so slight that none save he who had watched her intently could read its scornful import, she turned away. The youth did not wait a moment, but, slipping from his place, followed along the alley he had seen her take.

He who remained, unconscious of his friend's departure, continued to mutter about the chances of the game, and speculate on the amount he would dare to hazard. "She is against us every time, Roland!" said he, in a low, half-whispering voice. "Fortune will not smile, woo her how we may! Speak, amigo mio, shall we risk all?" As he spoke, he began counting the piles of glittering gold before him, but his hand trembled, and the pieces clung to his moist fingers, so that he was too late for the deal.

"Sixteen hundred," muttered he to himself. "Ten — twenty — thirty."

"The bank loses!" cried the croupier, announcing the game.

"Loses!" screamed the young man, in an accent whose piercing agony startled the whole board — "loses! because it was the only time I had no wager. See, Roland, see how true it is; there is a curse upon us." He seized the arm of the person at his side, and clenched it with a convulsive energy as he spoke.

"Saperlote! my young friend; you'll never change luck by tearing my old uniform," growled out a rugged-*looking German* skipper, who, commanding a small

privateer, affected the rank and style of a naval officer.

"Oh, is it you, Hans?" said the youth, carelessly; "I thought it had been one of our own fellows. Only think the bank should lose, because I made no stake; see now, watch this. Halt!" cried he to the dealer, in a voice that at once arrested his hand. "You give one no time, Sir, to decide upon his game," said he with a savage irascibility, which continued bad luck had carried to the highest pitch. "Players who risk their two or three crowns may not object; but, if a man desires to make a heavy stake, it is but common courtesy to wait a moment. A thousand doubloons, the red queen — fifteen hundred," added he, quickly, "Fifteen, and thirty-five — or eight." So saying, he pushed with both hands the great heap of gold pieces into the middle of the table; and then, with eyes bloodshot and glaring, he watched each card that fell from the banker's fingers. When the first row of cards were dealt, all was in his favour, and, as the banker took up the second pack, a long suppressed sigh broke from the gambler's bosom. It seemed, at length, as if fortune had grown weary of persecuting him.

"Come, Enrique," said a handsomely-dressed and fine-looking man, who stood opposite to him, "luck has turned at last, there is nothing but the queen of spades against you!"

As if by some magic spell he had called the card, the words were not out when it dropped upon the table. A cry of mingled amazement and horror burst from the players, whose natures would seem to recognise some *superstitious influence* in such marked *casualties*. *As for Enrique*, he stood perfectly still

and silent; a horrible smile, the ghastly evidence of an hysterical effort, sat upon his rigid features, and at length two or three heavy drops of blood trickled from his nostril, and fell upon his shirt.

"Where's Roland?" said he, in a faint whisper, to a young man behind him.

"I saw him with Maritaña, walking towards the three fountains."

Enrique's pallid cheek grew scarlet, and rudely pushing his way through the crowd, he disappeared from view.

"There goes a man in good humour to board a prize," said one of the bystanders coolly, and the play proceeded without a moment's interruption.

With his broad-leaved hat drawn down upon his brows, and his head sunk upon his bosom, he traversed the winding walks with the step of one who knew their every turning; at last he reached a lonely and unfrequented part of the garden, where the path, leading for some distance along the margin of a small lake, suddenly turned off towards a flower terrace, in the midst of which "the three fountains" stood.

Instead of taking the shortest way to the spot, Enrique left the walk and entered a grove of trees, through whose thick shade he proceeded silently and cautiously. The air was calm and motionless, and none save one who had received the education of a prairie hunter, could have followed that track so noiselessly. By degrees the wood became open, and his progress more circumspect, when he suddenly halted.

Directly in front of him, not twenty paces from where he stood, was the terrace, over which, in the *stilly night air*, the fountain threw a light spray-like

shower, rustling, as it fell upon the leaves, with a murmuring sound. Lower down, was a little basin surrounded by a border of white marble, and beside this two figures were now standing, whom, by the clear starlight, he could easily recognise to be Roland and Màritaña.

The former, with folded arms, and head bent down, as if in thought, leaned against a tree, while Maritaña stood beside the fountain, moving her foot to and fro in the clear water, and, as though entirely engrossed by her childish pastime, never bestowed a look upon her companion. At last, she ceased suddenly, and turning abruptly round, so as to stand full in front of him, said, "Well, Senhor, am I to hope our pleasant interview is ended, or have I still to hear more of your complaints, those gentle remonstrances that sound, to my ears at least, more wearisome than words of downright anger?"

"You have not heard me patiently," said the youth, advancing towards her, while the slightly shaken tones of his voice contrasted strangely with the assured and haughty accents in which he spoke.

"Patiently!" echoed she, with a scornful laugh. "And where was this same goodly gift to be learned? Among the pleasant company we have quitted, Senhor? whose friendships of a night are celebrated by a brawl on the morrow! From the most exemplary crew of the *Esmeralda*, and in particular, the worthy lieutenant, Don Roland da Castel, who, if report speaks truly, husbands the virtue so rigidly that he cannot spare the smallest portion to expend upon his friends?"

"*If my thrift had extended* to other matters," said

the youth, bitterly, "mayhap I should not have
listen to language like this?"

"What say you, Sir!" cried the girl, passionatel
as she stamped upon the ground with a gesture
violent anger. "Do you affect to say, that it matte
to me whether you stood there as loaded with gold
on the morning you brought back that Mexican priz
and played the hero with such martial modesty; or
poor — as poor — as bad luck at cards can mak
you? If I loved you, I'd have as little care for or
event as the other!"

"You certainly thought more favourably of me the
than now, Maritaña!" said Roland, diffidently.

"I know not why you say so!"

"At least you accepted my hand in betrothal —"

"Stay!" cried she, impetuously. "Did I not te
you, then, before the assembled witnesses — befo
my father — what a mockery this same ceremony w
— that its whole aim and object was to take advanta
of that disgraceful law that can make an unmarrie
girl, a widow, to inherit the fortune of one she nev
would have accepted as her husband. Speak, Sir! –
and say, did I not tell you this, and more too, th
such a bridal ceremony brought little fortune to t
bridegroom, for that already I had been thrice a widowe
bride? Nay, more, you heard me swear as solemnl
that while I regarded the act as one of deep profanatio
I felt in nowise bound by it. It is idle, then,
speak of our betrothal!"

"It is true, Maritaña, you said all this; althoug
perhaps, you had not now remembered it, had not son
other succeeded to that place in your regard —"

"There, there!" cried she, stopping him impatientl

"I will not listen again to the bead-roll of your jealousies. People must have loved very little, or too much, to endure that kind of torture. Besides, why tell me of these things? You are, they say, a most accomplished hunter, and can answer me, — if, when in chase of an antelope, a jaguar joins the sport, you do not turn upon him at once, the worthier and nobler enemy, and thus, as it were, protect what had been your prey."

The youth seemed stung to the quick by this pitiless sarcasm; and although he made no reply, his hands, convulsively clutched, bespoke the torrent of agitation within him. "You are right, Maritaña!" said he, after a pause. "It is idle to speak of our betrothal — I release you."

"Release *me!*" said she, laughing contemptuously; "this is a task I always perform for myself, Senhor, and by the shortest of methods, as thus." As she spoke, she struggled to tear from her finger a ring, which resisted all her efforts; at last, by a violent wrench, she succeeded, and holding it up for a second, till the large diamond glittered like a star, she threw it into the still fountain at her feet. "There, amigo mio, I release *you* — never was freedom more willingly accorded!"

"Never was there a slave more weary of his servitude!" said the youth, bitterly. "If Don Pedro Rica but tear his accursed bond, I should feel myself my own again."

"He will scarce refuse you, Sir, if the rumour be correct that says you have lost eleven thousand doubloons at play. The wealthy *conqueror* stands on very different *ground from the ruined gambler.* Go to him at once!

Ask back the paper! Tell him you have neither a heart nor a fortune to bestow upon his daughter! That as a gambler, fettered by the lust for play, you have lost all soul for those hazardous enterprises that win a girl's love, and a father's consent."

She waited for a moment that he might reply; and then, impatient, perhaps, at his silence, added — "I did not think, Senhor, you esteemed yourself so rich a prize! Be of good cheer, however! — they who are less cognisant of your deserts will be more eager to secure them."

With these slighting words she turned away. Roland advanced as if to follow her, but with a contemptuous gesture of the hand she waved him back and he stood like one spell-bound, gazing after her, till she disappeared in the dark distance.

CHAPTER II.

"La Diche viene quando no se a guarda." — SPANISH PROVERB.
(Good luck comes when it is not looked for.)

ROLAND looked for some minutes in the direction by which Maritaña had gone, and then, with a sudden start, as if of some newly taken resolve, took the path towards the Villa. He had not gone far when, at the turn of the way, he came in front of Enrique, who with hasty steps, was advancing towards him.

"Lost, everything lost!" exclaimed the latter, with a mournful gesture of his hands.

"All gone!" cried Roland.

"Every crown in the world!"

"*Be it so*; there is an end of gambling, at least!"

"*You bear your* losses nobly, Senhor!" said Enrique

sneeringly; "and, before a fitting audience, might claim the merit of an accomplished gamester. I am, however, most unworthy to witness such fine philosophy. I recognise in beggary nothing but disgrace!"

"Bear it, then, and the whole load, too!" said Roland, sneeringly. "To your solicitations only I yielded in taking my place at that accursed table. I had neither a passion for play, nor the lust for money-getting; you thought to teach me both, and, peradventure, you have made me despise them more than ever."

"What a moralist!" cried Enrique, laughing insolently, "who discovers that he has cared neither for his mistress nor his money till he has lost both."

"What do you mean?" said Roland, trembling with passion.

"I never speak in riddles," was the cool reply.

"This, then, is meant as insult," said Roland, approaching closer, and speaking in a still lower voice; "or is it merely the passion of a disappointed gambler?"

"And if it were, amigo mio," retorted the other, "what more fitting stake to set against the anger of a rejected lover?"

"Be it so!" cried Roland, fiercely; "you never caught up a man more disposed to indulge your humour. Shall it be now?"

"Could not so much courage keep warm till daylight?" said Enrique, calmly. "Below the fountains there is a very quiet spot."

"At sunrise?"

"At sunrise," echoed Enrique, bowing with affected courtesy, till the *streamers from* his hat touched the *ground.*

"Now for my worthy father-in-law elect," said Roland; "and to see him before he may hear of this business, or I may find it difficult to obtain my divorce." When the youth arrived at the Villa, the party were assembled at supper. The great saloon, crowded with guests and hurrying menials, was a scene of joyous but reckless conviviality, the loud laughter and the louder voices of the company striking on Roland's ear with a grating discordance he had never experienced before. The sounds of that festivity he had been wont to recognise, as the pleasant evidences of free and high-souled enjoyment, now jarred heavily on his senses, and he wondered within himself how long he had lived in such companionship.

Well knowing that the supper party would not remain long at table, while high play continued to have its hold upon the guests, he strolled into one of the shady alleys, watching from time to time for the breaking up of the entertainment. At last some two or three arose, and preceded by servants with lighted flambeaux, took the way towards the gaming-table. They were speedily followed by others, so that in a brief space — except by the usual group of hard-drinking souls, who ventured upon no stake save that of health — the room was deserted.

He looked eagerly for Don Pedro, but could not see him, as it was occasionally his practice to retire to his library, long before his guests sought their repose. Roland made a circuit of the Villa, and soon came to the door of this apartment, which led into a small flower-garden. Tapping gently here, he received a *summons to enter*, and found himself before Don Pedro,

who, seated before a table, appeared deeply immersed in matters of business.

Roland did not need the cold and almost stern reception of his host to make him feel his intrusion very painfully; and he hastened to express his extreme regret that he should be compelled by any circumstances to trespass on leisure so evidently destined for privacy. "But a few moments' patient hearing," continued he, "will show that to me at least the object of this visit did not admit of delay."

"Be seated, Senhor; and, if I may ask it without incivility, be brief, for I have weighty matters before me."

"I will endeavour to be so," said Roland, civilly, and resumed: "This evening, Don Pedro, has seen the last of twenty-eight thousand Spanish dollars, which, five weeks since, I carried here along with me. They were my share, as commander of the *Esmeralda*, when she captured a Mexican bark in May last. They were won with hard blows and some danger — they were squandered in disgrace at the gaming-table."

"Forgive me," said Don Pedro, "you can scarcely adhere to your pledge of brevity if you permit yourself to be led away by moralising; just say how this event concerns me, and wherefore the present visit."

Roland became red with anger and shame, and when he resumed it was in a voice tremulous with ill-suppressed passion. "I did not come here for your sympathy, Senhor. If the circumstance I have mentioned had no relation to yourself, you had not seen me here. I say that I have now lost all that I was possessed of in the world."

"*Again I must interrupt you*, Senhor Roland, by

saying that these are details for Geizheimer, not for me. He, as you well know, transacts all matters of money, and if you desire a loan, or are in want of any immediate assistance, I'm sure you'll find him in every way disposed to meet your wishes."

"Thanks, Senhor, but I am not inclined for such aid. I will neither mortgage my blood nor my courage, nor promise three hundred per cent. for the means of a night at the gambling-table."

"Then pray, Sir, how am I to understand your visit? Is it intended for the sake of retailing to me your want of fortune at play, and charging me with the results of your want of skill or luck?"

"Far from it, Senhor. It is simply to make known that I am ruined; that I have nothing left me in the world; and that, as one whose fortune has deserted him, I have come to ask back that bond by which I accepted your daughter's hand in betrothal."

A burst of laughter from Don Pedro here stopped the speaker, who, with flushed cheek and glaring eyeballs, stared at this sudden outbreak. "Do you know for what you ask me, Senhor?" said Rica, smiling insolently.

"Yes, I ask for what you never could think to enforce — to make me, a beggar, the husband of your daughter."

"Most true — I never thought of such an alliance. I believe you were told that Columbian law gives these contracts the force of a legal claim, in the event of survivorship; and you flattered yourself perhaps too hastily, that other ties more binding still might grow from it. If Fortune was as fickle with you here as at *the card-table,* the fault is not in me."

"But of what avail is it now?" said Roland, passionately. "If I died to-morrow, there is not sufficient substance left to buy a suit of mourning for my poor widow."

"She could, perhaps, dispense with outward grief," said Pedro, sneeringly.

"I say again," cried Roland, with increased agitation, "this bond is not worth the paper it is written on. I leave the service — I sail into another latitude, and it is invalid — a mere mockery!"

"Not so fast, Sir," said Pedro, slowly, "there is a redeeming clause, by which you, on paying seventy thousand doubloons, are released of your contract, with my concurrence. Mark that well — with my concurrence it must be. Now, I have the opinion of learned counsel, in countries where mayhap your adventurous fancy has already carried you, that this clause embraces the option which side of the contract I should desire to enforce."

"Such may be your law here; I can have little doubt that any infamy may pass for justice in this favoured region," said Roland; "but I'll never believe that so base a judgment could be uttered where civilisation prevails. At all events I'll try the case. I now tell you frankly, that, to-morrow, I mean to resign my rank and commission in this service; I mean to quit this country, with no intention ever to revisit it. If you still choose to retain a contract whose illegality needs no stronger proof than that it affects to bind one party only, I'll not waste further time by thinking of it."

"I will keep it, Senhor," interrupted Pedro, calmly. "I knew a youth, once, who had as humble an opinion of his *fortunes as you have* now; and yet he died —

not in this service, indeed, but in these seas — and his fortune well requited the trouble of its claimant."

"I have no right to trespass longer on you, Sir," said Roland, bowing. "I wish I could thank you for all your hospitality to me with a more fitting courtesy; I must confess myself your debtor without hope of repayment."

"Have you signified to Don Gomez Noronja your intention to resign?"

"I shall do it within half an hour."

"You forget that your resignation must be accepted by the Minister; that no peremptory permission can be accorded by a captain in commission, save under a guarantee of ten thousand crowns for a captain, and seven for a lieutenant, the sum to be estreated if the individual quit the service without leave. This, at least, is law you cannot dispute!"

Roland hung down his head, thunderstruck by an announcement which, at one swoop, dashed away all his hopes. As he stood silent and overwhelmed, Don Pedro continued: "You see, Sir, that the service knows how to value its officers, even when they set little store by the service. Knowing that young men are fickle and fanciful, with caprices that carry them faster than sound judgment, they have made the enactment I speak of. And, even were you to give the preliminary notice, where will you be when the time expires? In what parallel south of Cape Horn? Among the islands of the Southern Pacific; perhaps upon the coast of Africa? No, no; take my advice; do not abandon your career; it is one in which you have already won distinction. *Losses at play* are easily repaired in these seas. Our *navy* —"

"Is nothing better than a system of piracy!" broke in Roland, savagely. "So long as, in ignorance of its real character, I walked beneath your flag, the heaviest crime which could be imputed to me was but the folly of a rash-brained boy. I feel that I know better now; I'll serve under it no more."

"Dangerous words, these, Senhor, if reported in the quarter where they would be noticed."

Roland turned an indignant glance at him as he uttered this threat, and with an expression so full of passion, that Rica, for a few seconds, seemed to feel that he had gone too far. "I did but suggest caution, Senhor," said he, timidly.

"Take care that you practise as well as preach the habit," muttered Roland, "or you'll find that you have exploded your own mine."

This, which he uttered as he left the room, was in reality nothing more than a vague menace; but it was understood in a very different sense by Pedro, who stood pale and trembling with agitation, gazing at the door by which the youth departed. At last he moved forward, and opening it, called out — "Senhor Roland! Roland, come back! Let me speak to you again." But already he was far beyond hearing, as with all his speed he hastened down the alley.

Don Pedro's resolves were soon formed; he rung his bell at once, and summoning a servant, asked if Don Gomez Noronja was still at table?

"He has retired to his room, Senhor," was the reply.

A few moments after, Rica entered the chamber of his guest, *where he remained in* close conversation till *nigh daybreak. As he reached* his own apartment, the *sound of horses' feet and* carriage-wheels was heard

upon the gravel, and throwing up the window, Rica called out —

"Is that Don Enrique?"

"Yes, Senhor, taking French leave, as you would call it. A bad return for a Spanish welcome; but duty leaves no alternative."

"Are you for the coast, then?"

"With all speed. Our captain received important despatches in the night. We shall be afloat before forty hours. Adios!"

The farewell was cordially re-echoed by Rica, who closed the window, muttering to himself — "So! all will go well at last."

While Enrique was making all the speed towards the sea-shore a light calèche and four horses could accomplish, Roland was pacing, with impatient steps, the little plot of grass where so soon he expected to find himself in deadly conflict with his enemy.

Never was a man's mind more suited to the purpose for which he waited. Rejected, insulted, and ruined in one night, he had little to live for, and felt far less eager to be revenged of his adversary, than to rid himself of a hated existence. It was to no purpose that he could say, and say truly, that he had never cared for any of these things, of which he now saw himself stripped. His liking for Maritaña had never gone beyond great admiration for her beauty, and a certain spiteful pleasure in exciting those bursts of passion over which she exercised not the slightest control. It was caprice, not love; the delight of a school-boy in the power to torment, without the wish to retain. His self-love, then, it was, was wounded on finding that she with whose temper he had sported, could turn so ter-

ribly upon himself. The same feeling was outraged by Enrique, who seemed to know and exult over his defeat. These sources of bitterness, being all aggravated by the insulting manner of Don Pedro, made up a mass of indignant and angry feelings which warred and goaded him almost to madness.

The long-expected dawn broke slowly, and although, a few moments after sunrise, the whole sky became of a rich rose-colour, these few moments seemed like an age to the impatient thoughts of him who thirsted for his vengeance.

He walked hastily up and down the space, waiting now and again to listen, and then, disappointed, resumed his path, with some gesture of impatience. At last he heard footsteps approaching. They came nearer and nearer; and now, he could hear the branches and the trees bend and crack, as some one forced a passage through them. A swelling feeling about the heart bespoke the anxiety with which he listened, when a figure appeared, which even at a glance he knew to be not Enrique's. As the man approached he took off his hat respectfully, and presented a letter.

"From Don Enrique?" said Roland; and then tearing open the paper, he read —

"'Amigo Mio,

"'Not mine the fault that I do not stand before you now instead of these few lines; but Noronja has received news of these Chilian fellows, and sent me to get the craft ready for sea at once. We shall meet then in a few hours; and, if so, let it be as comrades. The service and our own rules forbid a duel so long as we are afloat and on duty. Whatever be your humr

when next we touch shore again, rely upon finding me ready to meet it, either as an enemy or as

"'Your friend,

"'ENRIQUE DA CORDOVA.'"

A single exclamation of disappointment broke from Roland, but the moment after all former anger was gone. The old spirit of comrade-affection began to seek its accustomed channels, and he left the spot, happy to think how different had been his feeling, than if he were quitting it with the blood of his shipmate on his hands.

Although he now saw that his continuance in the service for the present was inevitable, he had fully made up his mind to leave it, and, with it, habits of life whose low excesses had now become intolerable. So long as the spirit of adventure and daring sustained him, so long the respite of a few months' shore life was a season of pleasure and delight; but as by degrees the real character of his associates became clearer, and he saw in them men who cared for enterprise no further than for its gain, and calculated each hazardous exploit by its profit, he felt that he was now following the career of a bravo, who hires out his arm and sells his courage. This revolted every sentiment of his mind, and come what would, he resolved to abandon it. In these day-dreams of a new existence the memory of two years passed in the Pampas constantly mingled, and he could not help contrasting the happy and healthful contentment of the simple hunter with the voluptuous but cankered pleasures of the wealthy buccaneer. Once more beneath the wooded shades of the tall banana, he thought how free and peaceful his days would glide by, *free from the rude* conflicts he now witnessed, and the

miserable jealousies of these ill-assorted companionships. For some hours he wandered, revolving thoughts like these; and at length turned his steps towards the Villa, determined, so long as his captain remained, that he would take up his quarters at Barcelonetta, nor in future accept of the hospitality of Don Rica's house. With this intention he was returning to arrange for the removal of his luggage, when his attention was excited by the loud cracking of whips, and the shrill cries that accompanied the sounds of "The Post! the Post!"

In a moment every window of the Villa was thrown open, and heads, in every species of night-gear, and every stage of sleepy astonishment, thrust out; for the Post, be it observed, was but a monthly phenomenon, and the arrival of letters was very often the signal for a total break-up of the whole household.

The long waggon, drawn by four black mules, and driven by a fellow whose wide-tasseled sombrero and long moustaches seemed to savour more of the character of a melodrama than real life, stopped before the chief entrance of the Villa, and was immediately surrounded by the guests, whose hurried wardrobe could only be excused in so mild a climate.

"Anything for me, Truxillo?" cried one, holding up a dollar temptingly between finger and thumb.

"Where are my cigarettos?"

"And my mantle?"

"And my gun?"

"And the Senhora's embroidered slippers?" cried a maid, as she ransacked every corner where the packages lay.

The driver, however, paid little attention to these various demands; but loosening the bridles of his beasts,

enormous black leather pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and opening it leisurely on the table before him. "Here are, I fancy, documents quite sufficient to answer all your inquiries. This is the memorandum of the verdict taken at Bath, with the note of the Attorney-General, and the point reserved, in which motion for a new trial was made."

"What is this?" asked Cashel, now speaking for the first time, as he took up a small book of strange shape, and looked curiously at it.

"Check-book of the bank of Fordyce and Grange, Lombard-street," replied Simms; "and here, the authority by which you are at liberty to draw on the firm for the balance already in their hands, amounting to — let me see" — here he rapidly set down certain figures on the corner of a piece of paper, and with the speed of lightning performed a sum in arithmetic — "the sum of one hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds seven and elevenpence, errors excepted."

"This sum is mine!" cried Cashel, as his eyes flashed fire, and his dark cheek grew darker with excitement.

"It is only a moiety of your funded property," said Simms. "Castellan and Biggen, the notaries, certify to a much larger amount in the Three per Cents."

"And I am at liberty to draw at once for whatever amount I require?"

"Within that sum, certainly. Though, if you desire more, I'm sure they'll not refuse your order."

"Leave us for a moment, Sir," said Cashel, in an accent whose trembling eagerness bespoke the agitation he laboured under. "I have something of importance *to tell this gentleman.*"

"If you will step this way, Sir," said Don Rica, politely. "I have ordered some refreshment in this room, and I believe you will find it awaiting you."

Mr. Simms gladly accepted the offered hospitality, and retired. The door was not well closed, when Don Rica advanced with extended hands towards Cashel, and said,

"With all my heart I give you joy — such good fortune as this may, indeed, obliterate every little cloud that has passed between us, and make us once more the friends we have ever been."

Cashel crossed his arms on his breast, and coldly replied, "I thank you. But a few hours back, and one-half as much kindness would have made a child of me in feeling. Now it serves only to arouse my indignation, and my anger."

"Are you indeed so unjust — so ungenerous as this!" exclaimed Rica, in a tone, whose anguish seemed wrung from the very heart.

"Unjust — ungenerous! how?" cried Cashel, passionately.

"Both, Sir," said Rica, in a voice of almost commanding severity. "Unjust to suppose, that in thwarting your last resolve to leave a service in which you have already won fame and honour, that I was not your best and truest friend; that in offering every opposition in my power to such a hot-headed resolution, I was not consulting your best interests; ungenerous to imagine that I could feel any other sentiment than delight at your altered fortunes. I, who gave you all that was dearest and nearest to me, on earth, my child — my Maritaña."

Had it not been for the passionate emotion of the

last few words, Cashel's anger would have suggested a reply not less indignant than his question; but the sight of the hard, the stern, the unflinching Pedro Rica, as he now stood — his face covered by his hands, while his strong chest heaved and throbbed with convulsive energy — this was more than he felt prepared to look on. It was then only by a great effort he could say, "You seem to forget, Senhor Rica, how differently you interpreted this same contract but a few hours ago. You told me then — I think I hear the words still ringing in my ears — that you never thought of such an alliance; that your calculation took a less flattering estimate of my relationship."

"I spoke in anger, Roland; anger caused by your passionate resolve. Remember, too, that I preferred holding you to your contract, in preference to allowing you to redeem it by paying the penalty."

"Easy alternative," said Cashel, with a scornful laugh; "you scarcely expected a beggar, a ruined gambler, could pay seventy thousand doubloons. But times are changed, Sir. I am rich now! rich enough to double the sum you stipulated for. Although I well know the contract is not worth the pen that wrote it, I am willing to recognise it, at least so far as the forfeit is concerned."

"My poor child, my darling Maritaña," said Pedro, but in a voice barely audible. The words seemed the feeble utterance of a breaking heart.

"Sorrow not for her, Senhor," said Cashel, hastily. "She has no griefs herself on such a score. It is but a few hours since she told me so."

Don Pedro was silent; but a mournful shake of the

head, and a still more mournful smile, seemed to intimate his dissent.

"I tell you, Sir, that your own scorn of my alliance was inferior to hers!" cried Cashel, in a voice of deep exasperation. "She even went so far as to say that she was a party to the contract only on the condition of its utter worthlessness. Do not, then, let me hear of regrets for *her*."

"And you believe this?"

"I believe what I have myself witnessed."

"What, then, if you be a witness to the very opposite? What if your ears reveal to you the evidence as strongly against, as now you deem it in favour of, your opinion?"

"I do not catch your meaning."

"I would say, what if from Maritaña's own lips you heard an avowal of her affection, would you conceive yourself at liberty to redeem a contract to which you were only one party, and by mere money — I care not how large you call the sum — to reject the heart you have made your own?"

"No, no, this cannot be," cried Cashel, struggling in a conflict of uncertainty and fear.

"I know my daughter, Sir," said Pedro, with an air of pride he well knew when and how to assume.

"If I but thought so," muttered Cashel to himself, and low as the words were, Rica heard them.

"I ask you for nothing short of your own conviction — the conviction of your own ears and eyes. You shall, if you please, remain concealed in her apartment while I question her on the subject of this attachment. If you ever *supposed me base* enough to coerce her *judgment, you know her too* well to believe it to be

possible. But I will not insult myself by either supposition. I offer you this test of what I have said; accept it if you will, and with this condition, that you shall then be free to tear this contract, if you like, but never believe that I can barter the acknowledged affection of my child, and take money for her misery."

Cashel was moved by the truth-like energy of the words he heard; the very aspect of emotion in one he had never seen save calm, cold, and self-possessed, had its influence on him, and he replied, "I consent." So faintly, however, were the words uttered, that he was obliged to repeat them ere they reached Don Pedro's ears.

"I will come for you after supper this evening," said Rica. "Let me find you in the arbour at the end of the 'Hacienda.' Till then, Adios." So saying, he motioned to Cashel to follow the stranger. Roland obeyed the suggestion, and they parted.

CHAPTER III.

He told them of men that cared not a d—n
For the law or the new police,
And had very few scruples for killing a lamb,
If they fancied they wanted the fleece.
SIR PETER'S LAMENT.

WHEN Roland Cashel rejoined Mr. Simms, he found that worthy individual solacing himself for the privations of prairie travel, by such a breakfast as only Don Pedro's larder would produce. Surrounded by various dishes whose appetising qualities might have suffered some impairment from a more accurate knowledge *of their contents* — sucking monkeys and young

squirrels among the number — he tasted and sipped, and sipped again, till between the seductions of Sangaree and Curaçoa punch, he had produced that pleasing frame of mind when even a less gorgeous scene than the windows of the Villa displayed before him, would have appeared delightful.

Whether poor Mr. Simms' excess — and such we are compelled to confess it was — could be excused on the score of long fasting, or the consciousness that he had a right to some indulgence in the hour of victory, he, assuredly, revelled in the fullest enjoyment of this luxurious banquet, and, as Cashel entered the room, had reached the delicious dream-land of misty consciousness, where his late adventures and his former life became most pleasingly commingled; and Jaguars, Alligators, Gambusinos, and Rancheros, danced through his brain in company with Barons of the Exchequer and Masters in Chancery.

Elevated by the scenes of danger he had passed through — some real, the far greater number imaginary — into the dignity of a hero, he preferred rather to discuss prairie life and scenes in the Havannah, to dwelling on the topics so nearly interesting to Cashel. Nor was Roland a very patient listener to digressions, which, at every moment, left the high-road, and wandered into every absurd by-path of personal history.

"I always thought, Sir," said Simms, "and used to say it everywhere, too, what a splendid change for you this piece of good fortune would be, springing at a bound, as a body might say, from a powder-monkey into the *wealth of a peer of the* realm; but, egad, when *I see the glorious life you lead* hereabouts, such grog,

such tipple, capital house, magnificent country, and if I may pronounce from the view beneath my window, no lack of company, too! I begin to feel doubts about it."

If Cashel was scarcely pleased at the allusions to himself in this speech, he speedily forgave them in his amusement at the commentary Simms passed on life at the Villa; but yet would willingly have turned from either theme to that most engrossing one, the circumstances of his altered fortune. Simms, however, was above such grovelling subjects; and, as he sat, glass in hand, gazing out upon the garden, where strolling parties came and went, and loitering groups lingered in the shade, he really fancied the scene a perfect paradise.

"Very hard to leave this, you'll find it!" exclaimed Simms. "I can well imagine life here must be rare fun. How jolly they do seem down there," said he, with a half-longing look at the strange figures, who now and then favoured him with a salute or a gesture of the hand, as they passed.

"Come, let us join them," said Cashel, who, despairing of recalling him to the wished-for topic, was fain to indulge the stranger's humour.

"All naval men?" asked Simms, as they issued forth into the lawn.

"Most of them are sailors," said Cashel, equivocating.

"That's a fine-looking old-fellow beneath the beech-tree, with the long Turkish pipe in his mouth. He's *captain of a seventy*-four, I take it."

"*He's a Greek* merchantman," whispered Cashel,

"don't look so hard at him, for he observes you, and is somewhat irascible in temper, if stared at."

"Indeed, I shouldn't have thought —"

"No matter, do as I tell you; he stabbed a travelling artist the other day, who fancied he was a fine study, and wished to make a drawing of his head."

Simms' jaw dropped suddenly, and a sickly faintness stole over him, that even all his late potations could not supply courage enough to hear such a story unmoved.

"And who is he, Sir, yonder?" asked he, as a youth, with no other clothing than a shirt and trousers, was fencing against a tree, practising, by bounds and springs, every imaginable species of attack and assault.

"A young Spaniard from the Basque," said Cashel, coolly; "he has a duel to-morrow with some fellow in Barcelonetta, and he's getting his wrist into play." Then calling out, he said, "Ah, José, you mean to let blood, I see!"

"He's only a student," said the youth, with an insolent toss of his head; "but who have we here?"

"A friend and countryman of mine, Mr. Simms," said Cashel, introducing the little man, who performed a whole circuit round the young Spaniard in salutations.

"Come to join us?" asked the youth, surveying him with cool impertinence. "What in the devil's name hast thou done that thou should leave the Old World at thy time of life? Virtuous living or hypocrisy ought to have become a habit with thee ere now, old boy! eh?"

"He's only on a visit," said Cashel, laughing; "h*e can return to good society, not* like all of us here."

"Would you infer from that, Sir —"

"Keep your temper, José," said Cashel, with an indescribable assumption of insolent superiority; "or, if you cannot, keep your courage for the students, whose broils best suit you."

"You presume somewhat too far on your skill with the rapier, Senhor Cashel," said the other, but in a voice far less elevated than before.

"You can test the presumption at any moment," said Cashel, insolently; "now, if you like it."

"Oh, Mr. Cashel! oh, Mr. Roland! for mercy's sake, don't!" exclaimed Simms.

"Never fear," interposed Cashel; "that excellent young man has better principles than you fancy, and never neglects, though he sometimes forgets himself."

So saying, he leisurely passed his arm beneath Simms' and led him forward.

"Good day, Senhor Cashel," said a tall and well-dressed man, who made his salutations with a certain air of distinction, that induced Simms to inquire who and what he was.

"A general in the service of one of the minor states of Germany," said Cashel; "a man of great professional skill; and, it is said, of great personal bravery."

"And in what capacity is he here?"

"A refugee. His sentence to be shot was commuted to imprisonment for life. He made his escape from Spandau, and came here."

"What was his crime?"

"Treachery, the very basest one can well conceive; he commanded the fort of Bergstein, which the French attacked on their advance in the second Austrian campaign. The assailants had no heavy artillery, nor any

material for escalade; but they had money, and gold proved a better battering-train than lead. Plittersdorf — that's the general's name — fired over their heads till he had expended all his ammunition, and then surrendered, with the garrison, as prisoners of war. The French, however, exchanged him afterwards, and he very nearly paid the penalty of his false faith."

"And now is he shunned — do people avoid him?"

"How should they — how many here are privileged to look down on a traitor? Is it the runaway merchant, the defaulting bank clerk, the filching commissary, that can say shame to one whose crime stands higher in the scale of offence? The best we can know of any one here is, that his rascality took an aspiring turn; and yet there are some fellows one would not like to think ill of. Here comes one such; and as I have something like business to treat of with him, I'll ask you to wait for me, on this bench, till I join you."

Without waiting for any reply, Cashel hastened forward, and taking off his hat, saluted a sallow-looking man of some eight and-forty or fifty years of age, who, in a loose morning gown, and with a book in his hand, was strolling alone in one of the alleys.

"Ha, Lieutenant," said the other, as lifting up his eyes he recognised Cashel — "making the most of these short hours of pleasure, eh? You've heard the news, I suppose; we shall be soon afloat again."

"So I've heard, Captain!" replied Cashel; "but I believe we have taken our last cruise together."

"How so, lad! *you* look well, and in spirits; and as for myself, I never felt in better humour to try a bout *with our friends on the western* coast."

"You have no friend, Captain, can better like to hear you say so; and as for me, the chances of fortune have changed. I have discovered that I need neither risk head nor limbs for gold; a worthy man has arrived here to-day with tidings that I am the owner of a large estate, and more money than I shall well know how to squander, and so —"

"And so you'll leave us for the land where men have learned that art? Quite right, Cashel. At your age a man can accustom himself to any and everything; at mine — a little later — at mine, for instance, the task is harder. I remember myself some years ago fancying that I should enjoy prodigiously that life of voluptuous civilisation they possess in the 'Old World,' where men's wants are met ere they are well felt, and hundreds, ay thousands, are toiling and thinking to minister to the rich man's pleasures. It so chanced that I took a prize a few weeks after; she was a Portuguese bark with specie, broad doubloons and gold bars for the mint at Lisbon, and so I threw up my command and went over to France and to Paris. The first dash was glorious; all was new, glittering, and splendid; every sense steeped in a voluptuous entrancement; thought was out of the question, and one only could wonder at the barbarism that before seemed to represent life and sorrow for years lost and wasted in grosser enjoyment. Then came a reaction, at first slight, but each day stronger; the headache of the debauch, the doubt of your mistress's fidelity, your friend's truth, your own enduring good fortune, all these lie in wait together, and spring out on you in some gloomy *hour, like Malays* boarding a vessel at night, and *crowding down* from maintop and mizen! There is n

withstanding; you must strike or fly. I took the last alternative, and, leaving my splendid quarters one morning at daybreak, hastened to Havre. Not a thought of regret crossed me; so quiet a life seemed to sap my very courage, and prey upon my vitals; that same night I swung once more in a hammock, with the rushing water beside my ear, and never again tried those dissipations that pall from their very excess; for, after all, no pleasure is lasting which is not dashed with the sense of danger."

While he was yet speaking, a female figure, closely veiled, passed close to where they stood, and, without attracting any notice, slipped into Cashel's hand a small slip of paper. Few as the words it contained were, they seemed to excite his very deepest emotion, and it was with a faltering voice he asked the Captain by what step he could most speedily obtain his release from the service?

A tiresome statement of official forms was the answer, but Roland's impatience did not hear it out, as he said,

"And is there no other way — by gold, for instance?"

A cold shrug of the shoulders met this sally, and the Captain said,

"To corrupt the officials of the Government is called treason by our laws, and is punishable by death, just like desertion."

"Therefore is desertion the better course, as it involves none but one," said Cashel, laughing, as he turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

Man being reasonable, must dine out;
The best of life is but a dinner-party.
AMPHYTRION, CANTO IV.

IT was about half-past six of an autumn evening, just as the grey twilight was darkening into the gloom that precedes night, that a servant, dressed in the most decorous black, drew down the window-blinds of a large and splendidly furnished drawing-room of a house in Merrion-square, Dublin.

Having arranged certain portly deep-cushioned chairs into the orderly disorder that invites social groupings, and having disposed various other articles of furniture according to those notions of domestic landscape so popular at the present day, he stirred the fire and withdrew: — all these motions being performed with the noiseless decorum of a church.

A glance at the apartment, even by the fitful light of the coal-fire, showed that it was richly, even magnificently furnished. The looking-glasses were immense in size, and framed with all that the most lavish art of the carver could display. The hangings were costly Lyons silks, the sofas, tables, and cabinets were all exquisite specimens of modern skill and elegance, while the carpet almost rose above the foot in the delicate softness of its velvet pile. A harp, a grand pianoforte, and several richly-bound and gilded volumes strewed about gave evidence of tastes above the mere voluptuous enjoyment of ease, and in one window stood an embroidery-frame, with its unfinished labour, from which the threads depended in that fashion, that showed it had lately occupied the fair hands of the *artist.*

This very enviable apartment belonged to Mr. Mountjoy Kennyfeck, the leading solicitor of Dublin, a man, who, for something more than thirty years, had stood at the head of his walk in the capital, and was reputed to be one of its most respected and richest citizens. Mrs. Mountjoy Kennyfeck — neither for our own nor our reader's convenience dare we omit the "prénom" — was of a western family considerably above that of her liege lord and master in matter of genealogy, but whose quarterings had so far survived the family acres, that she was fain to accept the hand of a wealthy attorney, after having for some years been the belle of her county, and the admired beauty of Castle balls and drawing-rooms.

It had been at first, indeed, a very hard struggle for the O'Haras to adopt the style and title of Kennyfeck, and poor Matilda was pitied in all the moods and tenses for exchanging the riotous feudalism of Mayo for the decorous quietude and wealthy "insouciance" of a Dublin mansion; and the various scions of the house did not scruple to express very unqualified opinions on the subject of her fall; but Time — that heals so much — Time and Mr. Kennyfeck's claret, of which they all drank most liberally during the visits to town, assuaged the rancour of these prejudices, and "Matty," it was hinted, might have done worse; while some hardy spirit averred that "Kennyfeck, though not one of ourselves, had a great deal of the gentleman about him, notwithstanding."

A word of Mr. Kennyfeck himself, and even a word will almost suffice. He was a very tall, pompous-looking personage, *with a* retiring forehead, and a *large prominent nose; he wore* a profusion of powder,

and always dressed in the most scrupulous black; he spoke little, and that slowly; he laughed never. It was not that he was melancholy or depressed; it seemed rather that his nature had been fashioned in conformity with the onerous responsibilities of his pursuit, and that he would have deemed any exhibition of mirthful emotion unseemly and unbecoming one who, so to say, was a kind of high priest in the temple of equity. Next to the Chancellor's he venerated the decisions of Mrs. Kennyfeck; after Mrs. Kennyfeck came the Master of the Rolls. This was his brief and simple faith, and it is astonishing in what simple rules of guidance men amass vast fortunes, and obtain the highest suffrages of civic honour and respect!

Mr. Kennyfeck's family consisted of two daughters: the eldest had been a beauty for some years, and, even at the period our tale opens, had lost few of her attractions. She was tall, dark haired, and dark eyed, with an air of what in the Irish capital is called "decided fashion" about her, but in less competent circles might have been called almost effrontery. She looked strangers very steadily in the face, spoke with a voice full, firm, and unabashed — no matter what the subject, or who the audience — and gave her opinions on people and events with a careless indifference to consequences, that many mistook for high genius, rebellious against control.

Olivia, three years younger than her sister, had just come out; and whether that her beauty — and she was very handsome — required a different style, or that she saw more clearly the "mistake" in Miss Kennyfeck's manner, but she took a path perfectly her *own. She was* tenderness itself; a delicacy, too

le for this work-a-day world, pervaded all she nd did — a retiring sensitiveness that she knew, plaintively said, would never "let her be loved," id her nature, and made her the victim of her eelings. Her sketches — everlasting Madonnas red in tears — her music, the most mournful of elodies — her reading, the most disastrously of modern poems — all accorded with this which, after all, scarcely consorted well with a looming cheek, bright hazel eyes, and an air and ge that showed a full consciousness of her capti-s, and no small reliance on her capacity to exer-iem.

brief interval after the servant left the room the opened, and Mrs. Kennyfeck entered. She was d for dinner, and if not exactly attired for the ion of a large company, exhibited, in various de- of her costume, unequivocal signs of more than on care; a massive diamond brooch fastened the of her dark velvet dress, and on her fingers l rings of great value glittered. Miss Kennyfeck, who followed her, was, though simply, most be-gly dressed; the light and floating material of obe contrasting well with the more stately folds matronly costume of her mother.

I am surprised they are not here before this," Mrs. Kennyfeck, lying back in the deep recess of urious chair, and placing a screen between her- nd the fire. "Your father said positively on the and as the weather has been most favourable, not understand *the delay* — the packets arrive at r *think?*"

"Yes, at four, and the carriage left this at thr fetch them."

"Read the note again — he writes so very b always! I'm sure I wish the dear man would u stand that I am not a client, and that a letter i exactly all it might be, because it can be charg thirteen and fourpence, or six and eightpence, or ever it is."

Miss Kennyfeck took an open note from the ney, and read:

"'DEAR MRS. KENNYFECK,

"'We have made all the necessary arrangemer London, and shall leave on the 2nd, so as to arri Merrion-square by the 5th. Mr. C – would, I be rather have remained another day in town, but was no possibility of doing so, as the 'Chanc will sit on Tuesday. Love to the girls, and be me, yours very truly,

"'M. KENNYFE

"'Invite Jones and Softly to meet us at dinr

The clock on the mantelpiece now struck s and scarcely had the last chime died away, as a riage drove up to the door.

"Here they come, I suppose," said Mrs. Kenny with a half sigh.

"No, mamma; it is a hackney-coach. Mr. J or Mr. Softly, perhaps."

"Oh, dear, I had forgotten them — how abs was to ask these people, and your father not here

The door opened, and the servant announce *Rev. Mr. Knox* Softly; a very tall, handsome

man entered, and made a most respectful but cordial salutation to the ladies. He was in look and mien the beau ideal of health, strength, and activity, with bright, full, blue eyes, and cheeks rosy as the May. His voice, however, was subdued to the dulcet accent of a low whisper, and his step, as he crossed the room, had the stealthy noiselessness of a cat's approach.

"Mr. Kennyfeck quite restored, I hope, from the fatigue of his journey?"

"We've not seen him yet," replied his lady, almost tartly; "he ought to have been here at four o'clock, and yet it's past seven!"

"I think I hear a carriage."

"Another —" hackney, Miss Kennyfeck was about to say, when she stopped herself, and, at the instant, Counsellor Clare Jones was announced.

This gentleman was a rising light of the Irish bar, who had the good fortune to attract Mr. Kennyfeck's attention, and was suddenly transferred from the dull duties of civil bills and declarations to business of a more profitable kind. He had been somewhat successful in his college career, carried off some minor honours, was a noisy member of a debating society, wrote leaders for some provincial papers, and with overbearing powers of impudence, and a good memory, was a very likely candidate for high forensic honour.

Unlike the first arrival, the Counsellor had few, if any, of the forms of good society in his manner or address; his costume, too, was singularly negligent, and as he ran a *very dubious hand through* a mass of thick *and tangled hair on entering*, it was easy to see that *the greatest part of his toilet* was then and there r—

formed. The splashed appearance of his nether garments, and of shoes that might have done honour to snipe-shooting, also showed that the carriage which brought him was a mere ceremonial observance, and, as he would himself say, "the act of conveyance was a surplusage."

Those who saw him in court pronounced him the most unabashed and cool of men; but there was certainly a somewhat of haste and impetuosity in his drawing-room manner, that even a weak observer would have ascribed to awkwardness.

"How do you do, Mrs. Kennyfeck? — how do you, Miss Kennyfeck? — glad to see you. Ah! Mr. Softly — well, I hope? Is he come — has he arrived?" A shake of the head replied in the negative. "Very strange — I can't understand it. We have a consultation with the Solicitor-General to-morrow, and a meeting in chambers at four."

"I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Cashel detained papa; he is very young, you know; and London must be so new and strange to him, poor lad!"

"Yes, but your father would scarce permit it," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, smartly. "I rather think it must have been some accidental circumstance — coaches are constantly upsetting, and post-horses cannot always be had."

Mr. Knox Softly smiled benignly, as though to say in these suggestions Mrs. Kennyfeck was displaying a very laudable spirit of uncertainty as to the course of human events.

"Here's Olivia," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, as her *younger daughter* entered. "Let us hear her impressions — *full of* forebodings, I don't doubt."

Miss Olivia Kennyfeck performed her salutations to the guests with the most faultless grace, throwing into her curtsey to the curate a certain air of filial reverence very pretty to behold, and only a little objectionable on the score of the gentleman's youth and personal attractions; and then, turning to her mother, said,

"You are not uneasy, mamma, I hope? though, after all, this is about the period of the equinox."

"Nonsense, child! packets are never lost now-a-days in the Irish Channel. It's merely some sudden freak of gaiety — some London distraction detains them. Will you touch that bell, Mr. Clare Jones? It is better to order dinner."

There was something peremptory in the lady's tone and manner that rather damped the efforts at small-talk — never very vigorous or well-sustained at these ante-dinner moments — nor were any of the party very sorry when the servant announced that the soup was served.

CHAPTER V.

The sherry iced — the company still colder.
BELL'S IMAGES.

THE party, who now took their seats at table, were not made of those ingredients whose admixture accomplishes a social meeting. Their natures, pursuits, and tastes were only sufficiently unlike to suggest want of agreement, without possessing the broad contrasts that invite conversation by their own contrariety. Besides this, *there was a sense of* constraint over every one, *from the absence of the* host and his expected guest;

and lastly, the very aspect of a gorgeously-decorated table, with vacant places, has always a chilling influence over those who sit around. A certain amount of propinquity is as essential to conversation, as good roads and easy distances are a necessary condition to a visiting neighbourhood. If you cannot address him or her who sits beside you without attracting the attention of the whole table to your remark, you are equally debarred from the common-places that induce table-talk, or the smart thing that cannot well be said too publicly.

The dinner here proceeded in very stately quietude, nor were the efforts of Mr. Jones to introduce a conversational spirit at all successful; indeed, that gifted gentleman would have willingly exchanged the unexceptionable cookery, and admirably-conditioned wine before him, for the riotous freedom of a bar mess — where sour sherry and nisi-prius jokes abounded, and Father Somebody's song was sure to give the scene a conviviality that only yielded its fascination to blind hookey, or spoiled five.

Far otherwise the curate. The angelic smile that sat upon his features mechanically; his low, soft, liquid voice; his gentle gestures, and even his little sallies of pleasantry, were in perfect accordance with the decorous solemnity of a scene where the chink of a cut decanter, or the tingling sound of a silver dish-cover, were heard above the stillness of the company.

If, then, Mr. Knox Softly accompanied the ladies to the door, and followed them out with his eyes, with an expression beaming regretfulness at their departure, *the Counsellor*, very differently-minded, surrounded *himself with an* array of the dessert-dishes and de-

canters, and prepared to discuss his wine and walnuts to his perfect contentment.

"You have never met this Mr. Roland Cashel, I believe?" said Mr. Softly, as he filled a very large claret glass and tasted it enjoyably.

"Never," replied Jones, whose teeth were busily engaged in smashing almonds and filberts, in open defiance of a tray of silver nutcrackers before him. "I don't think he has been in Ireland since a mere child, and very little in England."

"Then his recovery of the estate was quite unexpected?"

"Mere accident. Kennyfeck came upon the proofs when making some searches for a collateral claim. The story is very short. This lad's father, whose name was Godfrey Cashel, was a poor lieutenant in the 81st, and quartered at Bath, when he chanced to discover that a rich old bachelor there, a certain Godfrey Browne, was a distant relation of his mother. He lost no time in making his acquaintance and explaining the relationship, which, however, brought him no more substantial benefit than certain invitations to dinner, and whist parties, where the unfortunate lieutenant lost his half-crowns.

"At length a note came one morning inviting him to breakfast, and to 'transact a little matter of business.' Poor Godfrey read the words with every commentary that could flatter his hopes, and set out in better spirits than he had known for many a year before. What then was his dismay to discover that he was only wanted to witness the old gentleman's will! — a very *significant proof that* he was not to benefit by *its provisions.*

"With a very ill-repressed sigh, the poor lieutenant threw a glance over the half-opened leaves, where leasehold, and copyhold, and freehold, and every other 'hold' figured among funded property, consols, and reduced annuities — with money lent on mortgages, shares in various companies, and what not, — a list only to be equalled by the long catalogue of those 'next of kin,' who, to the number of seventeen, were mentioned as reversionary heirs.

"'You are to sign your name here, Mr. Cashel,' said the solicitor, pointing to a carefully-scratched portion of the parchment, where already the initials were pencilled for his guidance.

"'Faith! and it's at the other side of the book I'd rather see it,' said the Lieutenant, with a sigh.

"'Not, surely, after seventeen others?' exclaimed the astonished attorney.

"'Even so — a chance is better than nothing.'

"'What's that he's saying?' interposed the old man, who sat reading his newspaper at the fire. The matter was soon explained by the attorney, and when he finished, Cashel added — 'That's just it; and I'm to sail for the Cape on the 4th of next month, and if you'll put me down among the rest of the fellows, I'll send you the best pipe of Constantia you ever tasted, as sure as my name is Godfrey Cashel."

"The old man threw his spectacles up on his forehead, wiped his eyes, and then replacing his glasses, took a deliberate survey of the poor Lieutenant who had proposed such a very 'soft' bargain. 'Eh! Clinchet,' said he to the attorney, 'can we do this for him?'

"'*Nothing* easier, Sir, — let the gentleman come in *last, as residuary* legatee, and it alters nothing.'

"'I suppose you count on your good luck," said old Browne, grinning.

"'Oh, then, it's not from my great experience that way,' said Cashel. 'I've been on the ""Duke's list"" for promotion seventeen years already, and, for all I see, not a bit nearer it than the first day; but there's no reason my poor boy should be such an unfortunate devil. Who knows but fortune may make amends to him one of these days? Come, Sir — is it a bargain?'

"'To be sure. I'm quite willing — only don't forget the Constantia. It's a wine I like a glass of very well indeed, after my dinner.'

"The remainder is easily told: the Lieutenant sailed for the Cape, and kept his word, even though it cost him a debt that mortgaged his commission. Old Browne gave a great dinner when the wine arrived, and the very first name on the list of legatees, his nephew, caught a fever on his way home from it, and died in three weeks.

"Kennyfeck could tell us, if he were here, what became of each of them in succession; four were lost, out yachting, at once; but, singular as it may seem, in nineteen years from the date of that will, every life lapsed, — and stranger still, without heirs, and the fortune has now descended to poor Godfrey Cashel's boy, the Lieutenant himself having died in the West Indies, where he exchanged into a native regiment. That is the whole story, and probably in a romance one would say that the thing was exaggerated, so much more strange is truth than fiction."

"And what kind *of education* did the young man get?"

"I suppose very little, if any. So long as his

father lived, he of course held the position of an officer's son — poor, but in the rank of gentleman. After that, without parents — his mother died when he was an infant — he was thrown upon the world, and, after various vicissitudes, became a cabin-boy on board of a merchantman; then, he was said to be a mate of a vessel in the African trade, employed on the Gold Coast; just as probably a slaver — and last of all, he was lieutenant in the Columbian navy, which, I take it, is a very good name for piracy. It was in the Havannah we got a trace of him, and I assure you, strange as it may sound, Kennyfeck's agent had no small difficulty in persuading him to abandon that very free and easy service, to assume the rights and immunities of a very large property.

"Kennyfeck was to meet him on his arrival in England, about ten days ago, and they spent a few days in London, and were — but hark! there comes a carriage now — yes, I know the step of his horses — here they are!"

CHAPTER VI.

Ne'er mind his torn, ill-fashioned doublet,
Beshrew me! if he's not a pretty man.

DON LOPEZ.

THE movement and bustle in the hall, showed that Mr. Jones's surmise was correct, for scarcely had the carriage stopped than the street-door was flung wide open, and Mr. Pearse, the butler, followed by a strong detachment of bright-liveried menials, stood bowing their respectful compliments to their master and his *guest. As Mr. Kennyfeck* entered the house, he walked

slowly and with difficulty, endeavouring at the same time to avoid all scrutiny of his appearance as he passed through the crowded hall; but, although his hat was pressed firmly over his brows, it could not entirely conceal a very suspiciously-tinted margin around one eye, while the care with which he defended his left arm, and which he carried in his waistcoat, looked like injury there, also.

He, however, made an attempt at a little sprightliness of manner, as, shaking his companion's hand with cordial warmth, he said,

"Welcome to Ireland, Mr. Cashel. I hope I shall very often experience the happiness of seeing you under this roof."

The person addressed was a remarkably handsome young man, whose air and carriage bespoke, however, much more the confidence that results from a sense of personal gifts, and a bold, daring temperament, than that more tempered ease which is the consequence of fashionable breeding.

Mr. Kennyfeck's felicitations on their arrival were scarce uttered, ere Cashel had sufficiently recovered from his surprise at the unexpected magnificence of the house, to make any reply; for, although as yet advanced no further than the hall, a marble group by Canova — a centre lamp of costly Sèvres — and some chairs of carved ebony, served to indicate the expensive style of the remainder of the mansion.

While Cashel, then, muttered his acknowledgments, he added to himself, but in a voice scarcely less loud,

"Devilish good crib this, Master Kennyfeck."

"*Pearse," said the host,* "*is* dinner ready?"

place is this same good city of Dublin? What g forward here?"

As this question was more directly addressed Jones, that gentleman prepared himself, not unwillin for an elaborate reply.

"Dublin, Mr. Cashel," said he, pretty much in same tone he would have used in opening an add to a jury; "Dublin is a city, which, from a g variety of causes, will always be exposed to v variable and opposing criticisms. To begin: it is j vincial —"

"Is it slow?" interrupted Cashel, who had liste to this exordium with palpable signs of impatience.

"If you mean, has it its share of those habit dissipation, those excesses so detrimental alike to he and fortune —"

"No, no; I merely ask what goes on here — l do people amuse themselves?" said Cashel, fencing avoid any very lengthened exposure of the other's vi

"They dine, dance, drink tea, talk politics scandal, like other folk; but if you ask, what are distinguishing features of the society —"

"What kind of sport does the country affor interrupted Roland, somewhat unceremoniously.

"Hunting, shooting, fishing, coursing —"

"What do you mean by hunting — a fox, is it

"Yes, fox-hunting and hare-hunting, too."

A very insolent laugh was Cashel's answer, turning to Mr. Softly, he said, "Well, I own, all does strike me as a very tiresome kind of life. you like Ireland, Sir?"

"I feel a deep interest in it," said the curate, v *a most solemn* manner.

"Yes, that's all very well; but do you like it?"

"Were it not for its darkness," said Mr. Softly, sighing, "I should say I liked it."

"Darkness," echoed Cashel, "darkness; why hang it, you are pretty far north here. What is the darkness you speak of?"

"I alluded to Popery, Sir — to the obscuring mists of superstition and ignorance," replied Mr. Softly, with a kind of energetic timidity that made himself blush.

"Oh — I perceive — yes — I understand," muttered Cashel, who certainly felt all the awkwardness of a man caught in a lie.

"We have a very agreeable society among the Bar men," said Jones, returning to the charge in a new direction; "a great deal of pleasantry and fun goes on at our messes."

"Droll fellows, I suppose," said Cashel, carelessly. "I remember I knew a lawyer once, he was mate of a small clipper in the African trade — mischievous kind of devil he was, too — always setting the slaves by the ears, and getting money for settling the differences. They played him a good trick at last." Here he laughed heartily at the recollection for several minutes.

"What was it?" asked Jones, in some curiosity to learn how the Bar was respected on the banks of the Niger.

"They painted him black and sold him at Cuba," said Cashel, who once more broke out into laughter at the excellence of the jest.

Jones' *and Softly's eyes* met with a most complete accordance in the glances exchanged. Mean-

while, Cashel drawing his chair towards the larger table, filled his glass and proceeded to smash his walnuts with all the easy contentment of a man who had dined well.

"I perceive Mr. Kennyfeck is not likely to join us," said Softly, with a half suggestive look towards the door.

"Tired, perhaps," said Jones, affecting what he opined to be the cool indifference of the highest fashion.

"More than that, I suspect," said Cashel, with a most unfeigned carelessness. "Did you remark his eyes?"

"Yes!" exclaimed both together. "What could that mean?"

"A slight bit of a scrimmage we had on the way from town — a —"

"Mr. Kennyfeck engaged in a row!" cried Softly, almost incredible at the tidings.

"Yes. I fancy that is about the best word for it," said Cashel, sipping his wine. "I suppose one ought not to mention these kind of things, but of course they are safe with you. They'll never go further, I am certain."

"Oh never — not a syllable," chimed in the two.

"Well, then, on our way here, I learned that there were to be races a few miles from Coventry, and as I saw our friend Kennyfeck had no fancy for the sight, I just slipped a few half-crowns into the postboy's hand and told him to drive there instead of taking the *Liverpool road.* Away we went at a good pace, and *in less than* an hour reached the course. I wish you *saw the old* gentleman's face when he awoke from a

ound nap, and saw the grand stand with its thousand aces, all in a row, and the cords, the betting ring, nd the whole circumstance of a race-ground. By good luck, too, the sharp jerk of our pull-up smashed a pring, and so we had nothing for it, but to leave the haise and wait till it could be repaired. While my ervant was away in search of some kind of a drag or other, to go about the field — there was no walking, what with the crowd and the press of horses, not to speak of the mud that rose over the ankles — we pushed on, that is, I did, with a stout grip of Kennyfeck's arm, lest he should escape — we pushed on, into the ring. Here there was rare fun going forward, every fellow screaming out his bets, and booking them as fast as he could. At first, of course, the whole was all ancient Greek to me. I neither knew what they meant by the 'favourite,' or 'the odds,' or 'the field,' but one somehow always can pick up a thing quickly, if it be but 'game,' and so, by watching here, and listening there, I managed to get a kind of inkling of the whole affair, and by dint of some pushing and elbowing, I reached the very centre of the ring where the great Dons of the course were betting together.

"'Taurus even against the field,' cried one.

"'Taurus against the field,' shouted another.

"And this same cry was heard on every side.

"'Give it in fifties — hundreds if you like better,' said a young fellow mounted on a smart-looking pony, to his friend, who appeared to reflect on the offer. 'Come, hurry on, man. Let's have a bet, just to give one an interest *in the race.*' The other shook his *head, and the first went on,* 'What a slow set, to be *sure — Is no one willing* to back the field, even?

Come then, here's a hundred pound to any man who'll take the field against Taurus, for two thousand.'

"'Let me have your cob,' said I, 'and I'll take the bet.'

"He turned round in his saddle, and stared at me, as if I were something more or less than human, while a very general roar of laughing ran around the entire circle.

"'Come away, come away at once,' whispered Kennyfeck, trembling with fright.

"'Yes, you had better move off, my friend,' said a thick-set, rough-looking fellow, in a white coat.

"'What say you to five thousand, Sir, does that suit your book?' cried the young fellow to me, in a most insolent tone.

"'Oh, let him alone, my Lord,' said another. 'Take no notice of him.'

"'I say, Grindle,' cried a tall thin man with moustaches, 'who let these people inside the ring?'

"'They forces their way, my Lud,' said a little knocker-kneed creature, in a coat four times too big for him, 'and I says to Bill, de — pend upon it, Bill, them's the swell mob.'

"The words were scarcely out of the fellow's mouth, when a general cry of the 'swell mob' resounded on every side, and at once they closed upon us — some pushing — others elbowing — driving — and forcing, so that what with the dense crowd, and the right hold Kennyfeck now kept of me, I was pinioned, and could do nothing. At last, by a vigorous twist, I shook them off from me, and laid two of the foremost at my *feet; this I did* with a Mexican trick I saw they knew *nothing about* — you first make a feint at the face

and then dropping on the knee, seize the fellow by both legs, and hurl him back on his head — just stand up, I'll not hurt you."

"Thank you — I understand the description perfectly," said Mr. Softly, pale with terror at the proposed experiment.

"Well, the remainder is soon told. They now got in upon us, and of course, I needn't say, we got confoundedly thrashed — Kennyfeck was tumbled about like a football, every one that had nothing else to do, had a kick at him, and there's no saying how it might have ended had not a certain Sir George Somebody recognised our poor friend, and rescued him. I'm not quite sure that I was quite myself about this time — Kennyfeck has some story of my getting on some one's horse, and riding about the course in search of the originators of the fray; the end of it, however, was, we reached Liverpool with sorer bones than was altogether pleasant, and although, when Kennyfeck went to bed, I went to the theatre, the noise only increased my headache, and it needed a good night's sleep to set me all right again."

"Mr. Kennyfeck taken for one of the swell mob!" exclaimed Softly, with a sort of holy horror that seemed to sum up his whole opinion of the narrative.

"Very bad, wasn't it?" said Cashel, pushing the wine past; "but he's a capital fellow, took the whole thing in such good part, and seems only anxious the story shouldn't get abroad. Of course I needn't repeat my caution on that subject?"

"Oh, certainly not! Shall we join the ladies?" said Mr. Jones, *as he surveyed his whiskers*, and arranged *the tie of his cravat before the glass.*

"I'm quite ready," said Cashel, who had quietly set down in his own mind, that the ladies of the Kennyfeck family were a kind of female facsimile of the stiff-looking old attorney, and, therefore, felt very few qualms on the subject of his disordered and slovenly appearance.

Scarcely had Cashel entered the drawing-room, when he found his hand grasped in Mr. Kennyfeck's, when, with a most dulcet accent, he said,

"I knew you'd forgive me — I told Mrs. Kennyfeck you'd excuse me for not joining you at dinner, but I was really so fatigued. Mrs. Kennyfeck — Mr. Cashel. My daughter, Mr. Cashel. My daughter Olivia. Well now, have you dined heartily — I hope my friends here took care of you?"

"I thank you. I never dined better — only sorry not to have had your company. We have our apologies to make, Mrs. Kennyfeck, for not being earlier; but, of course, you've heard that we did our very utmost."

"Oh! yes, yes; I explained everything," interrupted Kennyfeck, most eager to stop a possible exposure. "Mrs. Kennyfeck knows it all."

Although Cashel's manner and address were of a kind to subject him to the most severe criticism of the ladies of the Kennyfeck family, they evinced the most laudable spirit in the hospitable and even cordial reception of him. Mrs. Kennyfeck making room for him to sit on the sofa beside her; a post of honour that even the Castle Aides-de-camp only enjoyed by great favour, while the daughters listened with an attention *as flattering to him*, as it was galling to the other two *guests.*

Mr. Softly, however, resigned himself to this neglect as to a passing cloud of forgetfulness, and betook himself to the columns of the *Morning Post* for consolation, occasionally glancing over the margin to watch the laughing group around the fire. As for Jones, Mr. Kennyfeck had withdrawn with that gentleman into a window, where the tactics of some bill in equity engaged their attention, manifestly, however, to the young Barrister's discontent, as his frequent stolen looks towards the ladies evidenced.

It was the first time that the Kennyfecks had ever deigned to listen to any one, whose claims to a hearing rested on higher grounds than the light gossip and small-talk of the capital, the small fashionable chit-chat of a provincial city, and which bears the same resemblance to the table-talk of the greater metropolis as do larks to ortolans, when disguised in the same kind of sauce. Only those accustomed to the higher flavour being able to detect the difference. It was, then, with as much surprise as pleasure that they found themselves listening to the narratives in which not a single noble or lordly personage figured, nor one single incident occurred reflecting on the taste, the wealth, or the morals of their acquaintance. It was no less a novelty, too, for Cashel, to find any one a listener to descriptions of scenes and habits in whose familiarity he saw nothing strange or remarkable; so that when the young ladies, at first, attracted by mere curiosity, became gradually more and more interested in his stories, his flattered vanity gave new warmth to an enthusiasm always ardent, and he spoke of Prairie life and *adventure with a degree of* eloquence and power *that might have captivated* even less indulgent auditors.

It was, besides, the first time that they ever had seen great wealth unallied with immense pretension. Cashel, perhaps from character, or that his accession to fortune was too recent, and his consequent ignorance of all that money can do, whichever of these the cause was certainly the most unassuming young man they had ever met. In comparison with him, the Aides-de-camp were princes of the blood; even Mr. Jones himself put forth a degree of pretension on the score of his abilities, which stood in strong contrast with the unaffected and simple modesty of Roland Cashel.

It is but fair to all parties to add, that dark and flashing eyes, shaded by long and drooping lashes; a high and massive forehead; a brown, almost Spanish complexion; whose character was increased by a pair of short, coal-black moustaches, did not detract from the merit of tales, which, as they chiefly related to feats of personal daring and address, were well corroborated by the admirable symmetry and handsome proportions of the relater.

Story followed story; now, the scene lay in the low and misty swamps of the Niger, where night resounds with the dull roar of the beast of prey, and the heavy plash of the sluggish alligator on the muddy shore; now, it was in the green wood of the Spice Islands, amid an atmosphere scented with perfume, and glittering with every gorgeous hue of plumage and verdure. At one moment he would describe a chase at sea, with all its high and maddening excitement, as each new vicissitude of success or failure arose; and then he would present some little quiet picture of shore life in a land where the boundless resources of Nature supply, even *anticipate*, the wants and luxuries of man.

Whatever the interest, and occasionally it rose to a high pitch, that attended his narratives of danger and daring, the little sketches he gave from time to time of the domestic life of these far-away people, seemed to attract the most delighted attention of his fair hearers, particularly when his narrative touched upon the traits, whether of beauty, dress, or demeanour, that distinguish the belles of New Spain.

"How difficult," said Miss Kennyfeck, "I could almost say, how impossible to leave a land so abounding in the romance of life, for all the dull and commonplace realities of European existence."

"How hard to do so without leaving behind the heart that could feel such ecstasies," murmured Olivia, with a half-raised eyelid, and a glance that made Cashel flush with delight.

"How shall we ever make Ireland compensate you for quitting so lovely a country," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with a smile rarely accorded to anything lower than a Viscount.

"We have a Mexican proverb, Madam," said Cashel, gaily, "which says, 'Wherever the sun shines bright eyes shine also;' but enough of these tiresome memories, in which my egotism will always involve me. Shall we have a Fandango?"

"I don't know it; I never saw it danced."

"Well, the Manolo, then?"

"Nor that either," said both girls, laughing.

"Well, will you learn? I'll teach you the Manolo. It's very simple. If you'll play the air, Miss Kennyfeck, it runs thus." Here he opened the pianoforte, and after *a few chords, struck* with a masterly finger, *he played a little Spanish* dance; but with a spirit of

and gesture with diffidence and fear, as she went on, became, as it were, seized with the characteristic spirit of the measure; her features varying with each motive of the music; her eyes, at one instant half closed in dreamy languor, and at the next flashing in all the brilliancy of conscious beauty. As for Roland, forgetting, as well he might, all his functions as teacher, he moved with the enthusiastic spirit of the dance — his rapturous gaze displaying the admiration that fettered him; and when, at last, as it were yielding to long-proved devotion, she gave her hand, it needed the explanation of its being a Mexican fashion to excuse the ardour with which he pressed it to his lips.

Mrs. Kennyfeck's applause, however, was none the less warm; and, if any of the company disapproved, they prudently said nothing; even Mr. Softly, who only evidenced his feeling by a somewhat hasty resumption of the *Morning Post*, while the elder sister, rising from the piano, whispered, as she passed her sister, "Bad jockeyship, Livy, dear, to make fast running so early."

"And that is the — what d'ye call it, Mr. Cashel?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"The Manolo, Madam. It is of Italian origin, rather than Spanish: Calabrian, I fancy; but, in Mexico, it has become national, and well suits the changeful temper of our Spanish belles, and the style of their light and floating costume."

"Yes, I suspect it has a better effect, with short drapery, than with the sweeping folds of our less picturesque dress," said Miss Kennyfeck, who, for *reasons we must not* inquire, took a pleasure in qualifying *her approval.*

"I never saw it appear more graceful," said Cashel, with a blunt abruptness far more flattering than a studied compliment. Olivia blushed; Mrs. Kennyfeck looked happy, and the elder sister bit her lips and threw up her eyebrows, with an expression we cannot attempt to render in words.

"May I not have the honour of introducing you to the Manolo?" said Cashel, presenting himself before her with a deep bow.

"Thank you, I prefer being a spectator; besides, we could have no music — my sister does not play."

Olivia blushed; and, in her hasty look, there was an expression of gently conveyed reproach, as though to say, "This is unfair."

"Do you like music, Mr. Cashel?" continued Miss Kennyfeck, who saw the slight cloud of disappointment that crossed Roland's features. "Oh, I'm certain you do, and I know you sing!"

"Yes," said Cashel, carelessly; "as every one sings in that merry land I come from; but I fear the wild carollings of a Ranchero would scarce find acceptance in the polished ears of Europe."

"What are the melodies like, then?" asked Miss Kennyfeck, throwing into the question a most eager interest.

"You shall hear, if you like," said Roland, taking up a guitar, and striking a few full chords with a practised hand. "This is one of the war songs," and without further preface he began. Had he even been less gifted than he was as to voice and musical taste, there was enough in the bold and manly energy of his manner, *in the fiery daring of* his dark eyes, and the *expressive earnestness of his* whole bearing, to attract

the admiration of his hearers. But besides these vantages, he was not unskilled in the science of n and even made so poor an instrument, a full masterly accompaniment, imitating, as few but Span can do, the distant sound of drums, the dropping of cannon, the wild abrupt changes of battle, an low plaintive sounds of suffering and defeat; so as he concluded, the whole character of the per ance had ceased to be regarded as a mere mu display, but had the absolute effect of a power told story.

The Kennyfecks had often been called on in so to award their praises to amateur performances, in v applause, be it said, *en passant*, a grateful sen their being concluded always contributes the e siasm; but real admiration and pleasure now made silent, and as their eyes first turned on the singe then met, there was a world of intelligence in tha quiet fleeting glance, that revealed more of secret th and feeling, than we, as mere chroniclers of events, inquire into.

Whether it was that this silence, prolonged for seconds, suggested the move, or that Mr. Jones h to feel how ignoble a part he had been cast for i whole evening's entertainment, but he rose to tak leave at once, throwing into his manner a certai of easy self-sufficiency, with which in the "Courts had often dismissed a witness under cross-examin and by a mere look and gesture contrived to disp his testimony.

None, save Miss Kennyfeck, perceived his t *She saw it, however*, and with a readiness all her *replied by a slight* elevation of the eyebrow.

saw his "signal acknowledged," and went home contented. Poor man, he was not the first who has been taken into partnership because his small resources were all "ready," and who is ejected from the firm when wider and grander speculations are entered on. I am not certain either that he will be the last!

Mr. Softly next withdrew, his leave-taking having all the blended humility and cordiality of his first arrival; and now Mr. Kennyfeck was awakened out of a very sound nap by his wife, saying in his ear, "Will you ask Mr. Cashel if he'll take a biscuit and a glass of wine before he retires?"

This proposition was politely declined, and after a very cordial handshaking with all the members of the family, Cashel said his good night, and retired.

CHAPTER VII.

Ich möchte ihn im Schlafrock sehen.
DER REISENDE TEUFEL.

I'd like to see him in his robe de chambre.
THE TRAVELLING DEVIL.

THERE has always appeared to us something of treachery, not to speak of indelicacy, in the privileges authors are wont to assume in following their characters into their most secret retirement, watching there their every movement and gesture, overhearing their confidential whisperings, nay, sometimes sapping their very thoughts for the mere indulgence of a prying intrusive curiosity.

For this reason, highly appreciating, as we must do, the admirable *wit of the* "Diable Boiteux," and the *pleasant familiar humour of the* "Hermite de la Chaussé

d'Antin," we never could entirely reconcile ourse
to the means by which such amusing views of life v
obtained, while we entertain grave doubts if we,
is, the world at large, have any right to form
judgments of people from any other evidence than v
is before the public. It appears to us somewhat a
that following Romeo or Desdemona into the "Gr
room," we should be severe upon the want of keej
which suggested the indulgence of a cigar or a po
porter, and angry at the high-flown illusions so gro
routed and dispelled.

"Act well your part — there all the honour li
said the poet moralist, but it's rather hard to say,
you are to "act" it, off, as well as on the stage;
if it be true that no man is a hero to his valet,
valet should say nothing about it; and this is the v
offence we think novel writers commit, everlastir
stripping off the decorations and destroying the illusi
they take such trouble to create, for little else than
vain boastfulness of saying: — See, upon what flir
materials I can move you to sentiments of grief, laugh
pity, or contempt. Behold of what vulgar ingredi
are made up the highest aspirations of genius —
most graceful fascinations of beauty.

Having denounced, by this recorded protest,
practice, and disclaiming, as we must do, all desir
benefit by its enjoyment, we desire our reader, pa
cularly if he be of the less worthy gender, to fe
due sense of the obligation he owes us, if we claim
company for half an hour on such a voyage of discov
Step softly, there is no excuse for noise, as the st
carpet is thick, and not a sound need be heard. Gen
as you pass that green door — that is the bedroo

and Mrs. Kennyfeck. We will not linger there, invade the sanctity of those precincts, within which monotonous tones of Mrs. K. are heard, revelling in species of domestic eloquence which, like the liberty he press, is oftener pleasant to those who employ, ı to those who receive its judgments. Here, for a minutes, let us stay. This is Roland Cashel's :tment; and, strange enough, instead of sleeping, he p at his table, writing too, he, of all men, the least tolary. There may be no great indication of cha- er in mere handwriting, but the manner, the gesture, degree of rapidity of the writer, as seen at the mo- ıt, are all full of individuality. Mark, then, with ıt speed his pen moves; not the daisy-cutting sling he accomplished writer, but the slashing gallop of heavy charger. Many a blot, never an erasure — there it goes — "Yours ever, Roland Cashel." And , he begins another. Come, these are no times for eamishness. Let us anticipate "Sir James," and l before he seals it.

"Dublin.

"My dear Comrade,

"We are neither of us very gifted letter-writers, but nts are always enough to tell, even when style be ıting; and here am I, so overwhelmed by the rush ıew sensations, that I know not where to begin, or r to tell what has really happened since we parted, distinguish actual stubborn facts from my own ies. My brief note from Porto Giacomo told you : I had succeeded to something like fifteen thousand nds a year. I believe it is rather more, with a d *round sum, I don't* know how much, in Bank;

and now, here I am, just arrived, but marvellously at home, in the house of the worthy fellow that has established my claim.

"If I only knew so much of my good luck, I'd say it was no bad thing to be pleasantly domesticated in a capital mansion, with every refinement and luxury at hand, and two such girls, the daughters! Oh, amigo mio, you'd think wondrous little of the Barcelonetta belles, if I could show you these damsels! Such tempting shyness — such shrinking playful modesty, and then so frank, without that slap-dash abruptness — Never mind — I own freely that Maritaña is lovely — there is not such a mouth — As to a foot — well, well. I wished I could take a peep at you all again, just as night closes, and she comes out to take her walk upon the grass, and hear her singing as she went, or watch her as she danced the Manolo, which — by the way — one of the girls here caught up wonderfully, and in almost an instant too. But the Manolo, with a long sweeping flounced and furbelowed petticoat! Only think of the absurdity. Not but she looked exceedingly pretty the while, but how much better had she, if one could only have cut half a yard off her drapery!

"Have you received the pistols I sent from London? I hope you'll think them handsome — I know they are true, having tried them at thirty-five, and even fifty paces. The yataghan I'm certain you'll admire; it has the peculiar handle and hilt you're fond of. Pray let our friends on the Chilian side learn something of the qualities of the blade itself. I have been thinking since about the emeralds — and, perhaps, Maritaña may refuse them. If so, do what you will with them so that *I hear no more of* the matter. And now for the bond;

— release from me that tie by all means. It is not that I really feel it in the light of a contract — Maritaña never did — but I have it ever on my mind like a debt. I give you full powers; draw upon me for the sum you please, and I promise not to dishonour the check. Pedro likes a good bargain, and don't baulk him!

"I don't know what your own views are in that quarter, but I tell you frankly that Maritaña has higher and bolder aspirations than either you or I were likely to aid her in attaining. She is a proud girl, Enrique, and will never care for any man that is not able and willing to elevate her into a very different sphere from that she moves in. I never actually loved her — I certainly do not do so now — and yet I cannot get her out of my head.

"Before I forget it, let me ask you to pay Ruy Dias two hundred doubloons for me. The horse I killed was not worth forty, but these are not times for bargaining, and the fellow didn't want to part with the beast. Alconetti — the Italian in the Plaza — has something against me; pay it too; and now that I am on the subject of debts, whenever you next cruise off Ventillanos, send a party on shore to catch the Dean, and give him four-and-twenty with a rope's-end; say it is from me; he'll know why, and so shall you, when you inform me that it has been cleverly effected.

"Above all, my dear boy, write; I so long to hear about you all, and to know all that has happened since I left you. Send the old trunks with my uniform to the agents in the Havannah; I'd like to see them once more. Françoi*s may keep anything* else of mine, ex*cept what you would like* to select as a 'souvenir.'

Don't let Rica write to me. I feel I should have no ch in a correspondence with him; nor need I have because whatever you say, I agree to — remember

"If you can manage about the emeralds, it w be the most gratifying news to me. You might tel that we are so certain of never meeting again, and all is now over for ever, and so on. — It would an air of unkindness to reject them. Besides, I se reason why she should! No matter; I needn't mul reasons, where if one will not suffice, a thousand fail, and the chances are, if she suspect my anxiet the subject, it will decide her against me. Do it, all in your own way.

"Have I said all I wanted? Heaven knows, head is full; my heart, too, is not without its load wish you were here. I wish it for many reasons. ready begin to suspect you are right about the su effect a spring into wealth may produce, but I that all you said on that score may not be true. thought so, I'd — no matter, I'll endeavour to that you are unjust, and that is better. — Your

"ROLAND CAS

"Don Enrique da Cordova,
Lieutenant of the Columbian frigate *Esmeralda*.
Care of Messrs. Eustache et Le Moine, merchants, Havannah."

The next epistle which followed was far mo It was thus:

"Messrs. Vanderhaeghen und Droek, Antwerp.

"Enclosed is an order on Hamerton for thousand four hundred and forty-eight gulden, and interest for three years, of an unjust dem *by you on me* before the tribunal of Bruges.

"You failed, even with all the aid of your knavish laws, and more knavish countrymen, to establish this iniquitous claim; and only succeeded in exhibiting yourselves as rogues and swindlers, good burgherlike qualities in your commercial city.

"I have now paid what I never owed, but there still remains between us an unsettled score. Let my present punctuality guarantee the honourable intentions I entertain of settling it one day, till when, as you have shown yourselves my enemy,

"Believe me to be, yours,

"ROLAND CASHEL."

The order on the Banker ran as follows:

"Pay to Vanderhaeghen und Droek, two of the greatest knaves alive, seventeen thousand four hundred and forty-eight gulden, being the principal and interest for three years of a dishonest claim made upon

"ROLAND CASHEL."

"To Hamerton and Co., Cheapside."

With all that soothing consciousness, we hear is the result of good actions, Cashel lay down on his bed immediately on concluding this last epistle, and was fast asleep almost before the superscription was dried.

And now, worthy reader, another peep, and we have done. Ascending cautiously the stairs, you pass through a little conservatory, at the end of which a heavy cloth curtain conceals a door. It is that of a dressing-room — off which, at opposite sides, two bedrooms lie. This same dressing-room, with its rose-coloured curtains and ottoman, its little toilet-tables of satin-wood, its mirrors framed in alabaster, its cabinets

of Buhl, and the book-shelves so coquettishly curtained with Malines lace, is the common property of the two sisters whom we so lately introduced to your notice.

There were they wont to sit for hours after the return from a ball, discussing the people they had met their dress, their manner, their foibles and flirtations criticising with no mean acuteness, all the varied games of match-making mammas and intriguing aunts, and canvassing the schemes and snares so rife around them. And, oh, ye simple worshippers of muslin-robed innocence! Oh, ye devoted slaves of ringletted lovelines and blooming freshness! Bethink ye what wily project lie crouching in hearts that would seem the very home of careless happiness — what calculations — what devices — how many subtleties that only beauty wield or simple man is vanquished by!

It was considerably past midnight as the two girls sat at the fire, their dressing-gowns and slippered fe showing that they had prepared for bed; but the lo luxuriant hair, as yet uncurled, flowed in heavy mas on their neck and shoulders. They did not, as usu converse freely together; a silence and a kind of c straint sat upon each, and although Olivia held a b before her, it was less for the purpose of reading t as a screen against the fire, while her sister sat folded arms and gently drooping head, apparently in thought. It was after a very lengthened sil and in a voice which showed that the speaker following up some train of thought, Miss Kenn said,

"And do you really think him handsome, Ol

"Of whom are you speaking, dear?" said *with the very softest* accent.

Miss Kennyfeck started, her pale cheeks became slightly red, as, with a most keen irony, she replied: "Could you not guess? Can I mean any one but Mr. Clare Jones?"

"Oh, he's a downright fright," answered the other; "but what could have made you think of him?"

"I was not thinking of him, nor were you either, sister dear," said Miss Kennyfeck, fixing her eyes full upon her; "we were both thinking of the same person. Come, what use in such subterfuges? Honesty, Livy, may not be the 'best policy,' but it has one great advantage, it saves a deal of time; and so I repeat my question, do you think him handsome?"

"If you mean Mr. Cashel, dearest," said the younger, half bashfully, "I rather incline to say he is. His eyes are very good; his forehead and brow —"

"There — no inventory, I beg — the man is very well-looking, I dare say; but I own he strikes me as '*tant soit peut sauvage.* Don't you think so?"

"True, his manners —".

"Why he has none; the man has a certain rakish free and easy demeanour, that, with somewhat more breeding, would rise as high as 'tigerism,' but now is detestable vulgarity."

"Oh, dearest, you are severe."

"I rather suspect that you are partial."

"I, my dear! not I, in the least. He is not, by any means, the style of person I like. He can be very amusing, perhaps; he certainly is very odd — very original."

"He is very rich, Livy," said the elder sister, with a most *dry gravity.*

"That can scarcely be called a fault, still misfortune," replied Olivia, slily.

"Well, well, let us have done with aphorisn speak openly. If you are really pleased w manner and address, say so at once, and I'll never to criticise too closely a demeanour which, does not impress me highly — only be candid.'

"But I do not see any occasion for such c my dear. He is no more to *me* than he is to ask no protestations from *you* about this Mr. Cashel."

Miss Kennyfeck bit her lip and seemed to a rising temptation to reply, but was silent fo ment, when she said, in a careless easy tone,

"Do you know, Livy, dearest, that thi Manolo you danced this evening is not by any a graceful performance to look at, at least when with long sweeping drapery, flapping here and fl there. It may suit those half-dressed Mexican who want to display a high arched instep, rounded ankle, and who know that they are nc gressing the ordinary limits of decorum in the (but certainly your friend Mr. Softly did not ac his approval. Did you remark him?"

"I did not; I was too much engaged in l the figure; but Mr. Softly disapproves of all d

"Oh, I know he does," yawned Miss Ker as if the very mention of his name suggestec "the dear man has his own notions of pleasa little holy jokes about Adam and Eve. T nothing so intolerable to me as the insipid pla of your young parson, except, perhaps, the *fun of your rising* barrister. How I hate Mr. Clar

"He is very under-bred."

"He is worse — the rudest person I ever met — so familiar."

"Why will he always insist on shaking hands?"

"Why will he not at least wash his own, occasionally?"

"And then his jests from the Queen's Bench — the last *mot* — I'm sure I often wished it were so literally, of some stupid Chief Justice. Well, really, in comparison, your savage friend is a mirror of good looks and good manners."

"Good night, my dear," said Olivia, rising, as though to decline a renewal of the combat.

"Good night," echoed her sister, bluntly, "and pleasant dreams of 'Roland the brave — Roland the true;' the latter quality being the one more in request at this moment." And so, humming the well-known air, she took her candle, and retired.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ay! marry — they have wiles,
Compared to which, our schemes are honesty!
THE "LAWYER'S DAUGHTER."

NOTWITHSTANDING all that we hear said against Castle-building, how few among the unbought pleasures of life are so amusing, nor are we certain that these shadowy speculations — these "white lies" that we tell to our own conscience — are not so many incentives to noble deeds and generous actions. These "imaginary conversations" lift us out of the jog-trot path of daily intercourse, and call up hopes and aspirations that lie buried *under the heavy load* of wearisome common-

places of which life is made up, and thus per
man immersed as he may be in the fatigues
profession, or a counting-house, harassed by la
worried by the Three Per Cents., to be a hero
own heart, at least, for a few minutes once a wee

But if "Castle-building" be so pleasurable w
mere visionary scheme, what is it when it
associated with all the necessary conditions fo
complishment — when not alone the plan and ele
of the edifice are there, but all the materials and
appliance to realise the conception?

Just fancy yourself "two or three and twe
waking out of a sound and dreamless sleep, to se
mellow sun of an autumnal morning straining its
through the curtains of your bedroom. Conceiv
short and easy struggle by which, banishing all lc
cares and duties in which you were once imm
you spring, as by a bound, to the joyous fact tha
are the owner of a princely fortune, with healtl
ardent spirit, a temper capable of, nay, eage
engagement, a fearless courage, and a heart uncl
Think of this, and say, is not the first-waking
hour of such thoughts the brightest spot of a
existence?

Such was the frame of mind in which our
awoke, and lay for some time to revel in! We
not, if we would, follow the complex tissue of
dreams that wandered over every clime, and i
luxurious rapture of power, created scenes of ple
of ingredients the most far-fetched and remote.
"actual," demands our attention more urgently tha
"ideal," so that we are constrained to follo
unpoetical steps of so ignoble a personage as M. F

— Cashel's new valet — who now broke in upon his master's reveries, as he entered with hot water, and the morning papers.

"What have you got there?" cried Cashel, not altogether pleased at the intrusion.

"The morning papers! Lord Ettlecombe" — his former master, and his universal type — "always read the *Post*, Sir, before he got out of bed."

"Well, let me see it," said Cashel, who, already impressed with the necessity of conforming to a new code, was satisfied to take the law even from so humble an authority, as his own man.

"Yes, Sir. Our arrival is announced very handsomely among the fashionable intelligence, and the *Dublin Mail* has copied the paragraph stating that we are speedily about to visit our Irish estates."

"Ah, indeed," said Cashel, somewhat flattered at his new-born notoriety, "where is all this?"

"Here, Sir, under 'Movements in high life' — 'the Duke of Uxoter to Lord Debbington's beautiful villa at Maulish — Sir Harry and Lady Emeline Morpas, &c., — Rosenorris — Lord Fetcherton ——' No, here we have it, Sir — 'Mr. Roland Cashel and suite' — Kennyfeck and self, Sir — 'from Mivart's, for Ireland. We understand that this *millionaire* proprietor is now about to visit his estates in this country, preparatory to taking up a residence finally amongst us. If report speak truly, he is as accomplished as wealthy, and will be a very welcome accession to the ranks of our country gentry.'"

"How strange that these worthy people should affect to know or care anything about me or my future intentions," *said Cashel, innocently.*

"Oh, Sir, they really know nothing — that little thing is mine."

"Yours! how yours?"

"Why, I wrote it, Sir. When I lived with Sir Giles Heathcote, we always fired off a certain number of these signal-guns when we came to a new place. Once the thing was set a-going, the newspaper fellows followed up the lead themselves. They look upon a well-known name as of the same value as a fire, or a case of larceny. I have known a case of seduction by a Marquis to take the 'pas' of the last murder in the Edgeware-road."

"I have no fancy for this species of publicity," said Cashel, seriously.

"Believe me, Sir, there is nothing to be done without it. The press, Sir, is the fourth estate. They can ignore anything now-a-days, from a speech in Parliament to the last new novel, — from the young beauty just come out to the newly-launched line-of-battle-ship. A friend of mine, some time back, tried the thing to his cost, Sir. He invented an admirable moustache-paste; he even paid a guinea to an Oxford man for a Greek name for it; well, Sir, he would not advertise in the dailys, but only in bills. Mark the consequence. One of the morning journals, in announcing the arrival of the Prince of Koemundkuttingen on a visit to Colonel Sibthorp, mentioned, that in the fraternal embrace of these two distinguished personages, their moustaches, anointed with the new patent adhesive Eukantherostickostecon, became actually so fastened together (as the fellow said, like two clothes-brushes) that after a *quarter of an hour's* vain struggle, they had to be cut *asunder. From* that moment, Sir, the paste was done

up; he sold it as harness stuff the week after, and left the hair and beard line altogether."

As Cashel's dressing proceeded, Mr. Phillis continued to impose upon him those various hints and suggestions respecting costume, for which that accomplished gentleman's gentleman was renowned.

"Excuse me, but you are not going to wear that coat, I hope. A morning dress should always incline to what artists call 'neutral tints;' there should also be nothing striking, nothing that would particularly catch the eye, except in those peculiar cases, where the wearer, adopting a certain colour, not usually seen, adheres strictly to it, just as we see my Lord Blenneville with his old coffee-coloured cut-away, and Sir Francis Heming with his light-blue frock; Colonel Mordaunt's Hessians are the same kind of thing."

"This is all mere trifling," said Cashel, impatiently; "I don't intend to dress like the show figure in a tailor's shop, to be stared at."

"Exactly so, Sir; that is what I have been saying; any notoriety is to be avoided, where a gentleman has a real position. Now, with a dark frock, grey trousers, and this plain, single-breasted vest, your costume is correct."

If Cashel appeared to submit to these dictations with impatience, he, really, received them as laws to which he was, in virtue of his station, to be bound. He had taken Mr. Phillis, exactly as he had engaged the services of a celebrated French cook, as a person to whom a "department" was to be entrusted, and feeling that he was about to enter on a world whose habits *of thinking and prejudices* were all strange, he *resolved to accept of guidance*, with the implicitness

when the lesson is over, that we are waiting breakfast." So saying, and with a laugh of saucy raillery, Miss Kennyfeck passed down the stairs, not remaining to hear his answer.

"Oh, Mr. Cashel!" exclaimed Olivia, with a tone half reproachful, half shy, "we shall be scolded, — at least, I shall," added she. "It is the unforgivable offence in this house to be late at breakfast."

Cashel would very willingly have risked all the consequences of delay for a few minutes longer of their interview, but already she had tripped on down stairs, and with such speed as to enter the breakfast-parlour a few seconds before him. Roland was welcomed by the family without the slightest shade of dissatisfaction at his late appearance. Cordial greetings, and friendly inquiries as to how he had rested, pouring in on every side.

"What's to be done with Mr. Cashel to-day? I hope he is not to be teased by business people and red-tapery," said Mrs. Kennyfeck to her husband.

"I am afraid," said the silky attorney — "I am very much afraid, I must trespass on his kindness to accompany me to the Master's office. There are some little matters which will not wait."

"Oh, they must," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, peremptorily. "Who is the Master — Liddard — isn't it? Well, tell him to put it off: Mr. Cashel must really have a little peace and quietness after all his fatigues."

"It will only take an hour at most, Mrs. Kennyfeck," remonstrated her submissive mate.

"Well, that is nothing," cried Cashel. "I'm not in *the least tired*, and the day is long enough for every*thing*."

"Let him teach you, then!" cried Cashel, as he rung into the room, wild with delight.

"Oh, Mr. Cashel, what a start you've given me!" id Olivia Kennyfeck, as, covered with blushes, and embling with agitation, she leaned on the back of a air.

"Oh, pray forgive me," said he, eagerly, "but I as so surprised, so delighted to hear you recalling at little song; I really forgot everything else. Have startled you, then?"

"Oh, no; it's nothing. I was trying a few chords. thought I was quite alone."

"But you'll permit me to teach you some of our exican songs, won't you? I should be so charmed to ar them sung as you could sing them."

"It is too kind of you," said she, timidly; "but I n no musician. My sister is a most skilful performer; it *I* really know nothing — a simple ballad — and a nzonette — are the extent of my efforts."

"For our Prairie songs, it is the feeling supplies l the character. They are wild, fanciful things, with higher pretensions than to recal some trait of the nd they belong to, and I should be so flattered if ou would take an interest in the Far West."

"How you must love it! How you must long to turn to it!" said Olivia, raising her long drooping shes, and letting her eyes rest, with an expression of nder melancholy, on Cashel.

What he might have said there is no guessing, — ay, for his sake, and for hers too, it is better not even speculate on it; but ere he could reply, another eaker joined in the colloquy, saying —

"*Good morning, Mr.* Cashel. Pray don't forget,

"The canter, by all means," said Cashel. "I'm sure, my dear Mr. Kennyfeck, you'll do everything far better without me. I have no head for anything like business; and so pray, let me accompany the riding party."

"The attendance at the Master's is peremptory," sighed the attorney; "there is no deferring that; and as to the mortgages, the funds are falling every hour. I should seriously advise selling out at once."

"Well, sell out in Heaven's name. Do all, and anything you like, and I promise my most unqualified satisfaction at the result."

"There, now," interposed Mrs. Kennyfeck, authoritatively; "don't worry any more, you see how tiresome you are!"

And poor Mr. Kennyfeck seemed to see and feel it too; for he hung his head, and sipped his tea in silence.

"To-day we dine all alone, Mr. Cashel," said Mrs. Kennyfeck; "but to-morrow I will try to show you some of the Dublin notorieties; at least, such as are to be had in the season. On Friday we plan a little country-party into Wicklow; and I have promised to keep Saturday free, if the Blackenburgs want us."

"What shall we say, then, about Tubber-beg, Mr. Cashel?" said Kennyfeck, withdrawing him into a window-recess. "We ought to give the answer at once."

"Faith! I forget all about it," said Cashel. "Is that the fishery you told me of?"

"Oh, no!" sighed the disconsolate man of law. "It's the farm on the terminable lease, at present held *by Hugh Corrigan*; he asks for a renewal."

"Well, let him have it," said Cashel, bluntly, while his eyes were turned towards the fire, where the two sisters, with arms entwined, stood in the most graceful of attitudes.

"Yes, but have you considered the matter maturely?" rejoined Kennyfeck, laying his hand on Cashel's arm. "Have you taken into account that he only pays eight and sevenpence per acre — the Irish acre, too; and that a considerable part of that land adjoining the Boat Quay is let, as building plots, for two and sixpence a foot?"

"A devilish pretty foot it is, too," murmured Cashel, musingly.

"Eh! what!" exclaimed Kennyfeck, perfectly mystified at this response.

"Oh! I meant that I agreed with you," rejoined the young man, reddening, and endeavouring to appear deeply interested. "I quite coincide with your views, Sir."

Kennyfeck seemed surprised at this, for he had not, to his knowledge, ventured on any opinion.

"Perhaps," said he, taking breath for a last effort, "if you'd kindly look at the map of the estate, and just see where this farm trenches on your own limits, you could judge better about the propriety of the renewal."

"Oh, with pleasure!" exclaimed Cashel, while he suffered himself to be led into the study, his face exhibiting very indifferent signs of satisfaction.

"Shall we assist in the consultation, Mr. Cashel?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, *smiling in* reply to his reluctant *look at leaving.*

"Oh, by all means!" cried he, enthusiastically; "do come, and give me your advice. Pray, come."

"Come, girls," said the mother, "although I perceive Mr. Kennyfeck is terribly shocked at the bare thought of our intrusion; but be of good courage, we only accompany Mr. Cashel to save him from any long imprisonment." And so, she moved majestically forward, her daughters following her.

An alchemist would probably have received company in his laboratory, or a hermit admitted a jovial party in his cell, with less of constraint and dissatisfaction than did Mr. Kennyfeck watch the approach of his wife and daughters to the sanctum of his study.

Save at rare intervals, when a disconsolate widow had come to resolve a question of administration, or a no less forlorn damsel had entered to consult upon an action for "breach of promise," St. Kevin himself had never been less exposed to female intervention. It needed then all his reverence and fear of Mrs. Kennyfeck to sustain the shock to his feelings, as he saw her seat herself in his office-chair, and look around with the air of command that he alone used to exhibit in these regions.

"Now for this same map, Mr. Kennyfeck, and let us hear the question for which this Privy Council has been convened."

"This is the map," said Mr. Kennyfeck, unfolding a large scroll, "and I believe a single glance will enable Mr. Cashel to perceive that some little deliberation would be advisable before continuing in possession a tenant whose holding completely destroys the best *feature of the demesne*. This red line here is your *boundary towards* the Limerick road; here, stands the

house, which, from the first, was a great mistake. It is built in a hollow without a particle of view; whereas, had it been placed here, where this cross is marked, the prospect would have extended over the whole of Scariff Bay, and by the west, down to Killaloe."

"Well, what's to prevent our building it there yet?" interrupted Cashel. "I think it would be rare fun building a house, at least if I may judge from all the amusement I've had in constructing one of leaves and buffalo-hides, in the Prairies."

Mrs. Kennyfeck and her eldest daughter smiled their blandest approbation, while Olivia murmured in her sister's ear, "Oh dear, he is so very natural, isn't he?"

"That will be a point for ulterior consideration," said Mr. Kennyfeck, who saw the danger of at all wandering from the topic in hand. "Give me your attention now for one moment, Mr. Cashel. Another inconvenience in the situation of the present house is, that it stands scarcely a thousand yards from this red and yellow line here."

"Well, what is that?" inquired Cashel, who already began to feel interested in the localities.

"This — and pray observe it well, Sir — this red and yellow line, enclosing a tract, which borders on the Shannon, and runs, as you may remark, into the very heart of the demesne, this is Tubber-beg, the farm in question; not only encroaching upon your limits, but actually cutting you off from the river, at least, your access is limited to a very circuitous road, and which opens upon a very shallow part of the stream."

"*And who or what is* this tenant?" asked Cashel.

"Mr. Cashel, my dear," said papa, still bent on examining the map.

"Do I, indeed!" cried Roland, in an ecstasy; "then you shall have your wish, Miss Kennyfeck. I promise you the prettiest Swiss cottage that your own taste can devise."

"Oh dear, oh pray forgive me."

"Oh, Mr. Roland Cashel, don't think of such a thing! Olivia was merely speaking at random. How silly, child, you are to talk that way."

"Really, mamma, I had not the slightest suspicion — I wouldn't for the world have said anything if I thought —"

"Of course not, dear, but pray be guarded. Indeed, I own I never did hear you make a lapse of the kind before; but you see, Mr. Cashel, you have really made us forget that we were strangers but yesterday, and you are paying the penalty of your own exceeding kindness. Forget, then, I beseech you, this first transgression."

"I shall assuredly keep my promise, Madam," said Cashel, proudly; "and I have only to hope Miss Kennyfeck will not offend me by declining so very humble a present. Now, Sir, for our worthy friend Mr. Corrigan."

"Too fast, a great deal too fast, love," whispered the elder sister in the ear of the younger, and who, to the credit of her tact and ingenuity, be it spoken, only gave the most heavenly smile in reply.

"I really am puzzled, Sir, what advice to give," said the attorney, musing.

"I have no difficulties of this sentimental kind," *said Mrs. Kennyfeck*, with a glance of profound depre-

ciation towards her husband; "and I beg Mr. Cashel to remember, that the opportunity now offered will possibly never occur again. If the old man is to retain his farm, of course Mr. Cashel would not think of building a new mansion, which must be ill-circumstanced, from what I can hear of the present house. It is equally certain that he would not reside in that."

"Is it so very bad?" asked Cashel, smiling.

"It was ill-planned originally, added to in, if possible, worse taste, and then suffered to fall into ruin. It is now something more than eighty years since it saw any other inhabitant than a care-taker."

"Well, the picture is certainly not seductive. I rather opine, that the best thing we can do, is to throw this old rumbling concern down, at all events; and now once more — what shall we do with Mr. Corrigan?"

"I should advise you not giving any reply before you visit the property yourself. All business matters will be completed here, I trust, by Saturday. What, then, if we go over on Monday to Tubbermore?"

"Agreed. I have a kind of anxiety to look at the place: indeed, a mere glance would decide me if I ever care to return to it again."

"Then, I perceive, our counsel is of no avail here," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, rising, with a very ill-concealed chagrin.

"Nay, Madam, don't say so. You never got so far as to give it," cried Cashel.

"Oh, yes, you forget that I said it would be absurd to hesitate about resuming possession."

"Unquestionably," echoed Miss Kennyfeck. "It is merely *to indulge an old man's* caprice at the cost of *your own comfort and convenience.*"

ignorant of the sway they thus exercised; indeed, such a degree of modesty would have trenched upon the incredulous, for how could they doubt what commanders of the forces and deputy-assistant-adjutants assured them, still less question the veracity of a prince royal, who positively asserted that they "rode better than Quentin's daughter."

It was thus a source of no small excitement among the mounted loungers of the Capital, when the Kennyfecks issued forth on horseback, and not, as usual, making the tour of the "Square" to collect their forces, they rode at once down Grafton-street, accompanied by a single cavalier.

"Who have the Kennyfeck girls got with them?" said a thin-waisted looking Aid-de-camp to a lanky well-whiskered fellow in a dragoon undress, at the Castle Gate.

"He is new to me — never saw him before. — I say, Lucas, who is that tall fellow on Kennyfeck's brown horse — do you know him?"

"Don't know — can't say," drawled out a very diminutive hussar Cornet.

"He has a look of Merrington," said another, joining the party.

"Not a bit of it; he's much larger. I shouldn't wonder if he's one of the Esterhazys they've caught. There is one of them over here — a Paul or a Nicholas, of the younger branch; — but here's Linton, he'll tell us, if any man can."

This speech was addressed to a very dapper, well-dressed man of about thirty, mounted on a small thorough-bred pony, whose splashed and heaving flanks *bespoke a hasty ride.*

"I say, Tom, you met the Kennyfecks — who was
t with them?"
"Don't you know him, my Lord?" said a sharp
ging voice, "that's our newly-arrived millionaire —
land Cashel, our Tipperary Crœsus; — the man with
ron't say how many hundred thousands a year, and
llions in bank besides."
"The devil it is — a good-looking fellow, too."
"Spooney, I should say," drawled out the hussar,
essing his moustache.
"One needn't be as smart a fellow as you, Wheeler,
h forty thousand a year," said Linton, with a sly
nce at the others.
"You don't suppose, Tom," said the former speaker,
at the Kennyfecks have any designs in that quarter
egad! that would be rather aspiring, eh?"
"Very unwise in us to permit it, my Lord," said
ton, in a low tone. "That's a dish will bear car-
, and let every one have his share."
My Lord laughed with a low cunning laugh at the
estion, and nodded an easy assent.
Meanwhile the Kennyfecks rode slowly on, and
ng Essex Bridge, continued their way at a foot
towards the Park, passing in front of the Four
, where a very large knot of idlers uncovered
eads in polite salutation as they went.
'hat's Kennyfeck's newly-discovered client," cried
a great card, if they can only secure him for
the girls."
say, did you remark how the eldest had him
? She never noticed any of us."
ack Olivia," said another; "she's a quiet one,
lish sly for all that."

"Depend upon it," interposed an older speaker, "the fellow is up to all that sort of thing."

"Jones met him at dinner yesterday at Kennyfeck's, and says he is a regular soft one, and if the girls don't run an opposition to each other, one is sure to win."

"Why not toss up for him, then? that would be fairer."

"Ay, and more sisterly, too," said the elder speaker. "Jones would be right glad to claim the beaten horse."

"Jones, indeed — I can tell you they detest Jones," said a young fellow.

"They told you so, eh, Hammond?" said another; while a very hearty laugh at the discomfited youth broke from the remainder.

And now to follow our mounted friends, who, having reached the Park, continued still at a walking pace to thread the grassy paths that led through that pleasant tract; now, hid amid the shade of ancient thorntrees, now, gaining the open expanse of plain with its bold background of blue mountains.

From the evident attention bestowed by the two sisters, it was clear that Cashel was narrating something of interest, for he spoke of an event which had happened to himself in his Prairie life; and this alone, independent of all else, was enough to make the theme amusing.

"Does this convey any idea of a Prairie, Mr. Cashel?" said Miss Kennyfeck, as they emerged from a grove of beech-trees, and came upon the wide and *stretching* plain, so well known to Dubliners as the *Fifteen Acres*, but which is, in reality, much greater

in extent. "I have always fancied this great grassy expanse must be like a Prairie."

"About as like as yonder cattle to a herd of wild buffaloes," replied Roland, smiling.

"Then what is a Prairie like? Do tell us," said Olivia, eagerly.

"I can scarcely do so, nor, if I were a painter, do I suppose that I could make a picture of one, because it is less the presence than the total absence of all features of landscape that constitutes the wild and lonely solitude of a Prairie. But fancy a great plain — gently — very gently undulating — not a tree, not a shrub, not a stream to break the dreary uniformity — sometimes, but even that rarely, a little muddy pond of rain-water, stagnant and yellow, is met with, but only seen soon after heavy showers, for the hot sun rapidly absorbs it. The only vegetation, a short yellowed burnt-up grass — not a wild flower or a daisy, if you travelled hundreds of hundreds of miles. On you go, days and days, but the scene never changes. Large cloud-shadows rest upon the barren expanse, and move slowly and sluggishly away, or sometimes a sharp and pelting shower is borne along, traversing hundreds of miles in its course, but these are the only traits of motion in the death-like stillness. At last, perhaps after weeks of wandering, you descry, a long way off, some dark objects dotting the surface, these are buffaloes; or, at sunset, when the thin atmosphere makes everything sharp and distinct, some black spectral shapes seem to glide between you and the red twilight, these are Indian hunters, seen miles off, and by some strange law *of nature they are* presented to the vision *when far, far beyond the range of sight.* Such strange

apparitions, the consequence of refraction, have led to the most absurd superstitions, and all the stories the Germans tell you of their wild huntsmen are nothing to the tales every trapper can recount of war parties seen in the air, and tribes of red men in pursuit of deer and buffaloes, through the clear sky of an autumn evening."

"And have you yourself met with these wild children of the desert?" said Olivia; "have you ever been amongst them?"

"Somewhat longer than I fancied," replied Roland, smiling. "I was a prisoner once with the Camanches."

"Oh, let us hear all about it — how did it happen?" cried both together.

"It happened absurdly enough, at least you will say so, when I tell you; but to a Prairie-hunter the adventure would seem nothing singular. It chanced that some years ago I made one of a hunting party into the Rocky Mountains, and finally as far as Pueblo Santo, the last station before entering the hunting-grounds of the Camanches, a very fierce tribe, and one with whom all the American traders have failed to establish any relations of friendship or commerce. They care nothing for the inventions of civilisation, and, unlike all other Indians, prefer their own bows and arrows to fire-arms.

"We had been now four days within their boundary, and yet never met one of the tribe. Some averred that they always learned by the scouts whenever any invasion took place, and retired till they were in sufficient force to pour down and crush the intruders. *Others, who* proved better informed, said that they *were hunting* in a remote tract, several days' journey

istant. We were doubly disappointed, for besides not eeing the Camanches, for which we had a great curiosity, we did not discover any game. The two or three ails we followed led to nothing, nor could a hoof-track e seen for miles and miles of Prairie. In this state of iscomfiture, we were sitting one evening around our res, and debating with ourselves whether to turn back r go on, when, the dispute waxing warm between nose of different opinions, I, who hated all disagreeients of the kind, slipped quietly away, and throwing he bridle on my horse, I set out for a solitary ramble ver the Prairie.

"I have the whole scene before me this instant, the olemn desolation of that dreary track! for scarcely had gone a mile over what seemed a perfectly level lain, when the swelling inequalities of the ground hut out the watch-fires of my companions, and now here was nothing to be seen but the vast expanse of and and sky, each coloured with the same dull leaden int of coming night; no horizon was visible, not a star appeared, and in the midst of this grey monotony, a stillness prevailed that smote the heart with something more appalling than mere fear. No storm that ever I listened to at sea, not the loudest thunder that ever crashed, or the heaviest sea that ever broke upon a leeward shore at midnight, ever chilled my blood like that terrible stillness. I thought that the dreadful roll of an avalanche, or the heaving ground-swell of an earthquake had been easier to bear. I believe I actually prayed for something like sound to relieve the horrible tension of my nerves, when, just as if my wish *was heard, a low booming sound*, like the sea within *a rocky cavern, came borne* along on the night wind.

Then it lulled again, and after a time grew louder. This happened two or three times, so that, half suspecting some self-delusion, I stopped my ears, and then on removing my hands, I heard the noise increasing till it swelled into one dull roaring sound, that made the very air vibrate. I thought it must be an earthquake, of which it is said many occur in these regions, but, from the dreary uniformity, leave no trace behind.

I resolved to regain my companions at once; danger is always easier to confront in company, and so I turned my horse's head to go back. The noise was now deafening, and so stunning that the very ground seemed to give it forth. My poor horse became terrified, his flanks heaved, and he laboured in his stride as if overcome by fatigue. This again induced me to suspect an earthquake, for I knew by what singular instinct animals are apprised of its approach. I therefore gave him the spur, and urged him on with every effort, when suddenly he made a tremendous bound to one side, and set off with the speed of a race. Stretched to his fullest stride, I was perfectly powerless to restrain him; meanwhile, the loud thundering sound filled the entire air — more deafening than the greatest artillery; the crashing uproar smote my ears, and made my brain ring with the vibration, and then suddenly the whole plain grew dark behind and at either side of me; the shadow swept on and on, nearer and nearer as the sounds increased, till the black surface seemed as it were about to close around me; and now I perceived that the great Prairie, far as my eyes could stretch, was covered by a herd of wild buffaloes; struck by some sudden terror, they had taken what is ca

the Stampedo,' and set out at full speed. In an instant they were around me on every side — a great moving sea of dark-backed monsters — roaring in terrible uproar, and tossing their savage heads wildly to and fro, in all the paroxysm of terror. To return, or even to extricate myself, was impossible; the dense mass pressed like a wall at either side of me, and I was borne along in the midst of the heaving herd, without the slightest hope of rescue. I cannot — you would not ask me, if even I could — recal the terrors of that dreadful night, which in its dark hours compassed the agonies of years. Until the moon got up, I hoped that the herd might pass on, and at last leave me at liberty behind; but when she rose, and I looked back, I saw the dark sea of hides, as if covering the whole wide Prairie, while the deep thunder from afar mingled with the louder bellowing of the herd around me.

"I suppose my reeling brain became maddened by the excitement; for even yet, when by any accident I suffer slight illness, terrible fancies of that dreadful scene come back; and I have been told that, in my wild cries and shouts, I seem encouraging and urging on the infuriate herd, and by my gestures appearing to control and direct their headlong course. Had it been possible, I believe I should have thrown myself to the earth and sought death at once, even in this dreadful form, than live to die the thousand deaths of agony that night inflicted; but this could not be, and so, as day broke, I was still carried on, not, indeed, with the same speed as before; weariness weighed on the vast moving mass, but the pressure of those behind still drove them onward. *I thought* the long hours of darkness *were terrible; and the* appalling gloom of night

added tortures to my sufferings; but the glare of day light, the burning sun, and the clouds of dust, wer still worse. I remember, too, when exhaustion ha nearly spent my last frail energy, and when my powe less hands, letting fall the bridle, dropped heavily t my side, that the herd suddenly halted — halted, as i arrested by some gigantic hand; and then the pressur became so dreadful that my bones seemed almo bursting from my flesh, and I screamed aloud in m agony. After this, I remember little else. The othe events of that terrible ride, are like the shadow spectres of a magic lantern; vague memories of suffe ings, pangs that even yet chill my blood, steal ove me, but unconnected and incoherent, so that when, a I afterward heard, the herd dashed into the Camanch encampment, I have no recollection of anything, ex cept the terror-struck faces of the red men, as the bent before me, and seemed to worship me as a deity Yes, this terrible tribe, who had scarcely ever bee known to spare a white man, not only did not injur but they treated me with the tenderest care and atte tion. A singular incident had favoured me: one of th wise men had foretold some days before that a herd wild buffaloes, sent by their god, Anadongu, woul speedily appear, and rescue the tribe from the horro of impending starvation. The prediction was possibl based upon some optical delusion, like that I hav mentioned. Whatever its origin, the accomplishmer was hailed with ecstacy; and I myself, a poor, almo dying creature, stained with blood, crushed and speech *less, was regarded* as their deliverer and preserver."

"*How long* did you remain amongst them?" cri *Miss Kennyfeck.*

"And how did you escape?" asked Olivia.

"Were they always equally kind?"

"Were you sorry to leave them?" were the questions rapidly poured in ere Cashel could reply to any one of them.

"I have often heard," said Miss Kennyfeck, "that the greater mental ability of the white man is certain to secure him an ascendancy over the minds of savage tribes, and that, if he be spared at first, he is sure in the end to become their chief."

"I believe they actually worship any display of intelligence above their own," said Olivia.

"These are exaggerated accounts," said Cashel, smiling. "Marriage is among savage as among civilised nations, a great stepping-stone to eminence. When a white man is allied with a princess —"

"Oh, how shocking!" cried both together. "I'm sure no person, anything akin to a gentleman, could dream of such a thing," said Miss Kennyfeck.

"It happens now and then, notwithstanding," said Cashel, with a most provoking gravity.

While the sisters would have been well pleased had Cashel's personal revelations continued on this theme, they did not venture to explore so dangerous a path, and were both silent. Roland, too, appeared buried in some recollection of the past, for he rode on for some time without speaking — a pre-occupation on his part which seemed in nowise agreeable to his fair companions.

"There are the MacFarlines, Livy," said Miss Kennyfeck; "and *Linton, and Lord* Charles, and the rest of them. *I declare, I believe* they see us, and are coming this way."

"What a bore! Is there no means of escape? Mr. Cashel, pray invent one."

"I beg pardon. What was it you said? I have been dreaming for the last three minutes."

"Pleasant dreams I'm certain they were," said Miss Kennyfeck, with a very significant smile; "evoked, doubtless, by some little memory of your life among the Camanches."

Cashel started and grew red, while his astonishment rendered him speechless.

"Here they come; how provoking," exclaime Livy.

"Who are coming?"

"Some friends of ours, who, strange to say, ha the misfortune to be peculiarly disagreeable to sister Livy to-day, although I have certainly seen I Charles contrive to make his company less distas at other times."

"Oh, my dear Caroline, you know per well —" broke in Olivia, with a tone of unf reproach.

"Let us ride for it, then," said Miss Ken without permitting her to finish. "Now, Mr. a canter — a gallop, if you will."

"Quite ready," said Cashel, his animation returning at the bare mention, and away down a gentle slope with wooded sides, t gained another grassy plain, skirted with tre end of which a small picturesque cottage sto sidence of a ranger; passing this, they a thick wood, and then slackened their pace, suit might be deemed fruitless. This po unlike the rest, seemed devoted t

periments in agriculture and gardening. Here were little enclosed plots of Indian corn and Swedish turnips; here, small plantations of fruit-trees. Each succeeding Secretary seemed to have left behind him some trace of his own favourite system for the improvement of Ireland, and one might recal the names of long departed officials in little experimental specimens of drainage, or fencing, or drill culture, around. Less interested by these patchwork devices, Cashel stood gazing on a beautiful white bull, who grazed in a little paddock carefully fenced by a strong oak paling. Although of a small breed, he was a perfect specimen of strength and proportion, his massive and muscular neck and powerful loins contrasting with the lanky and tendonous form of the wild animal of the Prairies.

The girls had not remarked that Roland, beckoning to his servant, despatched him at full speed on an errand, for each was loitering about, amusing themselves with some object of the scene.

"What has fascinated you, yonder?" said Miss Kennyfeck, riding up to where Roland still stood in wondering admiration at the noble animal.

"The handsomest bull I ever saw," cried he, in all the ecstasy of a "Torero;" "who ever beheld such a magnificent fellow! Mark the breadth of his chest, and the immense fore-arm. See how he lashes his tail about. No need of Bandilleros to rouse your temper."

"Is there no danger of the creature springing over the paling?" said Olivia, drawing closer to Cashel, and looking at him with a most trustful dependence.

Alas for Roland's gallantry, he answered the words and not the glance that accompanied them.

"*No; he'd never think* of it, if not excited to some

excess of passion. I'd not answer for his patience, or our safety either, if really provoked. See! is not that glorious!" This burst of enthusiasm was called forth by the bull, seized with some sudden caprice, taking a circuit of the paddock at full speed, his head now raised majestically aloft, and, now, bent to the ground; he snatched some tufts of his grass as he went, and flung them from him in wild sport.

"Bravo, toro!" cried Cashel, in all the excitement of delight and admiration. "Viva el toro!" shouted he; "not a 'Corrida' of the Old World or the New ever saw a braver beast."

Whether in compliance with his humour, or that she really caught up the enthusiasm from Cashel, Miss Kennyfeck joined in all his admiration, and seemed to watch the playful pranks of the great animal with delight.

"How you would enjoy a real 'toro machia,'" said Cashel, as he turned towards her, and felt that she was far handsomer than he had ever believed before. Indeed, the heightened colour of exercise, and the flashing brilliancy of her eyes, made her seem so without the additional charm derived from sympathy with his humour.

"I should delight in it," cried she, with enthusiasm. "Oh, if I could but see one!"

Cashel drew nearer as she spoke, his dark and piercing eyes fixed with a look of steadfast admiration, when in a low half whisper he said, "Would you really like it? Have these wild and desperate games an attraction for you?"

"Oh, do not ask me," said she, in the same low voice. "Why should I confess a wish for that which *never can be.*"

"How can you say that? Have not far greater, and less likely things happened to almost all of us? Think of me, for instance. Travelling with the Gambusinos a few months back, and now — now *your* companion here."

If there was not a great deal in the mere words themselves, there was enough in the look of the speaker to make them deeply felt. How much further Cashel might have adventured, and with what additional speculations invested the future, is not for us to say, for, just then, his groom rode up at speed, holding in his hand a great coil of rope, to one end of which a small round ball of wood was fastened.

"What is that for, Mr. Cashel?" inquired both the girls together, as they saw him adjust the coils lightly on his left arm, and poise the ball in his right hand.

"Cannot you guess what it means?" said Roland, smiling. "Have you never heard of a lasso?"

"A lasso!" exclaimed both in amazement. "You surely could never intend —"

"You shall see," cried he, as he made three or four casts with the rope in the air, and caught up the loops again with astonishing dexterity. "Now only promise me not to be afraid, nor, if possible, let a cry escape, and I'll show you some rare sport. Just take your places here; the horses will stand perfectly quiet." Without waiting for a reply, he ordered the grooms to remain at either side of the young ladies, and then dismounting, he forced open the lock and led his horse into the paddock. This done, he leisurely closed the gate and mounted, every motion being as free from haste and excitement as if made upon the high road. As for the bull, at the noise of the gate on its hinges

he lifted up his head, but as it were indifferent t
cause, he resumed his grazing attitude the m
after.

Cashel's first care seemed to be to reconnoit
ground, for at a slow walk he traversed the sp
various directions, carefully examining the footin
watching for any accidental circumstance that
vary the surface. He then rode up to the p
where in unfeigned terror the two girls sat, silentl
lowing him in every motion.

"Now, remember," said he, smiling, "no fea
terrors. If you were to make me nervous, I s
probably miss my cast, and the disgrace, not to
of anything else, would be dreadful."

"Oh! we'll behave very well," said Miss Kenn
trying to assume a composure that her pale cheel
compressed lips very ill corroborated. As for C
too terrified for words, she merely looked at him,
the tears rolled heavily down her cheeks.

"Now, to see if my hand has not forg
cunning!" said Roland, as he pressed his horse's f
and pushing into a half-gallop, made a circuit a
the bull. The scene was a picturesque as well
exciting one. The mettlesome horse, on whic
rider sat with consummate ease, in his right han
loose coils of the lasso, with which to accusto
horse he flourished and shook around the head an
of the animal as he went; while, with head bent
and the strong neck slightly retracted, the bull s
to watch him as he passed, and at length, slowly
ing, continued to fix his eyes upon the daring int
Gradually narrowing his circle, Cashel was caut
approaching within a suitable distance for th

nen the bull, as it were losing patience, gave one short hoarse cry and made at him, so sudden the spring, and so infuriate the action, that a scream, from both the sisters together, showed how near the danger must have appeared. Roland, however, had foreseen from the attitude of the beast what was coming, and by a rapid wheel, escaped the charge, and passed close beside the creature's flank unharmed. Twice or thrice the same manœuvre occurred with the same result, and although the horse was terrified to that degree, that his sides were one sheet of foam, the control of the rider was perfect, and his every gesture bespoke ease and confidence.

Suddenly the bull stopped, and retiring till his haunches touched the paling, he seemed surveying the field, and contemplating another and more successful mode of attack. The concentrated passion of the creature's attitude at this moment was very fine, as with red eyeballs and frothed lips he stood, slowly and in heavy strokes lashing his flanks with his long tail.

"Is he tired?" said Miss Kennyfeck, as Cashel stood close to the paling, and breathed his horse, for what he foresaw might be a sharp encounter.

"No! far from it," answered Roland; "the fellow has the cunning of an old 'Corridor;' you'll soon see him attack."

The words were not well uttered, when, with a low deep roar, the bull bounded forward, not in a straight line, however, but zig-zagging from left to right, and right to left, as if with the intention of pinning the horseman into a corner. The terrific springs of the great beast, and his still more terrific cries, appeared to paralyse the horse, who stood immovable, nor was it

Spain; a most gallant officer, but a little roug manner — Scotch, you know. Lady Janet was to Lord — what is that Lord, Caroline? I al forget."

"Dumkeeran, Mamma."

"Yes, that's it. She is a charming person, very proud; very proud indeed — will not visit the Dublin people; with us, I must say, I have seen anything like her kindness; we are absolutely sisters. Go on, Olivia."

"Lord Charles Frobisher."

"And the Honourable Elliot St. John," chime her sister; "Damon and Pythias, where a dinn concerned." This was said in a whisper.

"They are the Aides-de-camp to the Lord Lieute Lord Charles is younger brother to the Duke of went; quite the man of fashion, and so amusing! he's delightful!"

"Charming!" duetted the two sisters.

"Mr. St. John is a very nice person, too; but never knows him like Lord Charles; he is mor served. Olivia, however, says he has a great de him."

"Oh, Mamma! I'm sure, I don't know; I thought him much more conversable than he gets dit for."

"Well, I meant no more," said her mother, did not fancy the gathering gloom on Cashel's fa this allusion; "read on again, child."

"Lord Chief Justice Malone."

"Oh, Mr. Kennyfeck," said she, playfully, "t *your* doing; I suspected, from your confusion a *ago, what you* were at." Then, turning to Roland

said: "He is always playing us this trick, Mr. Cashel; whenever we have a few friends together, he will insist upon inviting some of his old bar cronies!"

A deep groan from Mr. Kennyfeck at the terrible profanity of thus styling the chief of the Common Pleas, made every one start; but even this, like a skilful tactician, Mrs. Kennyfeck turned to her own advantage.

"Pray don't sigh that way. He is a most excellent person, a great lawyer, and, they say, must eventually have the peerage." She nodded to Olivia to proceed, who read on.

"The Attorney-General and Mrs. Knivett."

"Oh, really, Mr. Kennyfeck, this is pushing prerogative; don't you think so, Mr. Cashel? Not but you know the Attorney-General is a great personage in this poor country; he is member for — where is it?"

"Baldoyle, Mamma."

"Yes, Member for Baldoyle; and she was a Miss Gamett, of Red Gamett, in Antrim; a most respectable connexion; so I think we may forgive him. Yes, Mr. Kennyfeck, you are, at least, reprieved."

"Here come the Whites, Mamma. I suppose we may reckon on both, though she, as usual, sends her hopes and fears about being with us at dinner, but will be delighted to come in the evening."

"That apology is stereotyped," broke in Miss Kennyfeck, "as well as the little simpering speech she makes on entering the drawing-room. 'So you see, my dear Mrs. Kennyfeck, there is no resisting you. Colonel White assured me, that your pleasant dinners always set him up for a month — he, he, he.'"

If Cashel had not laughed heartily at the lisping

imitation, it is possible Mrs. Kennyfeck i
been displeased, but as the quiz "took," she
umbrage whatever.

"The Honourable Downie Meek, Unde
of State," read Olivia, with a little more
than on the last-mentioned names.

"A person you'll be charmed with, Mr.
so highly informed, so well bred, so perfectly
to move in the very highest circles," said M
feck, giving herself, as she spoke, certair
gesture, which she deemed illustrative of di
fashion.

"A cucumber dressed in oil," whispered M
feck, who showed more than once a deg
patience at these eulogistic descriptions.

"The Dean of Drumcondera, your grea
Mamma."

"So he is, my dear. Now, Mr. Cashel,
sist upon you liking my Dean. I call him
because one day last spring —"

"Mrs. Biles wants to speak to you, Ma
minute," said the butler, from behind the
although the interruption was anything bu
yet the summons must be obeyed, for Mrs
the housekeeper, and any approach to treatin
indifference or contempt on the eve of a gr
would be about as impolitic as insulting a g
was about to command in a great battl
Mrs. Kennyfeck rose to comply, not ever
a word of complaint, lest the formidable
should hear of it, and take her revenge on
dishes.

"*Now for the* Dean. Is Mamma out of

said Miss Kennyfeck, who rejoiced at the casual opportunity of a little portrait-painting in a different style. "Conceive a tall, pompous man, with large white features, and a high bald head with a conical top; a sharp, clear, but unpleasant voice, always uttering grave nonsense, or sublime absurdity. He was a brilliant light at Oxford, and came over to illumine our darkness, and if pedantry could only supply the deficiency in the potato crop, he would be a providence to the land. His affectation is to know everything, from chuck-farthing to conic sections, and so to diffuse his information as always to talk science to young ladies, and discuss the royal game of goose with Lords of the Treasury. His failures in these attempts at Admirable Crichtonism, would abash even confidence great as his, but that he is surrounded by a little staff of admirers, who fend off the sneers of the audience, and like buffers, they break the rude shocks of worldly collision. Socially, he is the tyrant of this capital; from having learning enough to be more than a match for those he encounters, and skill enough to give his paradoxes a mock air of authority, he usurps a degree of dictation, and rule, that makes society mere slavery.

"You'll meet him to-morrow evening, and you'll see if he does not know more of Mexico and Savannah life than you do. Take care, I say, that you venture not into the wilds of the Pampas, for you'll have his companionship, not as fellow-traveller, but as guide and instructor. As for myself, whenever I read in the papers of meetings to petition Parliament to repeal this or redress that, in the name of 'Justice to Ireland,' I ask why does nobody pray for the recal of the Dean of *Drumcondera?*"

"Pray who and what are they?" inquired Cashel.

"The 'refreshers' are that amiable but undervalued class in society who are always asked for the evening when the other members of the family are invited to dine. They are the young lady and young gentleman class; the household with ten daughters, and a governess that sings like, anything but, Persiani. They are briefless barristers, with smart whiskers; and young men reading for the Church, with moustaches; infantry officers, old maids, fellows of college, and the gentleman who tells Irish stories."

"Caroline, I really must request —"

"But, Mamma, Mr. Cashel surely ought to learn the map of the country he is to live in."

"I am delighted to acquire my geography so pleasantly," cried Cashel. "Pray go on."

"I am bound over," said she, smiling; "Mamma is looking penknives at me, so I suppose I must stop. But as to these same 'refreshers,' you will easily distinguish them from the dinner company. The young ladies are always fresher in their white muslin; they walk about in gangs, and eat a prodigious deal of bread and butter at tea. Well, I have done, Mamma, though I'm sure I was not aware of my transgressings."

"I declare Mr. Kennyfeck is asleep again. — Mr. Kennyfeck, have the goodness to wake up and say who is to make the whist-table for Lady Blennerbore."

"Yes, my Lord," said Mr. Kennyfeck, waking up and rubbing his eyes, "we'll take a verdict for the *plaintiff, leaving* the points reserved." A very general *laugh here recalled* him to himself, as with extreme

confusion he continued, "I was so fatigued in the Rolls to-day. It was an argument relative to a trust, Mr. Cashel, which it is of great moment you should be relieved of."

"Oh, never trouble your head about it now, Sir," said Cashel, good-naturedly. "I am quite grieved at the weariness and fatigue my affairs are costing you."

"I was asking about Lady Blennerbore's whist," interposed Mrs. Kennyfeck. "Who have you for her party besides the Chief Justice?"

"Major M'Cartney says he can't afford it, Mamma," said the eldest daughter, slily. "She is so very lucky with the honours!"

"Where is Thorpe," cried Mrs. Kennyfeck, not deigning to notice this speech — "he used to like his rubber?"

"He told me," said Miss Kennyfeck, "that he wouldn't play with her Ladyship any more; that one had some chance formerly, but that since she has had that touch of the palsy, she does what she likes with the Kings and Aces."

"This is atrocious; never let me hear it again," said the Mamma indignantly; "at all events, old Mr. Moore Hacket will do."

"Poor old man, he is so blind that he has to thumb the cards all over to try and know them by the feel, and, then, he always washes the King and Queen's faces with a snuffy handkerchief, so that the others are sneezing at every trick they play."

"Caroline, you permit yourself to take the most improper freedoms. I desire that we may have no more of this."

"*I rather like old* Mr. Hacket," said the incorrigible

assailant; "he mistook Mr. Pottinger's bald and polished head for a silver salver, and laid his teacup on it, the last evening he was here."

If Cashel could not help smiling at Miss Kenny feck's sallies, he felt it was in rather a strange spirit o hospitality the approaching entertainment was given since few of the guests were spared the most slighting sarcasms, and scarcely for any was there professed the least friendship or affection. He was, however, very new to "the world," and the strange understanding on which its daily intercourse, its social life of dinners visits and *déjeûners* subsists, was perfectly unknown to him. He had much to learn; but as his nature was o an inquiring character, he was as equal as he was well inclined to its task. It was then, with less enjoyment of the scene for its absurdity, than actually as an oc casion to acquire knowledge of people and modes o living hitherto unknown, he listened gravely to the present discussion, and sat with attentive ears to hea who was to take in Lady Janet, and whether Sir Archy should precede the Chief Justice or not; if a Dragoon Colonel should take the *pas* of an Attorney-General and whether it made the same difference in an in dividual's rank that it did, in his comfort, that he was on the half-pay list. When real rank is concerned few things are easier than the arrangement of such de tails, the rules are simple, the exceptions few, i any, but in a society where the distinctions are inap preciable, where the designations are purely profes sional, an algebraic equation is simpler of solution than such difficulties.

Then came a very animated debate as to the places at table, wherein lay the extreme difficulty of having

very one away from the fire and nobody in a draft, except of course those little valued guests, who really appeared to play the ignoble part of mortar in a great edifice, being merely the cohesive ingredient that averted friction between more important materials. Next came the oft-disputed question, as to whether the Champagne should be served with the *petits pâtés*, after the fish, or at a remote stage of the second course.

The young ladies being eager advocates of the former; Mrs. Kennyfeck as firmly denouncing the practice as a new-fangled thing, that "the Dean" himself said he had never seen at Christchurch; but the really great debate arose on a still more knotty point — and one, on which, it appeared the family had brought in various bills, without ever discovering the real remedy. It was by what means — of course, moral force means — it were possible to induce old Lady Blennerbore to rise from table, whenever Mrs. Kennyfeck had decreed that move to be necessary?

It was really moving to listen to Mrs. Kennyfeck's narratives of signals unnoticed, and signs unattended to; that even on the very last day her Ladyship had dined there, Mrs. Kennyfeck had done little else for three-quarters of an hour than half stand and sit down again, to the misery of herself, and the discomfort of her neighbours.

"Poor dear old thing," said Olivia, "she is so very near-sighted."

"Not a bit of it," said her sister; "don't tell me of bad sight that can distinguish the decanter of Port from the Claret, which I have seen her do, some half-dozen times, *without one blunder.*"

you must feel desirous of knowing not only the exa
circumstances of your estate, but, of learning the ve
singular history by which your claim was substantiated

"If I am to be frank," said Cashel, boldly, "I mu
tell you that these things possess not the slightest i
terest for me. When I was a gambler — which, u
fortunately, I was at one time — whether I won or lo
I never could endure to discuss the game after it w
over. So long as there was a goal to reach, few m
could feel more ardour in the pursuit. I believe I ha
the passion for success as strong as my neighbours, b
the struggle over, the prize won, whether by myself
another, it mattered not, it ceased to have any ho
upon me. I could address myself to a new conte
but never look back on the old one."

"So that," said Kennyfeck, drawing a long brea
to conceal a sigh, "I am to conclude that this is a top
you would not desire to renew. Well, I yield of cour
only pray how am I to obtain your opinion on que
tions concerning your property?"

"My opinions," said Cashel, "must be mere arl
trary decisions, come to without any knowledge; th
you are well aware of. I know nothing of this count
— neither its interests, its feelings, nor its tastes.
know just as little of what wealth will do, and what
will not do. Tell me, therefore, in a few words, wh
other men, situated as I am, would pursue, what habi
they would adopt, how live, and with whom? If I c
conform, without any great sacrifice of personal freedo
I'll do so, because I know of no slavery so bad
notoriety. Just then give me your counsel, and I as
intending to follow it."

Few men were less able than Mr. Kennyfeck

opinion on these difficult subjects, but
e of his professional life had made him
a certain detail that seemed to himself,
eviating rule of procedure. He knew
of a large estate coming of age, that
at in Parliament were the two first ob-
so often been engaged in drawing up
ıe one and raising money for the other
they became as associated in his mind
enty years of age as though intended
ıote it.
eserve, which we must not scrutinise,
ıe political object.
Sir," said he, "you will desire to enter

ke it," said Cashel, earnestly, "if a
ty would not weigh too heavily on me,
r the pleasure. With an education so
ıe, I should run the hazard of either
ıting my own judgment, or, what is
g it at more than its worth. Now,
that the interest of politics would have
n for me, I should always occupy too
regarding them, to make that interest
ıit Parliament, then, and what next?"
of a country gentleman are various and
management of your estates."
st leave in your hands," said Cashel,
gest something else."
urse, these come in a far less important
style of your living, the maintenance
ing your rank and property, the re-
ntry neighbours — all these are duties."

"I am very ignorant of forms," said Cash haughtily; "but I opine that if a man spare no mone that with a good cook, a good cellar, a good stab and '*carte blanche*' from the owner to make free wi everything, these duties are not very difficult to p form."

Had Mr. Kennyfeck known more of such matte he might have told him that something was still wa ing — that something, which can throw its perfume good-breeding and elegance over the humble dinne party in a cottage, and yet be absent from the gorgeo splendour of a banquet in a palace. Mr. Kennyfeck d not know this, so he accorded his fullest assent Cashel's opinion.

"What comes next?" said Roland, impatiently, "f as I am neither politician nor country gentleman, n can I make a pursuit of mere hospitality, I really d not see what career is open to me."

Mr. Kennyfeck had been on the eve of introducin the topic of marriage, when this sally suddenly rout the attempt. The man who saw nothing to occup him in politics, property, or social intercourse, woul scarcely deem a wife an all-sufficient ambition. M Kennyfeck was posed.

"I see, Sir, your task is a hard one; it is no le than to try and conform my savage tastes and habits t civilised usages — a difficult thing, I am certain; how ever, I promise compliance with any ritual for a whil I have often been told that the possession of fortune i these countries imposes more restraints in the shape duties, than does poverty elsewhere. Let me try th *problem* for myself. Now, dictate, and I obey."

"*After all*," said Mr. Kennyfeck, taking cours

ow men would deem it a hard condition on which to nd themselves master of above 16,000*l.* a year, to nter Parliament, to keep a good house, and marry — s every man in your circumstances may — the person f his choice."

"Oh! Is matrimony another article of the code?" aid Cashel, smiling. "Well, that is the greatest fea- ure, because the others are things to abandon, if not ound to suit your temper or inclination — but a wife – that does look somewhat more permanent. No atter, I'll adventure all and everything — of course epending on your guidance for the path."

Mr. Kennyfeck was too happy at these signs of onfidence to neglect an opportunity for strengthening he ties, and commenced a very prudent harangue upon he necessity of Cashel's using great caution in his first teps, and not committing himself by anything like political pledges, till he had firmly decided which side to adopt. "As to society," said he, "of course you'll elect those who please you most for your intimates; ut in politics there are many considerations very dif- ferent from mere liking. Be only guarded, however, in the beginning, and you risk nothing by waiting."

"And as to the other count in the indictment," said Cashel, interrupting a rather prosy dissertation about political parties — "as to the other count — Matrimony I mean. I conclude, that as the world is so exceed- ingly kind as to take a profound interest in all the ayings and doings of a man with money, that perhaps it is not indifferent regarding so eventful a step as his Marriage. Now, pray, Mr. Kennyfeck, having entered Parliament, kept open *house*, hunted, shot, raced, *dined, gambled, duelled,* and the rest, to please so-

ciety, how must I satisfy its exigencies in tl particular? I mean, is there any peculiar style — tall, short, brunette, or fair, dark-eyed, (eyed, or what, in short, is the person I must r I would avoid transgressing any of those for rules which seem to regulate every action (lives, and, if I may believe Mr. Phillis, sup(the very colour of your cravat and the shape hat?"

"Oh, believe me," replied Mr. Kennyfeck, bland persuasiveness, "fashion is only exigeant i matters; the really momentous affairs of life are at a man's own disposal. Whoever is fortunate to be Mr. Cashel's choice, becomes, by the f elevated above envious criticisms, as she will b(the sphere where they alone prevail."

"So far, that is very flattering. Now for point. There is an old shipmate of mine — a Spanish officer — who has lived rather a raki of life. I'm not quite sure he has not had a h two with our flag, for he dealt a little in ebony understand — the slavetrade, I mean. How these fine gentlemen I shall learn to know h(ceive him? Would they look coldly and dist: him? I should naturally wish to see him at my but not that he might be offered anything like a insult."

"I should defer it, certainly. I would rec(you not pressing this visit, till you have sur yourself with a certain set, a party by whom y be known and upheld."

"So then, if I understand you aright, I mus *a kind of security* for my social good conduc(

l will trust me? Now, this does seem rather
ticularly as no man is guilty till he has been
"

bail-bond is little else than a matter of form,"
Kennyfeck, smiling, and glad to cap an allu-
h his professional pursuits made easy of com-
n.

l!" sighed Cashel, "I'm not quite certain that
world of yours and I shall be long friends,
we begin as such. I have all my life been
of a rebel, where authority was lax enough
resistance unnecessary. How am I to get on
mmed in and fenced by a hundred restric-

Kennyfeck could not explain to him that these
were less restrictions against personal liberty
nces against aggression; so he only murmured
mmon-places about "getting habituated," and
nd so on, and apologised for what he, in
ight have expatiated on as privileges.

mistress wishes to know, Sir," said a footman,
ncture, "if Mr. Cashel will drive out with her?
ge is at the door."

ghted!" cried Cashel, looking at the same time
ourteously pleased to get away from his tire-
panion.

l found Mrs. Kennyfeck and her daughters
a handsome barouche, whose appointments,
erhaps, some little exuberance in display, were
t. The ladies, too, were most becomingly
nd the transition from the little cob-webbed
e solicitor to the free air and pleasant com-
, *excited his spirits* to the utmost.

"How bored you must have been by that interview!" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, as they drove away.

"Why do you say so?" said Cashel, smiling.

"You looked so weary, so thoroughly tired out, when you joined us. I'm certain Mr. Kennyfeck has been reading aloud all the deeds and documents of the trial, and reciting the hundred-and-one difficulties, which his surpassing acuteness, poor, dear man! could alone overcome."

"No, indeed you wrong him," said Roland, with a laugh; "he scarcely alluded to what he might have reasonably dwelt upon with pride, and what demands all my gratitude. He was rather giving me, what I so much stand in need of, a little lecture on my duties and devoirs as a possessor of fortune; a code, I shame to confess, perfectly strange to me."

A very significant glance from Mrs. Kennyfeck towards the girls revealed the full measure of her contempt for the hardihood of poor Mr. Kennyfeck's daring, but quickly assuming a smile, she said, "And are we to be permitted to hear what these excellent counsels were, or are these what the Admiralty calls 'secret instructions?'"

"Not in the least. Mr. Kennyfeck sees plainly enough — it is but too palpable — that I am as ignorant of this new world as he himself should be, dropped down suddenly in an Indian encampment, and that as the thing I detest most in this life is any necessary notoriety, I want to do, as far as in me like my neighbours. I own to you, that the little sk with which he favoured me, is not too fascinating *he assures me, that* with time, and patience and

;et over my difficulties, and make a very tolerable
try gentleman."

'But, my *dear* Mr. Cashel," said Mrs. Kennyfeck,
a great emphasis on the epithet, "why do you
: of listening to Mr. Kennyfeck on such a subject?
man, he takes all his notions of men and manners
the Exchequer and Common Pleas."

'Papa's models are all in horse-hair wigs — fat
mies in ermine!" said Miss Kennyfeck.

'When Mr. Cashel knows Lord Charles," said
a.

Or Mr. Linton ——"

'Or the Dean," broke in Mrs. Kennyfeck; "for
ugh a Churchman, his information on every sub-
is boundless."

Miss Kennyfeck gave a sly look towards Cashel,
h very probably entered a dissent to her Mamma's
on.

'If I were you," resumed she, tenderly, "I know
I should do; coolly rejecting all their counsels, I
ld fashion my life as it pleased myself to live, well
ed that in following my bent, I should find plenty
eople only too happy to lend me their companion-

Just reflect, for a moment, how very agreeable
can make your house, without in the least com-
ising any taste or inclination of your own; with-
in fact, occupying your mind on the subject."

'But the world," remarked Mrs. Kennyfeck, "must
ared for! It would not do for one in Mr. Cashel's
on to form his associates only among those whose
eability is their recommendation."

'Then let him know the Dean, Mamma," said Miss
nyfeck, slily.

"Yes, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Kennyfeck, no detecting the sarcasm. "I cannot fancy one mor capable of affording judicious counsel. — You spok about ordering plate, Mr. Cashel, but of course yo will apply to Storr and Mortimer; everything is s much better in London; otherwise, here we are s Leonard's."

The carriage drove up, as she spoke, to the doo of a very splendid-looking shop, where in all th attractive display modern taste has invented, plate an jewellery glittered and dazzled.

"It was part of Mr. Kennyfeck's counsel, this morn ing," said Cashel, "that I should purchase anything want, in Ireland, so far at least as practicable; so, you will aid me in choosing, we'll take the preser opportunity."

Mrs. Kennyfeck was overjoyed at the bare mentio of such an occasion of display, and sailed into th shop, with an air that spoke, plain as words themselve "I'm come to make your fortune." So palpable, indeed was the manner of her approach, that the shopma hastily retired to seek the proprietor of the establish ment, a little pompous man, with a bald head, wh having a great number of "bad debts" among his hig clients, had taken to treating great folk with a ver cool assumption of equality.

"Mr. Cashel is come to look about some plate, M Leonard. Let us see your book of drawings; and hav you those models you made for Lord Kellorane?"

"We have better, ma'am," said Leonard. "We hav the plate itself. If you will step up-stairs. It is a *laid out* on the tables. The fact is" — here h *dropped his* voice — "his Lordship's marriage w

Miss Fenchurch is broken off, and he will not want the plate, and we have his orders to sell it at once."

"And is that beautiful pony phaeton, with the two black Arabians, to be sold?" asked Miss Kennyfeck, eagerly. "He only drove them once, I think."

"Yes, madam, everything: they are all to be auctioned at Dycer's, to-day."

"At what hour?" inquired Cashel.

"At three, precisely, Sir."

"Then it wants but five minutes of the time," said Cashel, looking at his watch.

"But the plate, Sir! such an opportunity may never occur again," broke in Leonard, fearful of seeing his customer depart unprofitably.

"Oh, to be sure. Let us see it," said Cashel, as he handed Mrs. Kennyfeck up-stairs.

An exclamation of surprise and delight burst from the party at the magnificent display which greeted them on entering the room. How splendid — what taste — how very beautiful — so elegant — so massive — so chaste, and fifty other encomiastic phrases.

"Very fine, indeed, ma'am," chimed in Leonard; "cost fifteen and sevenpence an ounce throughout, and now to be sold for thirteen shillings."

"What is the price?" said Cashel, in a low whisper.

"There are, if I remember aright, Sir, but I'll ascertain in a moment, eight thousand ounces."

"I want to know the sum in one word?" rejoined Cashel, hastily.

"It *will be something like* three thousand seven hundred and —"

"Well, say three thousand seven hundred, it mine."

"These ice-pails are not included, Sir."

"Well, send them also, and let me know the pri — How handsome that brooch is. Let me see it your velvet dress, Mrs. Kennyfeck. Yes, that rea looks well; pray let it remain there."

"Oh, I could not think of such a thing. It is too costly. It is the most splendid — —"

"You'll not refuse me, I hope, a first request, M dam," said he, with a half-offended air.

Mrs. Kennyfeck, really overwhelmed by t splendour of the gift, complied with a reluctant shan

"These are the diamonds that were ordered for t bride," said Leonard, opening a jewel casket, and e hibiting a most magnificent suite.

"Oh, how sorry she must be," cried Miss Ken feck, as she surveyed the glittering mass.

"If she loved him," murmured Olivia, in a whisper, as if to herself, but overheard by Cashel, kept his eyes towards her, with an expression of interest.

"If the Gentleman stood in need of such a said Leonard, "I am empowered to dispose of th the actual cost. It is old Mr. Fenchurch who all the loss, and he can very well afford it. wedding present, Sir —"

"But I am not going to be married, that I of," said Cashel, smiling.

"Perhaps not this week, sir, or the next," *the self-sufficient* jeweller; "but, of course, *will come.* Two thousand pounds for such

positively getting them a present, to break them up and reset them."

"How shocking!" cried Miss Kennyfeck.

"Yes, Madam; but what is to be done? they only suit large fortunes in their present form; these, unfortunately, are very rare with us."

"A quarter past three!" exclaimed Cashel; "we shall be too late."

"And the diamonds, Sir?" said Leonard, following him down stairs.

"Do *you* think them so handsome?" said Cashel to Olivia, as she walked at his side.

"Oh, they are most beautiful," replied she, with a bashful falling of her eyelids.

"I'll take them also," whispered Cashel to Leonard, who, for perhaps the only time for years past, accompanied the party, bare-headed, to their carriage, and continued bowing till they drove away.

"Dycer's," said Mrs. Kennyfeck; "and as fast as you can."

With all their speed they came too late. The beautiful equipage had been already disposed of, and was driving from the gate as they drew up.

"How provoking! — how terribly provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"I declare, I think them handsomer than ever," said Miss Kennyfeck, as she surveyed the two well-matched and highly-bred ponies.

"Who bought them?" asked Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"I am *the fortunate individual*, or rather the unhappy one, who excites such warm regrets," said Mr. Linton, as he lounged on the door of the carriage.

"I would I were Rothschild, or his son, or his godson, to beg your acceptance of them."

"What did you give for them, Mr. Linton?" asked Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"How unfair to ask; and you, too, who understand these things so well."

"I want to purchase them," said she, laughing; "that was my reason."

"To you, then, the price is what I have just paid — a hundred and fifty."

"How cheap!"

"Absolutely for nothing. I bought them on no other account. I really do not want such an equipage."

"To be serious, then," resumed Mrs. Kennyfeck, 'we came here with Mr. Cashel to purchase them, and just arrived a few minutes too late."

"Quite early enough to allow of my being able to render you a slight service; without, however, the satisfaction of its having demanded any effort from me. Will you present me to Mr. Cashel?" The gentlemen bowed and smiled, and Linton resumed. "If you care for the ponies, Mr. Cashel, I am delighted to say, they are at your service. I really bought them, as I say, because they were going for nothing." Cashel did not know how to return the generosity, but accepted the offer, trusting that time would open an occasion to repay the favour.

"Shall I send them home to you, or will you drive them?"

"Will you venture to accompany me?" said Cashel, *turning to* Olivia Kennyfeck; who, seeing at once the *impropriety of* a proposal, which Roland's ignorance of

the world alone could have committed, was silent and confused.

"Are you afraid, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Kennyfeck, to show that all other objections might be waived.

"Oh no, Mamma, if you are not."

"The ponies are perfectly quiet," said Linton.

"I'm certain nothing will happen," said Miss Kennyfeck, with a most significant glance at her sister.

"Take care of her, Mr. Cashel," said the Mamma, as Roland handed the blushing girl to her place. "I have never trusted her in any one's charge before, and if I had not such implicit confidence —" Before the sentence was finished, the ponies sprang forward in a trot, the equipage in a moment fled and disappeared from view.

"A fine young fellow, he seems to be," said Linton, as he raised his hat in adieu; "and so frank, too!" There was a something in his smile that looked too intelligent, but Mrs. Kennyfeck affected not to notice it, as she said "Good-by."

CHAPTER XII.

There were lords and ladies — I saw myself —
A duke with his Garter, a knight with his Guelph.
"Orders" — as bright as the eye could see,
The "Golden Fleece," and the "Saint Esprit;"
Black Eagles, and Lions, and even a Lamb,
Such an odd-looking thing — from the great "Nizam;"
Shamrocks and Thistles there were in a heap,
And the Legion of Honour from "Louis Philippe,"
So I asked myself — Does it not seem queer,
What can bring this goodly company here?

MRS. THORPE'S FETE AT TWICKENHAM

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Kennyfeck's company were inv for seven o'clock, it was already something more t half-past, ere the first guest made his appearance; he found himself alone in the drawing-room; Kennyfeck, who was a very shrewd observer of ev thing in high life, having remembered, that it th occurred to herself and Mr. K. to have arrived the at the Secretary's "Lodge," in the Park, and that noble hostess did not descend till at least, some or three others had joined them.

The "first man" to a dinner is the next most mi able thing to the "last man" at leaving it. The air of solitude, the awkwardness of seeming too ea to be punctual, the certainty almost inevitable, that next person who arrives is perfectly odious to you, that you will have to sustain a *tête-à-tête*, with the o of all others you disliked, all these are the agreea of the first man; but he who now had to sustain th was, happily, indifferent to their tortures. He was an very deaf gentleman, who had figured at the din tables of the Capital for half a century, on no *plea, that* any one could discover, save that he w "*Right Honourable*." The privilege of sitting

ouncil, had conferred the far pleasanter one of assisting at dinners, and his political career, if not very ambitious, had been, what few men can say, unruffled.

He seated himself then, in a very well-cushioned chair, and with that easy smile of benevolent meaning, which certain deaf people assume as a counterpoise for the want of colloquial gifts, prepared to be, or at least to look, a very agreeable old gentleman to the next arrival. A full quarter of an hour passed over, without anything to break the decorous stillness of the house; when suddenly the door was thrown wide, and the butler announced Sir Harvey Upton and Captain Jennings. These were two hussar officers, who entered with that admirable accompaniment of clinking sabres, sabre-tashes, and spurs, so essential to a cavalry appearance.

"Early, by Jove!" cried one, approaching the mirror over the chimney-piece, and arranging his moustaches, perfectly unmindful of the presence of the Right Honourable who sat near it.

"They are growing worse in this house, I think," cried the other. "The last time I dined here, we sat down at a quarter to nine."

"It's all Linton's fault," drawled out the first speaker; "he told a story about Long Wellesley asking some one for 'ten,' and apologising for an early dinner, as he had to speak in the House, afterwards. Who is here? neat steppers, those horses!"

"It is Kilgoff, and his new wife, — do you know her?"

"No; she's not one of those pale girls we used to ride *with at Leamington?*"

There was no time for reply, when the names were

announced, Lord and Lady Kilgoff! and a very weakly looking old man, with a blue inside vest, and enormous diamond studs in his shirt, entered, supporting a very beautiful young woman, whose proud step, and glancing eye, were strange contrasts to his feeble and vacant expression. The hussars exchanged significant but hasty glances, and fell back, while the others advanced up the room.

"Our excellent hostess," said my Lord, in a low, but distinct voice, "will soon shame Wilton-crescent itself in late hours. I fancy it's nigh eight o'clock."

"It's not their fault, poor things," said she, laying back in a chair and disposing her magnificent dress into the most becoming folds; "people will come late, do what one may."

"They may do so, that's very true; but I would beg to observe, you need not wait for them." This was said with a smile towards the hussars, as though to imply — "There is no reason why you should not express an opinion, if it agree with mine."

The Baronet immediately bowed, and smiling, so as to show a very white range of teeth, beneath his dark moustache, said: "In part, I agree with your Lordship; but it requires the high hand of fashion to reform the abuse." Here a most insidious glance at her Ladyship, most effectually conveyed the point of his meaning.

Just then, in all the majesty of crimson velvet, Mrs. Kennyfeck appeared, her comely person heaving under the accumulated splendour of lace, flowers, and jewellery. Her daughters, more simply, but still handsomely dressed, followed, Mr. Kennyfeck bringing up the rear, in very evident confusion, at having torn his

kid gloves, a misfortune, which he was not clear, should be buried in silence, or made the subject of public apology.

Lady Kilgoff received Mrs. Kennyfeck's excuses for being late, with a very quiet, gentle smile; but my Lord, less given to forgiveness, held his watch towards Mr. Kennyfeck, and said: "There's always an excuse for a man of business, Sir, or this would be very reprehensible." Fortunately for all parties the company now poured in faster, every instant saw some two or three arrive: indeed, with such speed did they appear, it seemed as if they had all waited for a movement *en masse:* Judges and Generals, with nieces and daughters manifold, country gentlemen, clients; the *élite* of Dublin diners-out, the Whites; the Rigbys, with their ringletted girls, the young Member for Macturk, the Solicitor-General and Mrs. Knivett, and, at last, escorted by his staff of curates, and small vicars, came "the Dean" himself, conducting a very learned dissertation on the musical properties of the "Chickgankazoo," a three-stringed instrument of an African tribe, and which he professed to think, "admirably adapted for Country Congregations too poor to buy an organ!" "Any one could play it, Softly could play it, Mrs. Kennyfeck could —"

"How do you do, Mr. Dean?" said that lady, in her sweetest of voices.

The Dean accepted the offered hand, but without attending to the salutation, went on with a very curious argument respecting the vocal chords in the human throat, which he promised to demonstrate on *any thin lady in the company.*

The Chief Secretary's fortunate arrival, however

rescued the devoted fair one from the Dean's scientific ardour, for Mr. Meek was a great personage in the chief circles of Dublin. Any ordinary manner, in comparison with Mr. Downie Meek's, would be as linsey-woolsey to three-pile velvet! There was a yielding softness, a delicious compliance about him, which won him the world's esteem, and pointed him out to the Cabinet as the very man to be "Secretary for Ireland." Conciliation would be a weak word to express the *suave* but winning gentleness of his official dealings. The most frank of men, he was unbounded in professions, and if so elegant a person could have taken a hint from so humble a source, we should say, that he had made his zoological studies available and imitated the cuttle-fish, since when close penned by an enemy he could always escape, by muddying the water. In this great dialectic of the Castlereagh school he was perfect, and could become totally unintelligible at the shortest notice.

After a few almost whispered words to his hostess Mr. Meek humbly requested to be presented to M Cashel. Roland, who was then standing beside Mi Kennyfeck, and listened to a rather amusing catalog of the guests, advanced to make the Secretary's : quaintance. Mr. Downie Meek's approaches were p fect, and in the few words he spoke, most favoura impressed Cashel with his unpretentious, unaffected meanour.

"Are we waiting for any one, Mr. Kennyfe said his spouse, with a delicious simplicity of voic

"Oh, certainly!" exclaimed her less accompl husband, "Sir Andrew and Lady Janet MacF'a *and Lord Charles* Frobisher, have not arrived."

It appears to *me*" — a favourite expression of his
ship, with a strong emphasis on the pronoun —
ppears to *me*," said Lord Kilgoff, "that Sir An-
MacFarline waits for the tattoo at the Royal
ck, to dress for dinner;" and he added, somewhat
, "I made a vow, which I regret to have broken
y, never to dine wherever he is invited."
Here they come! here they come at last," cried
everal voices together, as the heavy tread of car-
horses were heard advancing, and the loud sum-
of the footman resounded through the square.
ir Andrew and Lady Janet MacFarline, were an-
ed in Mr. Pearse's most impressive manner; and
after a slight pause, as if to enable the company
cover themselves from the shock of such august
s, Lord Charles Frobisher and Captain Foster.
ir Andrew was a tall, raw-boned, high-cheeked
nan, with a white head, red nose, and a very
h accent, whose manners, after forty years' train-
still spoke of the time that he carried a halberd
e "Black Watch." Lady Janet was a little, grim-
, grey-eyed old lady, with a hunch, who with a
inveterate peevishness of voice, and a most de-
tendency to make people unhappy, was the
of the garrison.
We hae na kept ye waitin, Mrs. Kannyfack,
nbly hope?" said Sir Andrew.
A good forty minutes, Sir Andrew," broke in
Kilgoff, showing his watch; "but you are always
ast."
He was not recorded as such in the official de-
h from 'Maida,' my Lord," said Lady Janet,
ly; "*but with some* people there is more virtue in

being early at dinner, than first up the breach, in assault!"

"The siege will always keep hot, my Lady," in posed a very well whiskered gentleman in a blue and two inside-waistcoats, "the soup will not."

"Ah! Mr. Linton," said she, holding out fingers. "Why weren't you at our pic-nic?" T she added, lower: "Give me your arm in to din I can't bear that tiresome old man." Linton bo and seemed delighted, while a scarcely percep motion of the brows, conveyed an apology to Kennyfeck.

Dinner was at length announced, and after a l of what Sir Andrew called "Clubbing the Battalio they descended in a long procession. Cashel, vainly assaying to secure either of the Kennyfeck as his companions, being obliged to pair off with White, the lady who always declined, but never fa to come.

It is a singular fact in the physiology of Am trionism, that second-class people can always suc in a "great dinner," though they fail egregiously all attempts at a small party. We reserve the re for another time, to record the fact, that Mrs. Ke feck's table was both costly and splendid: the s were admirable, the Madeira perfect in flavour, patés as hot, and the Champagne as cold, the fis fresh, and the venison as long kept, the curry as seasoned, and the pineapple ice as delicately sim as the most refined taste could demand. The mat enjoyments were provided with elegance and ab ance, and the guests — the little chagrin of the *waiting over* — all disposed to be chatty and agree

Like a tide first breaking on a low strand, in small and tiny ripples, then gradually coming bolder in, with courage more assured, and greater force, the conversation of a dinner usually runs; till at last at the high flood, the great waves tumble madly one upon another, and the wild chorus of the clashing water wakes up "the spirit of the storm."

Even without the aid of the "Physiologie du Goût," people will talk of eating while they eat, and so the chit-chat was *cuisine* in all its moods and tenses, each bringing to the common stock some new device in cookery, and some anecdotes of his travelled experience in "gourmandise," and while Mr. Linton and Lord Charles celebrated the skill of the "Cadran," or the Schwan at Vienna, "the Dean" was critically explaining to poor Mrs. Kennyfeck, that Homer's heroes had probably the most perfect *rôtis* that ever was served, the juices of the meat being preserved in such large masses.

"Soles, with a 'gratin' of fine gingerbread, I saw at Metternich's," said Mr. Linton, "and they were excellent."

"I like old Jules Perrignan's idea better, what he calls his *cotelettes à la financière*."

"What are they? I never tasted them."

"Very good mutton cutlets, *en papillotte*, the envelopes being billets de Banque of a thousand francs each."

"Is it permitted to help one's self twice, my Lord?"

"I called for the dish again, but found it had been too successful. De Brigues did a neat thing that way, in a little supper he gave to the artistes of the Opera.

logy is the key to the true meaning. Sir, many of those expressions popularly termed Bulls —"

"Oh, *à propos* of Bulls!" said Mr. Meek, in his sweetest accent. "Did you hear of a very singular outrage committed yesterday upon the Lord Lieutenant's beautiful Swiss bull?"

"Did the Dean pass an hour with him?" whispered Linton to Lady Janet, who hated the dignitary.

"It must have been done by Mesmerism, I fancy," rejoined Mr. Meek. "The animal, a most fierce one, was discovered lying in his paddock, so perfectly fettered, head, horns, and feet, that he could not stir. There is every reason to connect the outrage with a political meaning, for in this morning's paper, *The Green Isle*, there is a letter from Mr. O'Bleather, with a most significant allusion to the occurrence. 'The time is not distant,' says he, 'when John Bull' — mark the phrase — 'tied, fettered, and trammelled, shall lie prostrate at the feet of the once victim of his tyranny.'"

"The sedition is most completely proven by the significance of the act," cried out the Chief Justice.

"We have, consequently, offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of this insolent offence, alike a crime against property, as an act subversive of the respectful feeling due to the representative of the Sovereign."

"What is the amount offered?" said Cashel.

"One hundred pounds, for such information as may lead to the conviction of the person or persons transgressing," replied the Attorney-General.

"*I feel it* would be very unfair to suffer the Govern*ment to proceed* in an error, as to the affair in qu

table, "was tried at Trim. Your Lordships sat with the Chief Baron."

"I remember, perfectly, we agreed that the King's Bench ruled right, and that the minor's claim was substantiated." — Then turning to Mrs. Kennyfeck, who, out of politeness, had affected to take interest in what she could not even understand a syllable of, he entered into a very learned dissertation on "heritable property," and the great difficulties that lay in the way of defining its limits.

Meanwhile, "Pipeclay," as is not unsuitably styled mess-table talk, passed among the military, with the usual quizzing about regimental oddities. Brownrigg's cob — Hanshaw's whiskers — Talbot's buggy — and Carey's inimitable recipe for punch. The Dean, throwing in his negatives here and there, to show that nothing was "too hot or too heavy," for his intellectual fingers.

"Bad law! Mr. Chief Justice," said he, in an authoritative tone. "Doves in a cot, and coneys in a warren, go to the heir. With respect to deer —"

"Oh dear, how tiresome!" whispered Mrs. White to Cashel, who most heartily assented to the exclamation.

"What's the name o' that beastie, young gentleman?" said Sir Andrew, who overheard Cashel recounting some circumstances of Mexican life.

"The Chiguire, the wild hog of the Caraccas," said Cashel. "They are a harmless sort of animals, and lead somewhat an unhappy life of it; for when they escape the crocodile in the river, they are certain to fall into the jaws of the jaguar on land."

"*Pretty much like a member* o' the Scotch Kirk in

Ireland," said Sir Andrew, "wi Episcopaal tae haun, and Papishes on the tither. Ar tures gude to eat, Sir?"

"The flesh is excellent," broke in the D are the *Cavia-Capybara* of Linnæus, and far our European swine."

"I only know," said Cashel, abruptly never eat them, except when nothing else had. They are rancid and fishy."

"A mere prejudice, Sir," responded the you taste the Chiguire, to use the vulgar na him lie in steep in a white wine vinegar, a as the French say —".

"Where are you to find the white win the Savannahs?" said Cashel. "You forge we are speaking of a country, where a fow its own feathers is a delicacy."

"Oh, how very singular! Do you me eat it, feathers and all?" said Mrs. White.

"No, Madam. It's a Prairie dish; wh you, after all, is not to be despised. The p this way. You take a fowl — the wild tu lucky enough to find one, and cover him a soft red clay: the river clay is the best. Y him completely; in fact, you make a great what the size of a man's head. This done a fire, and bake the mass. It requires, pr or six hours to make the clay perfectly ha When it cracks, the dish is done. You, open the shell, to the outside of which the here, and the fowl, deliciously roasted, st *you.*"

"How very excellent — *le poulet braisé* of the French, exactly," said Lord Kilgoff.

"How cruel!" "How droll!" "How very shocking!" resounded through the table.

The Dean, the only one silent, for it was a theme on which, most singular to say, he could neither record a denial or a correction.

"I vote for a Pic-nic," cried Mrs. White, "and that Mr. Cashel shall cook us his *Dinde à la Mexicaine.*"

"An excellent thought," said several of the younger part of the company.

"A very bad one, in my notion," said Lord Kilgoff, who had no fancy for seeing her Ladyship scaling cliffs, and descending steep paths, when his own frail limbs did not permit of accompanying her. "Pic-nics are about as vulgar a pastime as one can imagine. Your dinner is ever a failure; your wine detestable; your table equipage arrives smashed, or topsy-turvy —"

"*Undè* topsy-turvy? — *undè* topsy-turvy, Softly?" said the Dean, turning fiercely on the Curate. "Whence topsy-turvy? Do you give it up? Do you, Mr. Attorney? Do you, my Lord? do you give it up, eh? I thought so! Topsy-turvy, *quasi*, top side t'other way."

"It's vera ingenious," said Sir Andrew; "but I mann say, I see no neecessity to be always looking back to whare a word gat his birth, parentage, or edication."

"It suggests unpleasant associations," said Lord Kilgoff, looking maliciously towards Linton, who was playing *too agreeable to her* Ladyship. "The etymo-

ye, Mr. Dean, wi muckle kindness and affection, and says he never had a hearty laugh syne the day ye tried to teach Lady Caroline Jedyard to catch a sheep!"

The Dean looked stern, and Linton asked for the secret.

"It was by hauding the beast atween yer knees, and so when the Dean pit himself i' the proper position, wi his legs out, and the shepherd drove the flock towards him, by sair ill-luck, it was a ram cam first, and he hoisted his Reverence up i' the air, and then laid him flat on his back, amaist dead! Ech, Sirs! but it was a sair fa, no to speak o' the damage done to his black breeches."

This was too much for Lady Janet's endurance, and amid the loud laughter of some, and the more difficultly suppressed mirth of others, the ladies arose.

"Yer na going, leddies! I hope that naething I said — Leddy Kilgoff, Leddy Janet, ech. We mun e'en console ourselves wi the claret." This was said *sotto*, as the door closed and the party reseated themselves at the table.

"My Jo Janet *does* like to bide a wee," muttered he, half aloud.

"Jo!" cried the Dean, "is derived from the Italian; it's a term of endearment in both languages. It's a corruption of *Gioia mia*."

"What may that mean?"

"My joy! my life!"

"Eh, that's it, is it? Ah, Sir, these derivatives gat mony a twist and turn, in the way from one land to the tither!" And with this profound bit of moralising *he sipped his* glass in reverie.

The conversation now became more general, fewer personalities arose, and as the Dean, after a few efforts to correct statements respecting the "pedigrees of race-horses," "the odds at hazard," "the soundings upon the coral reefs," "the best harpoons for the sulphur-bottomed whales," only made new failures, he sulked and sat silent, permitting talk to take its course uninterrupted. The Hussar Baronet paid marked attention to Cashel, and invited him to the mess for the day following. Lord Charles overheard the invitation, and said, "I'll join the party." While Mr. Meek, leaning over the table, in a low whisper, begged Cashel to preserve the whole bull adventure a secret, as the press was really a most malevolent thing in Ireland!

During the while the Chief Justice slept profoundly, only waking as the bottle came before him, and then dropping off again. The Attorney-General, an overworked man of business, spoke little and guardedly, so that the conversation, principally left to the younger members of the party, ranged over the accustomed topics of hunting, shooting, and deer-stalking, varied by allusion on Cashel's part, to sports of far higher, because more dangerous, excitement.

In the pleasant flurry of being attentively listened to — a new sensation for Roland — he arose, and ascended to the drawing-room, where already a numerous party of refreshers had arrived. Here again Cashel discovered that he was a person of notoriety; and as, notwithstanding all Mr. Downie Meek's precaution, the "Lasso" story had got abroad, the most wonderful versions of the incident were repeated on every side.

"*How did you say he* effected it, Mr. Linton?"

said the old deaf Countess of Dumdrum, making a ear-trumpet of her hand.

"By doing what Mr. Meek won't do with the Catholics, my Lady, taking the bull by the horns."

"Don't you think he found conciliation of service besides?" suggested Mr. Meek, with an angelic simplicity.

"Isn't he handsome! how graceful! So like a Corsair — one of Byron's heroes. I'm dying to know him. Dear me, how those Kennyfeck girls eat him up. Olivia never takes her eyes off him. He looks so bored, poor fellow! he's longing to be let alone." Such were the muttered comments on the new object of Dublin curiosity, who himself was very far from suspecting that his personal distinction had less share in his popularity than his rent-roll and his parchments.

As we are more desirous of recording the impression he himself created, than of tracing how other appeared to him, we shall make a noiseless turn of the salons, and, spy-fashion, listen behind the chairs.

"So you don't think him even good-looking, Lady Kilgoff?" said Mr. Linton, as he stood half behind her seat.

"Certainly not more than good-looking, and not so much as nice-looking, — very awkward, and ill at ease he seems."

"That will wear off, when he has the good taste to give up talking to young ladies, and devote himself to the married ones."

"Enchanting, positively enchanting, my dear," exclaimed *Mrs.* Leicester White to a young friend beside *her.* "*That* description of the forest, over which I

Lianas formed an actual roof, the golden fruit hanging a hundred feet above the head, was the most gorgeous picture I ever beheld."

"I wish you could persuade him," lisped a young lady with large blue eyes, and a profusion of yellow hair in ringlets, "to write that little story of the Zambo, for Lady Blumter's Annual."

"I say, Charlie," whispered the Baronet to the Aide-de-Camp, "but he's wide-awake! — that Master Cashel; he's a very shrewd fellow, you'll see."

"Do you mean to couch his eyes, Tom?" said Lord Charles, with his usual slow, lazy intonation; "what does he say about the races, will he come?"

"Oh, he can't promise; old Kennyfeck has a hold upon him just now about law business."

"You will impress upon him, my dear Mr. Kennyfeck," said Mr. Meek, who held the lappet of the other's coat, "that there are positively — so to say — but two parties in the country — the Gentleman and the Jacobin. Whig and Tory, orange and green, have had the day; and the question is now between those who have something to lose, and those who have everything to gain."

"I really could wish, that you who are so far better qualified than I am — to explain —"

"So I will — I intend, my dear Sir. Now, when can you dine with me? You must come this week, next, I shall be obliged to be in London. Shall we say Wednesday? Wednesday be it. Above all, take care that he doesn't even meet any of that dangerous faction — those Morgans. They are the very people to try *a game of ascendancy* over a young man of *great prospects and large fortune*. O'Growl wants a

few men of standing to give an air of substance a respectability to the movement. Lord Witherton w be most kind to your young friend, but you must pr upon him the necessity of being presented at once we want to make him a D. L., and if he enters P liament, to give him the Lieutenancy of the County.'

While all these various criticisms were circulatin and amid an atmosphere, as it were, impregnated l plots and schemes of every kind, Cashel stood a ve amused spectator of a scene wherein he never kne that he was the chief actor. It would indeed ha seemed incredible to him that he could, by any chan of fortune, become an object of interested speculati to Lords, Ladies, Members of the Government, Chur Dignitaries, and others. He was unaware that the m of fortune, with a hand to offer — a considerable sha of the influence property always gives — livings bestow, and money to lose, may be a very legitima mark for the enterprising schemes of Mammas a Ministers, suggesting hopes alike to black coats a black legs.

Perhaps, among the pleasant bits of credulity whi we enjoy through life, there is none sweeter than th implicit faith we repose in the cordial expressions a flattering opinions bestowed upon us, when starting the race, by many who merely, in the jockey phra "standing to win" upon us, have their own, and n *our* interest before them in the encouragement th bestow.

The discovery of the cheat is soon made, and are too prone to revenge our own over-confidence by ***general distrust***, from which, again, experience, la ***on, rallies us.*** So that a young man's course is usu

ı over-simplicity to over-shrewdness, and then again ıat negligent half-faith which either, according to calibre of the wearer, conceals deep knowledge of or hides a mistaken notion of it. Let us return to ıel, who now stood at a table, around which a con- ·able number of the party were grouped, examining umber of drawings, which Mr. Pepystell, the onable architect, had that day sent for Roland's in- tion: — Houses, villas, castles, cottages, abbeys, ting-boxes, gate-lodges, Tudor and Saxon, Norman Saracenic, — everything that the morbid imagina- of architecture run mad could devise and amalga-), between the chaste elegance of the Greek, and tinkling absurdity of the Chinese.

'I do so love a cottage ornée," said Mrs. White, ng up a very beautiful representation of one, where -coloured curtains, and a group on a grass-plot, with dresses and parasols, entered into the composite itecture. "To my fancy, that would be a very adise."

"Oh, Mamma! isn't that so like dear old Kilgoran!" a tall, thin young lady, handing an Abbey, as e as Westminster, to another in widow's black.

"Oh, Maria! I wonder at your showing me what t bring up such sad memories!" said the Mamma, tedly, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"If she means her father's house," said Lady Janet inton, "it's about as like a like as — Lord Kilgoff ıe Farnese Hercules; or his wife to any other Lady ıe Peerage."

"You remember Kilgoran, my Lord," said the lady *lack to the Chief Justice*; "does that remind you ?"

his friends to come and do what they pleased — drink, drive, ride, play — exactly as they fai only never to notice him otherwise than as one c guests."

"I like his notion prodigiously," cried Cashe should be delighted to imitate him."

"Nothing easier, Sir," said my Lord, "witl Linton for your Prime Minister; the administrati perfectly practicable."

"Might I venture on such a liberty?"

"Too happy to be President of your Council,' Linton, gaily.

A very entreating kind of look from Olivia K feck here met Cashel's eyes, and he remarked tha left the place beside the table, and walked int other room; he himself, although dying to follow had no alternative but to remain and continue the versation.

"The first point, then," resumed Linton, "i house. In what state is your present mansion?"

"A ruin, I believe," said Cashel.

"How picturesque!" exclaimed Mrs. Leicester V

"I fancy not, Madam," rejoined Cashel. "I u stand it is about the least prepossessing bit of ston mortar the country can exhibit."

"No matter, let us see it; we'll improvise some and get it ready for the Christmas holidays," said L "We have — let us see — we have about two m for our preparation, and, therefore, no time to lose. must premise to the honourable company, that ou *commodation is of* the simplest; 'roughing' shall

order of the day. Ladies are not to look for Lyons silk ottomans in their dressing-rooms, nor shall we promise that our conservatory furnish a fresh bouquet for each fair guest at breakfast."

"Two months are four centuries!" said Mrs. White; "we shall accept of no apologies for any short-comings, after such an age of time to prepare."

"You can have your fish from Limerick every day," said an old bluff-looking gentleman in a brown wig.

"There's a capital fellow, called Tom Cox, by the way, somewhere down in that country, who used to paint our scenes for the Garrison Theatricals. Could you make him out, he'd be so useful," said one of the military.

"By all means get up some hurdle-racing," cried another.

Meanwhile, Roland Cashel approached Olivia Kennyfeck, who was affecting to seek for some piece of music on the pianoforte.

"Why do you look so sad?" said he, in a low tone, and seeming to assist her in the search.

"Do I?" said she, with the most graceful look of artlessness. "I'm sure I didn't know it."

"There again, what a deep sigh that was; come, pray tell me, if I dare to know, what has grieved you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing whatever. I'm sure I never felt in better spirits. Dear me! Mr. Cashel, how terrified I am, there's that dreadful Lady Janet has seen us talking together."

"Well, and what then?"

"Oh, she is so mischievous, and says such horrid, *spiteful things. It was* she that said it —"

"Said what — what did she say?" cried he, eagerly.

"Oh, what have I done!" exclaimed she, covering her face with her hands. "Not for the world would I have said the words. Oh, Mr. Cashel, you, who are so good and so generous, do not ask me more."

"I really comprehend nothing of all this," said Cashel, who now began to suspect that she had overheard some speech, reflecting upon him, and had, without intending, revealed it; "at the same time, I must say, if I had the right, I should insist on knowing what you heard."

"Perhaps he has the right," muttered she, half aloud, as if speaking unconsciously; "I believe he has."

"Yes, yes, be assured of it; — what were the words?"

"Oh, I shall die of shame. I'll never be able to speak to you again; but don't look angry, promise that you'll forget them, swear you'll never think of my having told them, and I'll try."

"Yes, anything, everything; let me hear them."

"Well," — here she hung her head, till the long ringlets fell straight from her fair forehead, and concealed the blushing cheek, which each moment grew redder — "I am so terrified, but you'll forgive it. I know you will. 'Well,' she said, looking towards you, 'I am not acquainted with this young gentleman yet, but if I should have that honour soon, I'll take the liberty to tell him that the worthy father's zeal in his service is ill-requited by his stealing the affections of his youngest daughter.'" Scarcely were the words uttered, when, as if the strength that sustained her till that moment suddenly failed, she reeled backward, and fell *fainting* on a sofa.

Happily for Cashel's character for propriety

general rush of ladies, old and young, to the spot, prevented him taking her in his arms and carrying her to the balcony for air; but a universal demand for sal volatile, aromatic vinegar, open windows, and all the usual restoratives, concealed his agitation, which really was extreme.

"You are quite well, now, dearest," said her Mamma, bathing her temples, and so artistically, as to make her pale face seem even more beautiful in the slight dishevelment of her hair. "It was the heat."

"Yes, Mamma," muttered she, quite low.

"Hem! I thought so," whispered Lady Janet to a neighbour. "She was too warm."

"I really wish that young ladies would reserve these scenes for fitting times and places. That open window has brought back my lumbago," said Lord Kilgoff.

"The true treatment for syncope," broke in the Dean, "is not by stimulants. The want of blood on the brain is produced by mechanical causes, and you have merely to hold the person up by the legs —"

"Oh, Mr. Dean! Oh, fie!" cried twenty voices, together.

"The Dean is only exemplifying his etymology on 'top side t'other way,'" cried Linton.

"Lord Kilgoff's carriage stops the way," said a servant. And now, the first announcement given, a very general air of leave-taking pervaded the company.

"Won't you have some more muffling? — nothing round your throat? — a little negus, my Lord, before venturing into the night air?" — "How early!" — "*How late!*" — "*What* a pleasant evening!" — "What

a fine night!" — "May I offer you my arm? — mind that step — good-by, good-by — don't forget to-morrow. Your shawl is blue — that's Lady Janet's." — "Which is your hat?" — "That's not mine. Thanks — don't take so much trouble." — "Not your carriage, it is the next but one — mind the draft." — A hundred good nights, and they are gone! So ends a dinner-party, and of all the company not a vestige is seen, save the blaze of the low-burned wax-lights, the faded flowers, the deranged furniture, and the jaded looks of those, whose faces wreathed in smiles for six mortal hours, seek at last the hard-bought and well-earned indulgence of a hearty yawn!

CHAPTER XIII.

He was, the world said, a jovial fellow,
Who ne'er was known at Fortune to repine;
Increasing years had rendered him more mellow,
And age improved him — as it did his wine.

SIR GAVIN GWYNNE.

THE Shannon, after expanding into that noble sheet of water, called Lough Derg, suddenly turns to the southward, and enters the valley of Killaloe, one of the most beautiful tracts of country, which Ireland, so rich in river scenery, can boast. The transition from the wide lake, with its sombre background of grey mountain and rocky islands, bleak and bare, to the cultivated aspect of this favoured spot, is like that experienced in passing from beneath the gloom of lowering thunder-clouds, into light and joyous sunshine. Rich waving woods of every tint and hue of foliage, with here and there some spreading lawns of

deepest green, clothe the mountains on either side, while in bright eddies the rapid river glides in between, circling and winding as in playful wantonness, till on the far distance it is seen passing beneath the ancient bridge of Killaloe, whose cathedral towers stand out against the sky.

On first emerging from the Lake, the river takes an abrupt bend, round a rocky point, and then sweeping back again, in a bold curve, forms a little bay of deep and tranquil water, descending towards which the rich meadows are seen, dotted with groups of ancient forest trees, and backed by a dense skirting of timber. At one spot, where the steep declivity of the ground scarce affords footing for the tall ash-trees, stands a little cottage, at the extremity of which is an old square tower; this is Tubber-beg.

As you sail down the river you catch but one fleeting glance at the cottage, and when you look again it is gone! The projecting headlands, with the tall trees, have hidden it, and you almost fancy, that you had not seen it. If you enter the little bay, however, and leaving the strong current, run into the deep water under shore, you arrive at a spot which your memory will retain for many a day after.

In front of the cottage, and descending by a series terraces, to which art has but little contributed, are number of flower-plots, whose delicious odours float r the still water, while in every gorgeous hue are the camelia, the oleander, and the cactus, with tulip, the ranunculus, and the carnation; all flourish- in a luxuriance, which care, and the favoured t of this sheltered nook, combine to effect. Be- *and around, on either* side, the dark-leaved holly,

the laurustina, and the arbutus, are seen in all the profusion of leaf and blossom our mild, moist air secures, and forming a framework, in which stands the cottage itself, its deep thatched eave, and porch of rustic-work trellised and festooned with creeping plants, almost blending its colour with the surrounding foliage. Through the open windows a peep within displays the handsomely-disposed rooms, abounding in all the evidences of cultivated taste and refinement. Books, in several of the modern languages, are scattered on the table, music, drawings of the surrounding scenery, in water-colour or pencil, all that can betoken minds carefully trained and exercised, and by their very diversity showing, in what a world of self-stored resources their possessors must live; the easel, the embroidery-frame, the chess-board, the half-finished manuscript, the newly-copied music, the very sprig of fern which marks the page in the little volume on Botany, slight things in themselves, but revealing so much of daily life!

If the cottage be an almost ideal representation of rustic elegance and simplicity, its situation is still more remarkable for beauty, for while Art has developed all the resources of the ground, Nature, in her own boundless profusion, has assembled here almost every ingredient of the picturesque, and as if to impart a sense of life and motion to the stilly calm, a tumbling sheet of water gushes down between the rocks, and in bounding leaps descends towards the Shannon, of which it is a tributary.

A narrow path, defended by a little railing of rustic-work, separates the end of the cottage from the *deep gorge of the* waterfall, but through the open

› eye can peer down into the boiling abyss
d foam beneath, and catch a glimpse of the
ıich, formed of a fallen ash tree, spans the

ed in every direction by paths, some galleried
ace, others cut in the substance of the rock,
ss hours in rambling among these wild and
les, now, lost in shade, now, emerging again,
great river gliding along, the white sails
calm surface.
d Mr. Kennyfeck observe to Roland Cashel,
as the most beautiful feature of his whole
ınd that its possession by another, not only
from the Shannon in its handsomest part,
r deprived the place of all pretension to ex-
randeur. The spreading woods of Tubber-
as it seemed, the background to the cottage
possessed no character to show that they
·operty of the greater proprietor.
ıuse itself was not likely to vindicate the
locality denied. It was built with a total
o aspect or architecture. It was a large
edifice, to which, by way of taking off from
resque height, two wings had been planned;
ıe only was finished, the other, half-built,
suffered to fall into ruin. At the back, a
wall enclosed a space intended for a garden,
ıut into cultivation, and now a mere nursery
ks and thistles, whose gigantic size almost
the wall. All the dirt and slovenliness of
abitant — for the house was occupied by
ınamed a "care-taker," were seen on every
· *of the great rooms* held the family; its

fellow, on the opposite side of the hall, contained a cow and two pigs: cabbage-stalks and half-rotting potato-tops steamed their pestilential vapours beneath the windows, while half-naked children added the discord, the only element wanting to complete the sum of miserable, squalid discomfort, so sadly general among the peasantry.

If one needed an illustration of the evils of absenteeism, a better could not be found than in the ruinous, damp, discoloured building, with its falling roof and broken windows. The wide and spreading lawn, thick grown with thistles; the trees broken or barked by cattle; the gates that hung by a single hinge, or were broken up piecemeal for firing, all evidenced the sad state of neglectful indifference by which property is wrecked and a country ruined! Nor was the figure then seated on the broken door-step an unfitting accompaniment to such a scene; — a man somewhat past the middle period of life, whose ragged, tattered dress bespoke great poverty, his worn hat drawn down over his eyes so as partly to conceal a countenance by no means prepossessing; beside him lay a long, old-fashioned musket, the stock mended by some rude country hand. This was Tom Keane, the "care-taker," who, in all the indolent enjoyment of office, sat smoking his "dudeen," and calmly surveying the process by which a young heifer was cropping the yearling shoots of an ash-tree.

Twice was his name called by a woman's voice from within the house before he took any notice of it.

"Arrah, Tom, are you asleep?" said she, coming *to the door*, and showing a figure, whose wretchedness *was even* greater than his own; while a certain delicate

ure, an expression of a mild and pleasing cha-
, still lingered on a face where want and priva-
ad set many a mark. "Tom, alanah!" said she,
ne of coaxing softness, "sure it's time to go down
Post-office. Ye know how anxious the ould man
a letter."
ay, and he has rayson, too," said Tom, without
g.
nd Miss Mary herself was up here yesterday
g to bid you go early, and, if there was a letter,
ig it in all haste."
nd what for need I make haste?" said the man,
. "Is it any matther to me, whether he gets
r no. Will *I* be richer or poorer — poorer!"
he, with a savage laugh. — "Be gorra! that
e hard, anyhow. That's a comfort ould Corrigan
If they turn him out of the place, then he'll
what it is to be poor!"
)h, Tom, acushla! don't say *that*, and he so good
and the young lady that was so kind when the
: had the measles, comin' twice — no, but three
a day, with everything she could think of."
Wasn't it to please herself? Who axed her?" said
savagely.
)h, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the woman. "Them's
rd words — 'to please herself!'"
ay, just so! When ye know them people as well
, you'll say the same. That's what they like —
ke themselves great among the poor; giving a
iere, and a penny there; making gruel for this
nd 'tay' for that; marchin' in as if they owned
use, and turning up their noses at everything
ee. *'Why don't you* sweep before the door,

Esq., Tubber-beg, Derraheeny — sorra more!'" It was in vain that he held it open, lozenge fashion, to peep within — but one page only was written, and he could not see that. Kennyfeck's letter was enclosed in an envelope, so that here, too, he was baulked, and at last was fain to slip the newspaper from its cover — a last resource, to learn something under-hand! The newspaper did not contain anything peculiarly interesting, save in a single paragraph, which announced the intention of Roland Cashel, Esq., of Tubbermore Castle, to contest the County, at the approaching General Election. "We are informed," said the writer, "on competent authority, that this gentleman intends to make the ancestral seat his chief residence in future; and that already preparations are making to render this princely mansion in every respect worthy of the vast fortune of its proprietor."

"Faith, and the 'princely mansion' requires a thing or two, to make it all perfect," said Tom, with a sardonic laugh, while in a lower tone he muttered — "Maybe, for all the time he'll stay there, it's not worth his while to spend the money on it." Having re-read the paragraph, he carefully replaced the paper in its cover and continued his way, not, however, toward his own home, but entering a little woodland path that led direct towards the Shannon. After passing a short distance he came to a little low edge of beech and birch, through which a neat rustic gate led and opened upon a closely-shaven lawn. The neatly-gravelled walk, the flower-beds, the delicious perfume that was diffused on every side, the occasional peeps at the *eddying river*, and the cottage itself, seen at intervals *between the* evergreens that studded the lawn, were

contrasts to the ruinous desolation of the "Great
," and as if unwilling to feel their influence, Tom
his hat deeper over his brows, and never looked
ier side as he advanced. The part of the cottage
ls which he was approaching contained a long
lah, supported by pillars of rustic-work, within
, opening by three large windows, was the prin-
drawing-room. Here, now, at a small writing-
sat a young girl, whose white dress admirably
the graceful outline of her figure, seen within
alf-darkened room: her features were pale, but
fully regular, and the masses of her hair, black
ht, which she wore twisted on the back of the
like a cameo, gave a character of classic elegance
mplicity to the whole.

ithout, and under the verandah, an old man, tall,
ightly bowed in the shoulders, walked slowly up
own. It needed not the careful nicety of his long
, the spotless whiteness of his cambric shirt and
nor the perfection of his nicely-fitting nankeen
oons, to bespeak him a gentleman of the past
There was a certain *suave* gentleness in his bland
an air of easy courtesy in his every motion, a
of well-bred mannerism in the very carriage of his
eaded cane, that told of a time, when the graces
portment were a study, and when our modern
ss freedom had been deemed the very acme of
ess. He was dictating, as was his wont each
ng, some reminiscence of his early life, when he
erved in the Body-Guard of Louis XVI., and
he had borne his part in the stormy scenes of
ventful era. The *memory* of that most benevolent
ch, the fascinations of that Queen whom to serve

was to idolise, had sufficed to soften the hardsh
a life, which from year to year pressed more h
and were at last, after many a struggle, impr
their lines upon a brow where age alone had
written grief.

On the morning in question, instead of r
pouring forth his recollections, which usually ca
groups, pressing one upon the other, he hesitated
sometimes forgetting "where he was," in his nar
and more than once ceasing to speak altogeth
walked in reverie, and seeming deeply pre-occup

His granddaughter had noticed this change
cautiously abstaining from anything that might
her consciousness, she sat pen in hand, waiting
lustrous eyes watching each gesture with an int
of interest that amounted to actual suffering.

"I fear, Mary," said he, with an effort to
"we must give it up for to-day. The present
strong for the past, just as sorrow is always an
match for joy. Watching for the post has rout
my thoughts, and I can think of nothing but
tidings may reach me from Dublin."

"You have no fears, Sir," said she, risin
drawing her arm within his, "that your appl
could be rejected; you ask nothing unusual or
sonable — a brief renewal of a lease where you
expended a fortune.

"True, true, dear child. Let us, howeve
look on the case with our eyes alone, but see
others may. But here comes Tom. — Well, what
Tom; are there letters?"

"Yes, Sir, here's two; there's one-and-fourpe
be paid."

"Let me see them," cried the old man, impatiently, as he snatched them, and hastily re-entered the house.

"Is Cathleen better to-day?" said the young lady, addressing the peasant.

"Yes, Miss, glory be to God, she's betther. Thanks to yourself and Him. Oh, then, it's of yer beautiful face she does be dramin' every night. Says she, 'It's Miss Mary, I think, is singing to me, when I hear the birds in my sleep.'"

"Poor child, give her this little book for me, and say I'll come up and see her this evening, if I can. Mrs. Moore will send her the broth; I hope she'll soon be able to eat something. Good-by, Tom."

A deep-drawn heavy sigh from within the cottage, here made her abruptly conclude the interview and hasten in. The door of her grand-father's little dressing-room was, however, locked, and after a noiseless effort to turn the handle, she withdrew to the drawing-room, to wait in deep anxiety for his coming.

The old man sat with his head supported on both hands, gazing steadfastly at two open letters, which lay on the table before him; had they contained a sentence of death his aspect could scarce have been more sad and sorrow-struck! One was from Mr. Kennyfeck, and ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Corrigan,

"I have had a brief conversation with Mr. Roland Cashel on the subject of your renewal, and I am grieved to say that he does not seem disposed to accede to your wishes. Entertaining, as he does, the intention to make *Tubbermore his chief residence* in Ireland, his *desire is, I believe, to connect* the farm in your hold-

ing with the demesne. This will at once explain that it is not a question of demanding a higher rent from you, but simply of carrying out a plan for the enlargement and improvement of the grounds pertaining to the 'Hall.'

"The matter is, however, by no means decided upon; nor will it be, in all probability, before you have an opportunity of meeting Mr. Cashel personally. His present intention is to visit your neighbourhood next week. "I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

"K. KENNYFECK.

"Cornelius Corrigan, Esq., Tubber-beg Cottage."

The second letter was as follows:

"Simpkins and Green have the honour to forward for acceptance the enclosed bill for two hundred and seventeen pounds, at three months, Mr. Heneage Leicester, of New Orleans, on Mr. Corrigan.

"They are authorised also to state that Mr. Leicester's affairs have suffered considerably from the consequence of the commercial distress at N. O., and his personal property has been totally lost by the earthquake which took place on the 11th and 12th ultimo. He therefore trusts to Mr. C—'s efforts to contribute to his aid by a greater exertion than usual, and will draw upon him for two sums of one hundred, at dates of six and nine months, which he hopes may suit his convenience, and be duly honoured. Mr. Leicester continues to hope that he may be able to visit Europe in the spring, where his great anxiety to see his daughter will call him."

"*The ruin* is now complete," said the old man. "I

have struggled for years with poverty and privation to ward off this hour — but, like destiny, it will not be averted! Despoiled of fortune — turned from the home where I have lived from my childhood — bereft of all! I could bear up still if she were but left to me — but now, he threatens to take *her*, my child, my hope, my life! And the world will stand by him, and say, 'He is her father!' He, that broke the mother's heart — my own darling girl! — and now comes to rob me — a poor helpless old man, of all my companionship and my pride. Alas, alas! the pride, perhaps, deserves the chastisement.

"Poor Mary — how will she ever learn to look on him with a daughter's affection? — What a life will hers be!

"And this deception — how will it, how can it ever be explained! I have always said that he was dead."

Such, in broken half sentences, were the words he spoke, while thick-coming sobs almost choked his utterance.

"This cannot be helped," said he, taking up the pen and writing his name across the Bill. "So much I can meet, by selling our little furniture here; we shall need it no more, for we have no longer a home. Where to, then?"

He shook his hands in mournful despair, and walked towards the window. Mary was standing outside, in the little flower-garden, assisting the old gardener to fasten some stray tendrils of a Japonica between two trees.

"We must *try and shelter* this window, Ned," said she, "*from the morning sun.* It comes in too strongly

here in Papa's library. By next summer, I hope to see a thick trellice of leaves across the whole casement."

"By next summer," repeated the old man, from within, with a trembling voice; "and who will be here to see it?"

"This little hedge, too, must be overgrown with that creeping plant we got from America, the white Liana. I want the beech to be completely hid beneath the blossoms, and they come out in May."

"In May!" said the poor old man, with an accent of inexpressible sadness, as though the very promise of spring had unfolded a deep vista of years of suffering. "But why care for the home, if she, who made its sunshine, is taken from me? What matters it where I linger on, or how, the last few hours of a life, bereft of its only enjoyment? — she, that in my old age, renewed all the memories of my early and my happy days."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands; and when he withdrew them, the whole character and expression of the countenance had changed; a dull, meaningless look had replaced the mild and cheerful beam of his soft blue eyes; the cheeks were flattened, and the mouth, so ready with its gentle smile, now remained partly open, and slightly drawn to one side. He made an effort to speak, but a thickened guttural utterance rendered the words scarcely intelligible. He approached the window and beckoned with his hand. The next instant, pale with terror, but still composed *and seeming* calm, Mary was beside him.

"*You* are not well, dear Papa," she said, with a *great effort to* appear at ease. "You must lie down—

here will do — on this sofa; I'll close the curtain, and send over for Tiernay; he said he should be back from Limerick this morning."

A gentle pressure of her hand to his lips, and a faint smile, seemed to assent.

She opened the window, and whispered a few words to the gardener, and then closing it, noiselessly, drew the curtain, and sat down on a low stool, beside the sofa where he lay.

So still and motionless did he remain, that she thought he slept; indeed, the long-drawn breathing, and the repose of his attitude, betokened sleep.

Mary did not venture to move, but sat, one hand clasped in his, the other resting on his forehead, still and silent.

The darkened room, the unbroken silence, the figure of him in whom was centred her every thought and hope, lying sick before her, sunk with a dreary weight upon her heart; and in the gloom of her sorrow, dark foreboding of future evil arose, vague terrors of trials, new and hard to bear! That strange prescience, which never is wanting in great afflictions, and seems itself a heaven-sent warning to prepare for the coming blow, revealed a time of sore trouble and calamity before her. "Let him be but spared to me," she cried, in her heart-uttered prayer, "and let me be so fashioned in spirit and temper that I may minister to him through every hour — cheering, consoling, and encouraging. Giving of *my* youth its gift of hopefulness and trust, and borrowing of *his* age, its serenity and resignation. But oh, *that I may not be* left solitary and alone, *unfriended and unsupported!*" A gush of tears, the first

she shed, here burst forth, and in the transport of h grief, brought calm to her mind once more.

A low tap at the window, and a voice in whispe aroused her. "It is the doctor, Miss — Dr. Tiernay said the gardener.

A motion to admit him was all her reply, and wit noiseless step the physician entered and approached th sofa. He felt the pulse, and listened to the respiratio of the sick man, and then, withdrawing the curtain s as to let the light fall upon his features, steadily co templated their expression. As he looked, his ow countenance grew graver and sadder; and it was wit an air of deep solemnity that he took Mary's hand, an led her from the room.

With a weight like lead upon her heart Mary move away. "When did it happen?" whispered he, whe he had closed the door behind them.

"Happen!" gasped she, in agony; "what do yo mean?"

"I meant when — this — occurred," replied h faltering; "was he in his usual health this morning?"

"Yes, perfectly — a little less composed — anxio about his letters — uneasy at the delay — but n more."

"You do not know if he received any unpleasa tidings, or heard anything to distress him?"

"He may have done so," answered she, sadly, "f he locked his door and read over his letters by himse When I saw him next, he was standing at the windo and beckoning to me."

A gentle tap at the door here interrupted the coll quy, and the old housekeeper whispered, "The mast *Miss, wants* to spake with the doctor; he's better now

"Oh, let me see him," cried Mary, springing towards the door. But Dr. Tiernay interposed gently, and said, "No, this might prove dangerous; remain here till I have seen and spoken with him." Mary assented by a gesture, and sat down without speaking.

"Sit down, Tiernay," said the sick man, as the doctor came to his bedside; "sit down and let me speak while I have strength. Everything is against us, Tiernay. We are not to get the renewal: this young Mr. Cashel wants the cottage — we must turn out. I'll have to do so, even before the gale-day; but what matter about me! It's that poor child I'm thinking of —" Here he stopped, and was some minutes before he could resume. "There — read that; that will tell you all."

Tiernay took the crumpled letter, which the old man had all this while held firmly in his closed grasp, and read it.

"Well, that's bad news, isn't it?" said Corrigan; "not the Bill — I don't mean that; but *he's* coming back; do you see the threat? — he's coming back again."

"How can he?" said the Doctor. "The man committed a forgery; how will he dare to return here and place his neck in a halter!"

"You forget whose evidence alone can convict him — mine; the name he forged was mine, the sum he took was mine — nearly all I had in the world — but he has nothing to fear from me, whatever I may have to dread from *him*."

"How can he have any terror for *you?*"

"He can take *her* away; not from *me*, for she'll soon be separated by a stronger hand than his, but I *can't bear to think that she'll* be in his power. Tiernay,

face. "Oh! God forgive me for saying the words!" cried he, in an accent of deep agony. "Why wouldn't the humblest peasant that ever crouched to his meal of potatoes, beside the little turf fire of his cabin, love his home, as well as the best blood in the land? No, no, Mat, its little kindness we'd deserve on such a plea as that."

"There, there, don't agitate yourself. I know what you mean, and what you'd like me to say."

"You do not," rejoined the old man, querulously, "for I haven't said it yet, nor I can't think of it now. Ah, Mat" — here his voice softened once more into its habitual key — "that was a cruel thought of me, a while ago; and faith, Mr. Cashel might well suspect, if he heard it, that I wasn't one of the old good blood of the Corrigans, that could talk that way of the poor; but so it is. There isn't a bad trait in a man's heart that is not the twin-brother of his selfishness. And now I'll say no more; do the best you can for us, that's all. I was going to bid you tell him that we have an old claim on the whole estate, that some of the lawyers say is good — that the Crown have taken off the confiscation in the time of my great father, Phil Corrigan — but sure he wouldn't mind that; besides, that's not the way to ask a favour."

"You mustn't go on talking this way; see how hot your hand is."

"Well, maybe it will be cold enough soon! There is another thing, Mat. You must call on Murphy, with the bill of sale of the furniture and the books, and get money to meet these bills. There they are; I endorsed them this morning. Tell Green it's no use sending me *the other* bills; I'll not have means to take them up

would be only disgracing my name for nothing
te it on them. I'll be longing to see you back
Mat, and hear your tidings, so God bless you,
nd you safe home to us."
ll set off to-night," said the Doctor, rising and
g his hand; "your attack is passed over, and
no more danger if you'll keep quiet."
'here's another thing, Mat," said the sick man,
; faintly, and with a strange meaning. "Call at
3, Drogheda-street, and ask the people to show
e room Con Corrigan fought the duel in with
l Battley. It was only twelve feet long and ten
a little place off the drawing-room, and the Co-
wouldn't even consent that we should stand in
ners. Look and see if the bullet is in the wall
The old Marquis used to have it fresh painted
very year, on the anniversary of the day. Oh
oh dear, but they were the strange times then,
ıd pleasant times too." And with such reflection
past, he fell off into a dreamy half-conscious-
during which Tiernay stole from the room, and
n alone.
int and trembling with agitation, Mary Leicester
anding all this while at the door of the sick
er. "Did I hear aright, Doctor?" said she; "was
s voice that sounded so cheerfully?"
es, my dear Miss Mary, the peril is by, but be
ıs. Let him not speak so much, even with you.
ı a sweet, quiet spot. Heaven grant he may long
it."
ry's lips muttered some words inaudibly, and
arted. She sat down alone, in the little porch,
the eave; the day was a delicious one in autumn,

calm, mellow, and peaceful; a breeze, too faint to ripp the river, stirred the flowers, and shook forth the odour. The cottage, the leafy shade, through whi the tempered sunlight fell in fanciful shapes upon t gravel — the many-coloured blossoms of the ri garden — the clear and tranquil river — the hum the distant waterfall — they were all such sights an sounds as breathe of home, and home's happiness, an so had she felt them to be, till an unknown fear foun entrance into her heart, and spread its darkness ther What a terrible sensation comes with a first sorrow!

CHAPTER XIV.

With fame and fortune on the cast,
He never rose a winner:
And learned to know himself at last,
"A miserable sinner."

BELL.

IT was about ten days or a fortnight after the gre Kennyfeck dinner, when all the gossip about its pr tension, dulness, and bad taste had died away, and th worthy guests so bored by the festivity began t wonder "when they would give another," that a ge tleman sat at breakfast in one of those large, ding looking, low-ceilinged apartments which are the choi abodes of the Vice-Regal staff in the Castle of Dubli The tawdry and time-discoloured gildings, the wo and faded silk hangings, the portraits of bygone stat councillors and commanders-in-chief, grievously riddle by rapier-points and pistol-shots, were not without a emblematic meaning of the past glories of that seat *Government*, now so sadly fallen from its once hig *and palmy state.*

Although still a young man, the present occupant of the chamber appeared middle-aged, so much had dissipation and excess done the work of time on his constitution. A jaded, wearied look, a sleepy, indolent expression of the eye, certain hard lines about the angles of the mouth, betokened one who played a high game with life, and rarely arose a winner. Although his whole appearance bespoke birth and blood rather than intellect or ability, there was enough in his high and squarely-shaped head, his deep dark eye, and his firm, sharply-cut mouth, to augur that incapacity could not be reckoned among the causes of any failures he incurred in his career. He was in every respect the *beau ideal* of that strange solecism in our social code, "The younger son." His brother, the Duke of Derwent, had eighty thousand a year. *He* had exactly three hundred. His Grace owned three houses, which might well be called palaces, besides a grouse lodge in the Highlands, a yachting station at Cowes, and a villa at Hyères in France. My Lord was but too happy to be the possessor of the three cobwebbed chambers of a Vice-Regal Aide-de-camp, and enjoy the pay of his troop without joining his regiment.

Yet these two men were reared exactly alike! As much habituated to every requirement and luxury of wealth as his elder brother, the younger suddenly discovered that, once beyond the shadow of his father's house, all his worldly resources were something more than what the cook, and something less than the valet, received. He had been taught one valuable lesson, however, which was, that as the State loves a rich aristocracy, *it burdens itself with* the maintenance of *all those who might prove a* drain on its resources, an

that it is ever careful to provide for the Lord Georges and Lord Charleses of its noble houses. To this provision he believed he had a legal claim: at all events, he knew it to be a right uncontested by those less highly born.

The system which excludes men from the career of commerce, in compensation opens the billiard-room, the whist-table, and the betting-ring, and many a high capacity has been exercised in such spheres as these, whose resources might have won honour and distinction in very different fields of enterprise. Whether Lord Charles Frobisher knew this, and felt that there was better in him, or whether his successes were below his hopes, certain is it, he was a depressed, dejected man, who lounged through life in a languid indolence, caring for nothing, not even himself.

There was some story of an unfortunate attachment, some love affair, with a very beautiful, but portionless cousin, who married a Marquis, to which many ascribed the prevailing melancholy of his character, but they who remembered him as a schoolboy said he was always shy and reserved, and saw nothing strange in his bearing as a man. The breakfast-table, covered with all that could stimulate appetite, and yet, with all untasted, was not a bad emblem of one who with many a gift to win an upward way, yet lived on in all the tawdry insignificance of a Court Aide-de-camp. A very weak glass of claret and water, with a piece of dry toast, formed his meal, and even these stood on the corner of a writing-table, at which he sat, rising sometimes to look out of the window, or pace the room with slow, uncertain steps. Before him lay an unfinished letter, which, to judge from the slow progress

nade, and the frequent interruptions to its course, ned to occasion some difficulty in the composition, . yet the same epistle begun "My dear Sydney," . was addressed to his brother. Here it is:

"My dear Sydney,

"I suppose from not hearing from you some weeks k, that my last, which I addressed to the Clarendon, never reached you, nor is it of any consequence, would be too late now to ask you about Scott's ses. Cobham told us how you stood yourself, and t was enough to guide the poor devils here with ir poneys and fifties. We all got a squeeze on the are.' I hear you won seven thousand beside the kes. I hope the report may be true. Is Raucus in ining for the Spring Meeting or not? If so, let me re some trifle on him in your own book.

"I perceive you voted on Brougham's amendment inst our people; I conclude you were right, but it ll make them very stubborn with me about the exnge. N— has already remarked upon what he calls 'intolerable independence of some Noble Lords.' rish I knew the clue to your proceeding — are you liberty to give it? I did not answer the question in ur last letter. — Of course I am tired of Ireland, t as the alternatives are a 'Compound in Calcutta, the Government House, Quebec,' I may as well re-in where I am. I don't know that a Staff-officer, s Madeira, improves by a sea voyage.

"You say nothing of Georgina, so that I hope her st is better, and that Nice may not be necessary. I lieve, *if climate were needed,* you would find Lisbon, *rather Cintra, better than* any part of Italy, and

possessed of one great advantage — few of o
rambling countrymen. N— commended your haun
so highly, and took such pains to record his prais
that I suspect he looks for a repetition of the favo
If you *are* shooting bucks, perhaps you would send hi
a quarter."

Two sentences, half finished and erased, he
showed that the writer experienced a difficulty in co
tinuing. Indeed, his flurried manner as he resumed t
letter proved it. At last he went on.

"I hate asking favours, my dear Sydney, but the
is one which, if not positively repugnant to you
grant, will much oblige me. There is a young *m*
lionaire here, a Mr. Cashel, wishes to be a member
your Yacht Club, and as I have given a promise
make interest in his behalf with you, it would be co
ferring a great obligation on me were I to make t
request successfully. So far as I can learn, there is
reason against his admission, and as regards propert
many reasons in his favour. If you can do this for m
then, you will render me a considerable service.

"Of course I do not intend to fix any acquaintanc
ship upon you, nor in any other way, save the bean
the ballot-box, and a civil word in proposing, infli
you with what Rigby calls 'Protective Duties.'
should have been spared in giving you this trouble b
for Tom Linton, who, with his accustomed good-natur
at other men's cost, suggested the step to Cashel, a
told him, besides, that my brother was Vice-Admiral
the Yacht Fleet.

"If Emily wants a match for the chesnut pony,
know of one here perfect in every respect, and to l
had very cheap. Let me know about this soon,

also the club matter, as I have promised to visit Cashel, at his country-house; and in case of refusal on your part, this would be unpleasant. Thanks for your invitation for Christmas, which I cannot accept of. Hope and Eversham are both on leave, so that I must remain here. N— continues to ask you here; but my advice is, as it has ever been, not to come. The climate detestable — the houses dull and dirty; no shooting, nor any hunting, at least with such horses as you are accustomed to ride.

"I am glad you took my counsel about the mortgage. There is no property here worth seventeen years' purchase, in the present aspect of politics. Love to Jane and the girls, and believe me ever yours,

"CHARLES FROBISHER."

This task completed, he turned to the morning papers; which, with a mass of tradesmen's bill's, notes, and cards of invitation, littered the table. He had not read long, when a deep-drawn yawn from the further end of the room aroused him, and Frobisher arose and walked towards a sofa, on which was stretched a man, somewhat about the middle of life, but whose bright eye, and fresh complexion, showed little touch of time. His dress, slightly disordered, was a dinner costume, and rather inclined towards over-particularity; at least, the jewelled buttons of his vest and shirt evinced a taste for display, that seemed not ill to consort with the easy effrontery of his look.

Taking his watch from his pocket he held it to his ear, saying, "There is an accomplishment, Charley, I've never *been able to acquire* — to wind my watch *at supper time. What hour is it?*"

"Two," said the other, laconically.

"By Jove! how I must have slept. Have been to bed?"

"Of course. But, I'd swear, with less success you have had on that old sofa. I scarcely close eyes for ten minutes together."

"That downy sleep only comes of a good science and a heart at ease with itself," said the "You young gentlemen, who lead bad lives, very little about the balmy repose of the tr mind."

"Have you forgotten that you were to rid with Lady Cecilia this morning?" said Frol abruptly.

"Not a bit of it. I even dreamed we cantering together along the sands, where I was an her Ladyship with some choice morceaux of sc from that set in society she professes to hold in horror, that she will not receive them at court for whose daily sayings and doings she has the k zest."

"Foster is gone with her," rejoined Lord C "and I suspect she is just as well pleased. Befo he has told her everything about our late sitting the play, and the rest of it!"

"Of course he has; and she is dying to a Softly, the young chaplain's advice, whether root all out would not be a 'good work.'"

"Since when have you become so squeamish card-playing, Mr. Linton?"

"I? Not in the least! I'm only afraid tha of my friends may turn to be so, when they l *my successes.* You know what happened to Wyc

ıe got that knack of always turning up a King?
ne asked Ruxton what was to be done about it.
ertain?' said he. "Perfectly certain; we have
ım do it a hundred times!' 'Then back him,'
l Ruxton. 'That's my advice to you.'" As he
is, he drew a chair towards the table, and
ed to fill out a cup of chocolate. "Where do
these anchovies, Charley? Burke has got some,
half the size."
ıey are ordered for the household. Lawson can
all about 'em," said the other, carelessly. "But
what bets did you book on Laplander?"
ok him against the field for seven hundred even."
bad bet then — I call it a very bad bet."
should I, if I didn't know Erebus is dead

e seen a horse run to win with a contracted
efore now," said Lord Charles, with a most
look.
have I! but not on stony ground. No! no!
y depend upon it!"
lon't want to depend upon it," said the other,
ıly. "I shall not venture five pounds on the
I remember once something of an implicit
on a piece of information of the kind."
ell! you know how that happened. I gave
's valet fifty pounds to get a peep at his
betting-book, and the fellow told Hilyard, who
ıtely made up a book express, and let us all in
ıart sum. I am sure I was the heaviest loser
ffair."
you ought, *too.* The contrivance was a very
one; and deserved its penalty."

"The expression is not Parliamentary, my Lo
said Linton, with a slight flushing of the cheek, "
so I must call you to order."

"Is Turcoman to run?" asked Lord Cha
negligently.

"No! I have persuaded Cashel to buy him, and
has taken him out of training."

"Well! you really go very straightforward in y
work, Linton. I must say, you are as plucky a re
as I've ever heard of. Pray now, how do you man
to keep up your influence over that youth? he alw
appears to me to be a rash-headed, wilful kind
fellow, there would be no guiding."

"Simply, by always keeping him in occupat
There are people like spavined horses, and one n
always get them warm in their work, and they ne
show the blemish. Now, I have been eternally alo
side of Cashel. One day, buying horses — anot
pictures — another time, it was furniture — carri
— saddlery — till we have filled that great old ho
of the Ex-Chancellor's with an assemblage of obje
living and inanimate, it would take a month to d
nicle."

"Some kind friend may open his eye to all t
one of these days, Master Linton — and then —"

"By that time," said Linton, "his clairvoyance
be too late. Like many a man I've kown, he'll
a capital judge of claret when his cellar has b
emptied."

"You were a large winner last night, Linton?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty. It might have b
double the amount, but I've taken a hint from Splash
Physiology. He says nothing encourages a pleth

like small bleedings. And you, Charley; what did *you* do?"

'Sixty pounds!" replied he, shortly. "I never venture out of my depth."

"And you mean to infer that *I* do, my Lord," said Linton, trying to smile, while evidently piqued by the remark. "Well, I plead guilty to the charge. I have a notion in my head that seven feet of water drowns a man just as effectually as seven hundred fathoms in the blue Atlantic. Now *you* know, as well as *I*, that neither of us could afford to lose sixty pounds thrice running, so let us not talk of venturing out of our depth; which, I take it, would be to paddle in very shallow water indeed."

For an instant it seemed as if Lord Charles would have given an angry reply to this sally; but, as hastily checking the emotion, he walked to the window, and appeared to be lost in thought; while Linton continued his breakfast with all the zest of a hungry man.

"I'll give up play altogether," said Frobisher. "That I've resolved upon. This will go abroad, rely upon it. Some of the papers will get hold of it, and we shall see some startling paragraphs about — 'Recent Discoveries in the Vice-Regal Household' — 'Nefarious System of High Play at the Castle,' and so on. Now, it's all very well for you, who neither care who's in or out, or hold any appointment here; but, remember, there are others — myself, for instance — who have no fancy for this kind of publicity."

"In the first place," interrupted Linton, "there is no danger; and, in the second, if there were, it's right well remunerated. *Your appointment here, with all its contingent advantages, of* which, not to excite your

blushes, we shall say nothing, is some three or fo hundred a year. Now, a lucky evening, and coura to back the luck — a quality, by the way, I nev yet found in one Englishman in a hundred, is wor this twice or thrice told. Besides, remember, that th wild Bull of the Prairies has come of himself into o hunting-grounds. If *we* don't harpoon him, somebod else will. A beast of such fat on the haunches is n going to escape scot free; and lastly, by falling int good hands, he shall have the advantage of being c up artistically, and not mauled and mangled by th rude fingers of the ignorant. Faith, as for myself, think I richly merit all the spoils I shall obtain!"

"As how, pray?" asked Lord Charles, languidly.

"In the first place, to speak of the present — have ridden out with him — sat beside him on th box of his drag — he is seen with me in public, an has been heard to call me 'Linton,' on the ride f Dycer's. My tradespeople have become his trade people. The tailor who reserved his master-stroke genius for me, now shares his favours with him. I fact, Charley, we are one. Secondly, as regards th future, see from what perils I shall rescue him. H shall not marry Livy Kennyfeck — he shall not g into Parliament for the liberal interest — nor for an interest, if I can help it — he shall not muddle awa a fine fortune in fattening Durham bulls, and Berkshi boars; neither shall he excel in rearing mangel-wurts or beetroot. I'll teach him to have a soul above sul soiling, and a spirit above green crops. He shall n fall into the hands of Downie Meek, and barter h *birthright* for a Whig baronetcy; neither shall he b *the victim* of right honourable artifices, and marry

Lady Juliana, or Cecilia. In fine, I'll secure him from public meetings and agricultural societies, twaddling dinners, horticultural breakfasts, the Irish Academy, and Mrs. White."

"These are great deservings, indeed," said Lord Charles, affectedly.

"So they are," said the other; "nor do I believe there is another man about town could pilot the channel but myself. It is only reasonable, then, if I save the craft, that I should claim the salvage. Now, the next point is, will you be one of the crew? I'll take you with pleasure, but there's no impressment. All I ask is secrecy, whether you say yea or nay."

"Let me hear what the service is to be like."

"Well, we shall first of all cruise — confound metaphors — let us talk plainly. Cashel has given me a *carte blanche* to fill his house with guests and good things. The company and the *cuisine* are both to be among my attributions, and I intend that we should do the thing right royally. Selection and exclusiveness, are, of course, out of the question. There are so many cock-tails to run — there can be no disqualification. Our savage friend, in fact, insists on asking everybody he sees, and we are lucky if we escape the Infantry and the Junior Bar. Here's the list — a goodly catalogue truly, and such a *Macédoine* of incongruities has been rarely assembled, even at old Kennyfeck's dinner-table."

"Why I see few others than the people we met there t'other day."

"Not many; but please to remember that even a country-house has limits, and that some of the guests, *at least, must have separate* rooms. To be serious,

Charley, I have misused the King's press damnably; we have such a party as few have ever witnessed. There are the Kilgoffs, the Whites, the Hamiltons, along with the Clan Kennyfeck, the Ridleys, and Mathew Hannigan, Esquire, of Bally-Hannigan, the new Member of Parliament for Dunrone, and the last convert to the soothing doctrines of Downie Meek."

"Is Downie coming?" lisped the Aide-de-camp.

"Ay, and his daughter too. He wrote one of his velvety epistles, setting forth the prayer of his petition, in favour of 'a little girl, yet only in the nursery.'"

"Yes, yes; I know all that. Well, I'm not sorry. I like Jemmy. She is a confounded deal better than her father, and is a capital weight to put on a young horse, and a very neat hand too. Who next? Not the Dean, I hope."

"No; we divided on the Dean, and carried his exclusion by a large majority. Mrs. Kennyfeck was, I believe, alone in the lobby."

"Glad of that! No one can expect an Irish visit in the country without rain, and he's an awful fellow to be caged with, when out-o'-door work is impracticable."

"Then there are the Latrobes and the Heatherbys; in fact, the old set, with a Polish fellow, of course a Count — Deuroominski; a literary tourist, brought by Mrs. White, called Howle; and a small little dark man, one used to see two seasons ago, that sings the melodies and tells Irish legends — I forget the name."

"Promiscuous and varied, certainly; and what is the order of the course? Are there to be games, rural sports, fireworks, soaped pigs, and other like intellectualities?"

"*Precisely*; a kind of coming-of-age thing on a

grand scale. I have engaged Somerton's *chef;* he has just left his place. Gunter sends over one of his people; and Dubos, of the Cadran Bleu, is to forward two hampers per week from Paris. Hicksley is also to provide all requisites for private theatricals. In fact, nearly everything has been attended to, save the horse department; I wish you'd take that under your protectorate; we shall want any number of screws, for saddle and harness, with drags, breaks, and machines of all kinds, to drive about in. Do, pray, be master of the horse."

"Thanks; but I hate and detest trouble of all kinds. So far as selling you two of my own — a wall-eye and a bone-spavin included — I consent."

"Agreed; everything in your stable carries a side-saddle, that I know, so name your figure."

"A hundred; they'd bring close on fifty at Dycer's any day; so, I am not exorbitant, as these are election times."

"There's the ticket, then," said Linton, taking out a check-book and filling up a leaf for the sum, which he tore out and presented to Lord Charles.

"What, has he really so far installed you as to —"

"As to give blank checks," said the other, holding up the book in evidence, where "Roland Cashel" was written on a vast number of pages. "I never knew the glorious sense of generosity before, Charley. I have heard a great deal about liberal sentiments, and all that kind o' thing; but now, for the first time, do I feel the real enjoyment of indulgence. To understand this liberty aright, however, a man must have a squeeze — such a squeeze as I have experienced myself once or twice in life; and then, my boy, as the song says," — here, with a bold rattling air, he sang to a popular melody —

"When of luck you've no card up,
And feel yourself 'hard-up,'
And cannot imagine a method to win;
When 'friends' take to shy you,
And Jews to deny you,
How pleasant to dip in another man's tin.

"Not seeking or craving,
Some pettyful saving,
You draw as you like upon Drummond or Gwynne;
And while pleasure pursuing,
You know there's no ruing
The cost that comes out of another man's tin.

Eh, Charley! that's the toast we 'Chevaliers Mod
should drink before the health of the Royal Fam

"The Royal Family!" sneered Frobisher; "I
observed that loyalty was a very remarkable t
your character."

"The greater injustice yours, then," said I
"I conceived a very early attachment to Monarch
learning the importance of the King at Ecarté."

"I should have thought the Knave had m
your sympathy," said the other.

"Inasmuch as he follows the Queen, I sup
said Linton, good-humouredly, laughing; "but
don't look so grave, old fellow; had I been a po
'*intriguant*' and devoted these goodly talents of m
small state rogueries in committees and adjourn
bates, I'd have been somebody in these dull tir
aspiring mediocrity, but as my ambitions have
soared beyond the possession of what may carry
war of life, irrespective of its graver honours, yo
ralists — Heaven bless the mark! — rather rega
distrustfully. Now, let me tell you a secret, a
one worth the knowing. There's nothing so fata
man's success in life as 'a little character;' a

great one may dispense with every kind of ability and acquirement: get your name once up in our English public, and you may talk, preach, and write the most rank nonsense with a very long impunity; but a little character, like a small swimming bladder, only buoys you up long enough to reach deep water, and be drowned. To journey the road of life with this, is to 'carry weight.' Take my advice — I give it in all sincerity — you are as poor a man as myself; there are thousands of luxuries you can afford yourself, but this is too costly an indulgence for a small fortune. Your 'little character' is a kind of cankering conscience, not strong enough to keep you out of wickedness, but sufficiently active to make you miserable afterwards. An everlasting suggester of small scruples, it leaves a man no time for anything but petty expedients and devices, and you hang suspended all your life between desire and denial, without the comfort of the one or the credit of the other."

"Is the sermon over?" said Lord Charles, rather affecting than really feeling tired of the "tirade," "or are you only rehearsing the homily before you preach it to Roland Cashel?"

"Quite wrong there, my Lord," said Linton, with the same imperturbable temper. "Cashel is rich enough to afford himself any caprice, even a good name, if he like it. You and I must take ours as we do railway tickets, any number that's given us;" and with this speech, delivered in an air of perfect quietude, but still emphatically slow, he settled his hat on before the glass, arranged his whiskers, and walked away.

Lord *Charles for a second* seemed disposed to make *an angry reply, but correcting* the impulse, he walked

game, even if left all to yourself. He was always lik to smash the tackle at the moment when almost caug There, don't look so puzzled, dear; I was only foll ing out a little reverie — that's all."

Meanwhile Cashel hastily descended the stairs, over good-humouredly commenting on Mr. Kennyfec ill-chosen moment for a business conversation. "I only stay a few minutes, or rather seconds," cried as he opened the door of the study; and then check himself as he perceived a short, stout, elderly man, venerable appearance, who rose respectfully from chair as he came in.

"Doctor Tiernay — Mr. Cashel," said Kennyfe presenting the stranger. "I have taken the liberty delay you, Sir, since it would be a great convenien if you could accord this gentleman a brief hearing present; he has come above a hundred miles to cra it, and must leave Dublin by the afternoon mail."

"Without it be Mr. Cashel's pleasure to detain m said the Doctor, submissively.

"He is a tenant of your Tubbermore estate, Si resumed Kennyfeck, "a very near neighbour."

"I regret that I am pressed for time at this m ment, Sir," said Cashel, drawing on his gloves i patiently; "but I believe it is the less consequenc inasmuch as I really know nothing — absolutely n thing — and you, Mr. Kennyfeck, know everythi about that property, and are, by far, the best pers to hear and decide upon this gentleman's propositio whatever it be."

"It is a case that must be decided by yourself, Sir said the Doctor. "It is neither a matter of law n *right, but* a simple question of whether you will do s

act of great kindness to the oldest tenant on your property, a man who, now overtaken by years and sickness, may not, perhaps, be alive at my return, to hear of your benevolence."

"It is about this renewal, Sir," interposed Kennyfeck, who saw Cashel's increasing impatience to be away. "Mr. Corrigan's lease expires on the 25th."

"He is now struck by paralysis," interrupted the Doctor; "and his only prayer is, to be suffered to die beneath the roof where he has lived for fifty years."

"A tenant at will," interposed Kennyfeck.

"Gracious Heaven! how could he suppose I should dream of dispossessing him?" cried Cashel. "Of course, Sir, the house is his own so long as he pleases to hold it. Tell him so. Mr. Kennyfeck will tell him from me, that he need not give the matter another thought. I am sincerely grieved that it should have already caused him so much anxiety."

"Ah, Sir," cried the Doctor, while two very dubious drops twinkled in his eyes, "you are, indeed, worthy of the good fortune that has befallen you. My poor old friend will bless you, with a prouder heart in his belief in human nature, than even his gratitude could suggest. Farewell, Sir, and may you long live to be as happy as you know how to make others."

With an impulse of irrepressible warmth the old man seized Cashel's hand in both his own, and pressed it cordially, when the door suddenly opened, and Linton, dressed in a riding custome, appeared.

"What, Roland, at business so early! Do you know you're an hour behind time?"

"I do; but I *couldn't help* — in fact, this was *unexpected* —"

"It was an act of benevolence, Sir, detained M Cashel," interrupted the Doctor. "I believe no ap pointment can be broken with a safer apology."

"Ho! ho!" said Linton, throwing up his eyebrow as if he suspected a snare to his friend's simplicity "Which of the Missions to convert the Blacks, or wha family of continuous twins are you patronising?"

"Good-by, Sir," said the Doctor, turning toward Cashel. "I'd ask your pardon for the liberty I hav already taken with you, if I were not about to tran gress again."

Here he looked Linton fully in the face.

"Mr. Cashel has done a kind and worthy actio this morning, Sir; but if he does many more such, an keep your company, he is not only a good man, b the strongest principled one I ever met with."

As the last word was uttered, the door closed aft him, and he was gone.

"So then, I'm the Mephistopheles to your Faust said Linton, laughing heartily; "but what piece credulous benevolence has cost you this panegyric an me this censure?"

"Oh, a mere trifle," said Cashel, preparing leave — "a simple grant of renewal to an old tena on my estate."

"Only that," said Linton, affecting the coolest i difference, while by a keen glance at Kennyfeck, l revealed a profound consciousness of his friend's sim plicity.

"Nothing more, upon my honour; that little co tage of Tubber-beg."

"*Not that* fishing lodge beside the river, in a *angle of your* own demesne?" asked Linton, eagerly

"The same — why — what of it?"

"Nothing, save that your magnanimity is but one-sided, since only so late as Thursday last, when we looked over the map together, you gave me that cottage until such time as you should include the farm within the demesne."

"By Jupiter, and so I did!" exclaimed Cashel, while a flush of shame covered his face and forehead; "what a confounded memory I have. What is to be done?"

"Oh, never fret about it," said Linton, taking his arm and leading him away. "The thing is easily settled. What do I want with a cottage? The old gentleman is, doubtless, a far more rural personage than I should prove. Let us not forget Aubrey's breakfast, which, if we wait much longer, will be a luncheon. The ladies well, Mr. Kennyfeck?" This was the first time he had noticed that gentleman.

"Quite well, Mr. Linton," said he, bowing politely.

"Pray present my respects. By the way, you don't want a side-saddle horse, do you?"

"I thank you, we are supplied."

"What a pity, I've got such a grey, with that swinging low cantering action Miss Kennyfeck likes; she rides so well! I wish she'd try him."

A shake of the head and a bland smile intimated a mild refusal.

"Inexorable father; come, Cashel, you shall make the *amende* for having given away my cottage; you must buy Reginald, and make him a present to the lady."

"*Agreed," said Cashel*; "send him over to-day; *he's mine, or rather Miss* Kennyfeck's. Nay, Sir.

really I will not be opposed. Mr. Kennyfec insist."

The worthy attorney yielded, but not witho luctance, and saw them depart, with grave misgi that the old Doctor's sentiment was truly sp and that Linton's companionship was a most unh accident.

"I must get into Parliament," said Linton, s seated himself beside Cashel in the phaeton, "if it only to quote you as one of that much-belied the Irish Landlord. The man who grants ren of his best land, on terms contracted three hu years ago, is very much wanting just now. Wl sensation it will create in the House, when they 'Name, name,' and I reply that I am under a po personal injunction not to name, and then Sha Crawford, or one of that set, rises and avers th believed the Honourable and Learned Gentle statement to be perfectly unfounded. Amid a d of 'Ohs!' I stand up and boldly declare that fu reserve is no longer possible, and that the gentl whom I am so proud to call my friend is R Cashel, Esq., of Tubbermore. There's immortalit you for that evening at any rate. You'll be toast Bellamy's, at supper, and by the white-headec gentlemen who sit in the window at the Carlton."

"You'll not hint that I had already made a pr of the lands when I displayed so much munificer said Cashel, smiling.

"Not a syllable; but I'll tell the secret to the position if you ever grow restive," said Linton, w *laugh; in which*, had Roland studied Lavater, he r *have read* a valuable lesson.

"*A propos* of Parliament — Kennyfeck persists in boring me about it, and that Mr. Downie Meek seems to have it at heart, that I am to represent something or somebody, well knowing the while, that I cannot possibly be supposed to understand anything of the interests whereon I should be called to vote and legislate."

"That's not so much consequence," said Linton; "you'd find a very strong section of the House very like yourself, but the thing would bore you; you would neither like the fatigue nor the slavery of it; and, positively, there is no excitement, save for the half dozen who really contest the race. Meek, and others of the same stamp, will tell you, that property should be represented in the Legislature. I agree fully with the sentiment — so it should. So also should a man's rents be collected, but that's no reason he should be his own agent, when he can find another, far more capable, ready for office — Touch that off-side horse, he'll skulk his collar when he can — Now, if you have county or borough influence going a begging, send in your nominee, any fellow who'll suit your views, and express your opinions — myself, for instance," said he, laughing, "for want of a better — Those manes don't lie right, that near-sider's falls on the wrong side of the neck — The great secret for any man, situated as you are, is to avoid all complications, political, social, and matrimonial. You have a glorious open country before you, if there be no cross-riding to spoil your run."

"Well, I am not above taking advice," said Cashel, "but *really I must own, that*, from the little I've seen *of the matter, it seems* harder to go through life with

a good fortune than without a shilling. I know that, as a poor man, very lately —"

"Come, come, you know very little of what poverty means; you've been leading a gay life in a land where men do, by one bold enterprise, the work, which costs years of slow toil in our tamer regions. Now I should have liked that kind of thing, myself. Ay, you may smile, that a man who devotes a large share of each day to the tie of his cravat, and the immaculate elegance of his boots, should venture to talk of Prairie life and adventure. Take care — by Jove! I thought you were into that apple-stall."

"Never say it twice," cried Cashel, gaily. "I'm beginning to feel confoundedly tired of this life here; and, if I don't find that it improves on acquaintance, I'll take a run down west, just to refresh my spirits. Will you come with me?"

"With my whole heart I join the proposal; but you are not serious; I know you are merely jesting in all this."

"Perfectly serious. I am decidedly weary of seven o'clock dinners and morning calls; but here we are —"

As he spoke they drove into the barrack-yard, where groups of lounging officers, in every variety of undress, were seen in all the insipid enjoyment of that cigar smoking existence, which forms the first article in our military code of education.

The gallant —th Light Dragoons were a "fast regiment," and the inventors of that new locomotive on the road to ruin, called "a mess breakfast" — a meal where champagne flows with a profusion rarely seen at dinner, and by which men begin the day in a frame *of mind that* would not be very decorous even when

oncluding it. Cashel, being a honoured guest, drank ine with every one, not to speak of participating in arious little bibatory trios and quartetts, so that when he entertainment drew to a close, he was very far om that self-possession and command which, with all is high spirits, seldom deserted him.

A tremendous fall of rain, that showed no prospect f ceasing, had just set in, so that the party agreed to epair to the Major's rooms, and make a pool at *écarté*. fter some talking about play in general, and some uizzing about not being able to bet a sum such as ashel would care to play for, the game began.

Notwithstanding the apologies, the play was high, o much so, that Cashel, never a very shrewd observer, ould not help remarking that several of the players ould not conceal the anxiety the game inspired.

Roland himself joined less from inclination than ellowship, and far better pleased to be at liberty to hat with some of the others, than to be seated at the able, he arose each time he lost, well content to pay or freedom by his gold. His natural indifference, added o a perfect carelessness about money, induced him to accept any bet that was offered, and these were freely proposed, since, in play *parlance*, "the run was against him;" so that, ere the trumpet-call announced the time to dress for the mess, he had lost heavily.

"You have no idea how much you have lost," said Linton, in a low voice, and with a gravity of manner almost reproachful.

"Not the slightest," said Cashel, laughing.

"I can tell you, then, for I have totted it up. This morning's work has *cost you* seven thousand some *hundred pounds.*"

"one here already! You see, early as it is, D
work, discounting and protesting as usual.
way, I have forgot one essential: he never
stamp, and so I must provide one. Wait for n
there is a place in the neighbourhood where t
be had, and I'll be back presently."

Cashel sat himself down in the cheerless lit
thinking of the many who might have waite
before, in so many frames of anxiety and t
suspense. His own memory could recal a sc
similar character in Geizheimer, and while he v
remembering some features of the past, he fel
reverie, forgetting time and place together, th
of voices from the adjoining room serving rathe
than arouse his attention. At last a word ca
ear. He started suddenly, and looking about
a second, experienced almost a difficulty to re
where he was. Could it be possible, or was
fancy? but he believed he heard his name m
by some one within that room. Less caring
how or by whom the name was spoken, tha
fact were actually so, he leaned forward on h
and bent his ear to listen: when he hear
voice louder than had been used before, the f
words:

"It may all be as you say, Sir; I won't
to throw a doubt upon your words; but, as
man of business, I may be permitted to say,
promise, however satisfactory to your friend's
is not worth a sixpence in law. Corrigan as
renewal of his lease, and the other says, 'Ke
holding — don't disturb yourself,' and there
tenant at will. Now, for the purposes you

new towards me, that pledge goes for nothing. I cannot renew these bills upon such frail security. If the old man cannot find means to meet them, Leicester must, that's all."

"Leicester is a villain!" cried another and a deeper voice, whose tones seemed not quite strange to Roland's ears. "He has ruined my poor old friend; he will soon leave him houseless: and he threatens to leave him almost friendless too."

"He told me," said the other, "he should certainly claim his daughter, and means to return next summer for that purpose."

"I almost hope poor Con will never live to see that day," said the former, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, to return to our own affair, Sir, I tell you, frankly, I don't consider Cashel's promise deserving of any consideration. He, doubtless, means to keep it; that's the very most anybody can say about it. But remember what a life he is leading: he has drawn above thirty thousand out of Latrobe's hands in three months; no one knows for what. He has got among a set of men who play high, and cannot pay if they lose. Now, his estate is a good one; but it can't last for ever. My notion is that the young fellow will end as he began, and become a Buccaneer once more."

"He has a long course to run ere that comes," said the other.

"Not so long as you fancy. There are demands upon him from quarters you little suspect, or that, for the moment, he little suspects himself. It would surprise you to hear that he is in Leicester's hands too."

"Roland Cashel, Mr. Cashel, in Leicester's hands! How do *you mean?*"

Just at this instant Linton's foot was heard ascend the stairs, and Cashel, whose eagerness to hear remainder became a perfect torture of anxiety, forced to lose the opportunity.

"What a hunt I have had," said Linton, as he tered, flushed and weary-looking. "Our amoun rather above the ordinary mark, and I found it most impossible to procure the stamps. Are you t waiting?"

"No; nothing to speak of," said Cashel, fusedly.

"Well, I fancy our friend here has had much r than his share of an audience. I'll see and une him."

And so saying, Linton knocked with his can the door; a low murmuring of voices succeeded, sound of feet followed, and soon after the door opened, and a small, thin, pale-faced man in b appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Hoare. Here have we l playing ante-chamber to your serene highness for an hour. This is Mr. Roland Cashel, Mr. Hoare, wishes to make your acquaintance."

The little man turned his quick grey eyes tow Cashel, with a most scrutinising keenness; but, as denly withdrawing them, invited both to enter.

"Be seated, Gentlemen. Pardon the humble commodation of this place. Take a chair, Mr. Lin

"We want tin, Mr. Hoare," said Linton, slap his boot with his cane: "that most universal and vt want. My friend here desires to raise a sum, wit having recourse to his agent, and I believe no man *aid in a little* secret-service transaction like yourse

the sum a large one, Sir?" said Hoare, address-
hel.
cannot tell you exactly," said Cashel, in some
n at the confession of his ignorance. "I fancy
be close on ten or twelve thousand pounds."
re like twenty!" cried Linton, coolly. Then
to Hoare he went on: "My friend here is, hap-
him, very little skilled in affairs of this kind;
his security is about the best that can be offered,
not buy his experience very dearly. Now just
frankly, how? when? and on what terms he
e this money?"
ney is scarce just now, Sir," said Hoare; "but
curities, Mr. Cashel's bills are quite sufficient.
s no necessity for any legal expenses whatever.
not say that the transaction shall be perfectly
n fact, I'll keep the bills in my own hands till

ere, that's the man I told you he was," cried
"A Crœsus in generosity as in gold. I would
your son, or your son-in-law, Hoare."
o much honour, Mr. Linton," said the money-
whose slight flush did not betoken a concurrence
wn words. "Now to business," continued he,
ng Cashel. "If you favour me with your name
bills for five thousand each, and the accom-
charges for interest, discount, commission, and
I'll engage that you have this money within
k."
uld it not be to-morrow? I should like greatly
the whole off my mind; and as I mean not to
ain —"
oh, pooh," said Linton, stopping an explanation

he was by no means pleased Hoare should hear; "time enough for resolutions, and time enough for payment too. By the end of the week, Hoare, will do perfectly. You can bring the bills with you to my quarters, say on Saturday morning, and we'll drive over to Mr. Cashel's."

"Very well, Sir. I'll be punctual. At eleven on Saturday, expect me. May I bring that little thing of yours for 200*l.* with it, Mr. Linton?"

"Of course, you may not. Where do you expect me to find money for the debts of last year? My dear Hoare, I have no more memory for such things than I have for the sorrows of childhood."

"Ah, very well, Sir, we'll keep it over," said Hoare, smiling.

"Let him bring it," whispered Cashel, "and include it in one of my bills. There's nothing so worrying as an overhanging debt."

"Do you think so?" replied Linton. "Bless me, I never felt that. A life without duns is like a sky without a cloud, very agreeable for a short time, but soon becoming wearisome from very monotony. You grow as sick of uninterrupted blue as ever you did of impending rain and storm. Let me have the landscape effect of light and shadow over existence. The brilliant bits are then ten times as glorious in colour, and the dark shadows of one's mortgages only heighten the warmth of the picture. Ask Hoare, there, *he*'ll tell you. I actually cherish my debts."

"Very true, Sir; you cannot bear to part with them either."

"Well said, old Moses; the 'interest' they inspire *is too strong* for one's feelings. But hark! I hear some

fresh arrivals without. Another boat-load of the d — d has crossed the Styx."

"Thanks for the simile, Sir," said Hoare, smiling faintly — "on Saturday."

"On Saturday," repeated Linton.

Cashel lingered as he left the room; a longing desire to speak one word — to ask one question of Hoare: who was this Leicester of whom he spoke? — was uppermost in his mind, and yet he did not dare to own he had heard the words. He could have wished, too, to communicate his thoughts to Linton, but a secret fear told him that perhaps the mystery might be one he would not wish revealed.

"Why so thoughtful, Roland?" said Linton, after traversing some streets in silence. "My friend Hoare has not terrified you?"

"No. I was not thinking of him," said Cashel. "What kind of character does he bear?"

"Pretty much that of all his class. Sharp enough, when sharpness is called for, and seemingly liberal if liberality pays better. To me he has been ever generous. Why, Heaven knows; I suppose the secret will out one of these days. I'm sure I don't ask for it."

Linton's flippancy, for the first time, was distasteful to Cashel. If the school in which he was bred taught little remorse about the sin of incurring debt, it inculcated, however, a manly self-reliance, to clear off the incumbrance by some personal effort, and he by no means sympathised with the cool indifference of Linton's philosophy. Linton, always shrewd enough to know when he had not "made a hit," at once turned the conversation into another channel, by asking at what time *Cashel proposed to receive* his visitors at Tubbermore.

"Is the honour seriously intended me?" said Cashel, "or is it merely a piece of fashionable quizzing this promised visit, for I own I scarcely supposed so many fine people would like to encounter the hard usage of such an old ruin as I hear this must be."

"You'll have them to a certainty. I doubt if there will be a single apology. I know at this instant the most urgent solicitations have been employed to procure invitations."

"With all my heart, then," cried Cashel; "only remember the order of the course depends on you. I know nothing of how they ought to be entertained or amused. Take the whole affair into your own hands, and I shall concur in everything."

"Originality is always better than imitation, but still if one cannot strike out a totally new line — what do you think of taking old Mathews of Johnstown for our model, and invite all our guests with free permission to dine, breakfast, and sup at what hour, and in what parties they please? This combines the unbridled freedom of an inn, with the hospitality of a country-house. Groups form as fancy dictates. New combinations spring up each day — no fatigue, no *ennui* can ensue with such endless changes in companionship, and you yourself, instead of the fatiguing duties of a host, are at liberty, like any of your guests, to join this party or that."

"I like the notion immensely — how would our friends take it, for that is the point?"

"It would be popular with every one, for it will suit your people who know and like to mix with every set in society, and at the same time gratify your '*exclusives*,' who can form their own little coteries — with

all the jealous selection they love. Besides, it avoids another and a great difficulty. Had you received in ordinary fashion, you must have asked some lady-friend to have done the honours for you. This would have been a matter of the greatest embarrassment. The Kennyfecks have not rank enough — old Lady Janet would have frightened every one away — Mrs. White would have filled the house with her own 'blues,' and banished every one else — and as for Lady Kilgoff — who beside being a very pretty woman and well-mannered, has an exceedingly fascinating way with strangers — 'My Lord' is so jealous, so absurdly, madly jealous, that she dare not ask after the success of a shooting-party without his suspecting an allegorical allusion to Cupid and his shafts."

"Well then, let us resolve to receive 'en Mathews;' and now, when shall we name the day?"

"Let us wait till the result of the division be known in Parliament. A change of Ministers is hinted at, and if it were to occur, you'll have every one hastening away to his county for the new election; by Saturday we shall learn everything, and that will be time enough."

"In any case I had better set off and see what can be done to put the house in a fit state to receive them."

"Leave all that to me. I'll take Popham, the architect, down with me, and you need never trouble your head about the matter. It's quite clear people who accept an invitation like the present, must put up with a hundred small penalties on convenience. The liberty of such a house always repays whatever is wanting on the score of ceremonial and order, and your fine guests, who *would perhaps give* themselves airs towards the

Kennyfecks and their set — if meeting them elsewhere — will here affect, at least, a tone of good-natured equality, just as in revolutionary times people shake hands with their hairdresser."

"But how to amuse or even occupy them! that is a great puzzle to me."

"Leave them perfectly to their own devices. In fun there should be always free-trade. Protection ruins it. But all this is Egyptian to you, so go to bed and sleep soundly, and leave the cares of state to me.

> On me the glory or disgrace,
> The pride of triumph or the shame of fall."

"Then I'll think no more of the matter," said Cashel; "and so good-by."

"Now for a twenty-four hours' sleep," said Linton, "and then, once more, to roll the stone of life, which, by the way, gives the lie to the old adage, for unquestionably it does 'gather moss' as we grow older."

CHAPTER XVII.

Confound their politics! — National Anthem.

Linton was very far from indulging that dreamy inactivity of which he spoke. Plans and schemes of various kinds occupied his thoughts too intently to admit of slumber. Indeed, his theory was, that if a man could not dream of some happy mode of advancing his fortune, sleep was a fearful inroad upon his worldly career.

He at once hastened home to read his letters and newspapers, and so important did their intelligence *seem, that* he only delayed to change his dress and eat

a hurried breakfast, when he repaired to the Castle, where a few minutes previously the Secretary, Mr. Downie Meek, had arrived from his lodge in the Park.

"Safe once more, Meek," said he, entering the official chamber, where, immersed in printed returns, petitions, and remonstrances, sat the busy Secretary.

"Ah, Linton! you are the *bien venu*. We are to have another heat for the race, though I own it scarcely looks promising."

"Particularly as you are going to carry weight," said Linton, laughing. "It's true, I suppose, that the Irish party have joined you?"

"There was no help for it," said the Secretary, with a despondent gesture of the eyebrows; "we had no alternative save accepting the greasy voices, or go out. Some deemed the former the better course, but others remembered the story of the Brahmin, who engaged to teach the ass to speak in ten years, or else forfeit his own head."

"And perfectly right," interrupted Linton. "The Brahmin had only three chances in his favour. Now, your King may die too, and you have any number of asses to be got rid of."

"Let us be serious, Tom; what are our prospects at a general election? Are the landed gentry growing afraid of the O'Gorman party, or are they still hanging back, resentful of Peel's desertion?"

"They are very conservative — that is, they want to keep their properties, and pay the least possible taxation. Be cautious, however, and you have them all your own. The Irish party being now with you, begin by some marked favour to the Protestant Church. Hear me out. *This will* alarm the Romanists and cause

a kind of split amongst them; such as have, or expect to have place, will stand by you. The others will show fight. You have then an opportunity of proclaiming yourselves a strong Protestant Cabinet, and the ultras who hate Peel will at least affect to believe you. While the country is thus agitated, go to the elections. Your friends, amid so many unsettled opinions, cannot be expected to take pledges, or, better still, they cannot accept any, subject to various contingencies never to arise."

"I am sorely afraid of this splitting up the forces," said Meek, doubtfully.

"It's your true game, depend upon it," said Linton. "These Irish allies are unwieldy — when numerous. I remember once calling on Tom Scott, the trainer, one day, and while we went through the stables, I could not help remarking the fine family of boys he had. 'Yes, Sir,' said Tom, modestly, 'they're good-looking chaps, and smart ones. God Almighty keep 'em little, Sir.'"

"Ah, very true," sighed Meek; "God Almighty keep 'em little!"

"Then," resumed Linton, "you have never played out that golden game of Irish legislation, which consists in enacting a law, and always ruling against it. Decide for the Education System, but promote the men who oppose it. Condemn the public conduct of certain parties, and then let them figure as Baronets, or Lieutenants of Counties in the next *Gazette*, and to crown all, seek out every now and then some red-hot supporter of Government and degrade him from the bench of magistrates *for mal*-administration! This, which in England

would seem rather chaotic legislation, will, to Irish intelligence, smack like even-handed justice."

"We have a bad press," said Meek, peevishly.

"No matter, it has the less influence. Believe me, it will be an evil day for you Downing-street gentlemen when Ireland possesses a really able and independent press; — when, avoiding topics of mere irritating tendency, men address themselves to the actual wants of the country, exemplifying, as they disclose them, the inaptitude and folly of English Legislation. Don't wait for that day, Meek. In all likelihood it is distant enough, but in any case don't hasten its coming by your prayers."

"You mustn't broach these doctrines out of doors, Tom," said Meek, in a soft caressing tone; "there is a horrid cant getting up just now, against English rule, and in favour of native manufactures."

"Which be they, Meek? I never heard of them. Maynooth is the only factory I know of in the land, and a brisk trade it has, home and colonial."

"You know as well as any man the benefits we have conferred on this country."

"Yes, it demands no great tax on memory to repeat them. You found a starving peasantry of a couple of millions, and being unable or incompetent to aid them, you ruined the gentry to keep them company. You saw a mangy miserable dog with famine in his flank and death in his eye, and answering his appeal to your compassion, you cut an inch off his tail and told him to eat it."

"You are too bad, Tom — a great deal too bad. What are you looking for?"

"Nothing *at present*," was the cool reply.

"What in prospective, then?"

"I should like to be the Secretary for Irel Meek, whenever they shelve you among the other redeemed pledges in that pawn-office, the Board Trade." Meek affected a laugh, but not over succ fully, while to turn the conversation, he said, "*A pr* to your friend Cashel, I have not been able to sl him any attentions, so occupied have I been with thing and another. Let us make a dinner for him."

"No, no, he doesn't care for such things. C and join his house-warming on the Shannon, that be far better."

"I mean it, but I should like, also, to see here. He knows the Kilgoffs, doesn't he?"

"Slightly; by the way — what are you going to with my Lord? He wants, like Sancho, to be Gover of an Island."

"What an old bore; without brains, fortune, influence."

"He has a very pretty wife, Meek. Don't think the Foreign Office would recognise *that* claim

"So they send him out of this, I am content. to return to what we were talking about. Shall say Friday, or will Saturday suit you? and we'll m up a small party."

"I fear not. I mean to leave town by the en the week."

"Not for any time?"

"A few days only, and then I shall be at y orders — meanwhile, leave Cashel to himself; he got some suspicions — Heaven knows, whence or — that his borough influence makes him a very *portant* card just now; therefore don't notice him

starve him out, and you'll have him come forth with a white flag one of these days. I know him well, and the chances are, that if he were to attribute any of your civilities to the score of your calculation respecting his political influence, he would at once become your most determined opponent."

"But his borough —"

"Let him represent it himself, Meek, and it's the next best thing to disfranchisement."

"He would not be likely to accept any advice from us?" asked Meek, half timidly.

"To a certainty he would not, although proffered in your own most insinuating manner. Come, Meek, no nonsense; you must look out for a seat for your *protégé*, Clare Jones, elsewhere; though I tell you frankly he is not worth the trouble."

"I declare you are all wrong, Linton — quite wrong; I was thinking whether from motives of delicacy you would not like to press your own claim, which *we* might, with so much propriety."

"Thanks," said Linton; while a sly twinkle of his eye showed that he did not care to disguise the spirit of mistrust with which he heard the speech. "Thanks; *you* are too generous, and I am too modest, so let us not think more of the matter."

"What is Cashel's real fortune?" said Meek, not sorry to turn the conversation into a less dangerous channel; "one hears so many absurd and extravagant reports, it is hard to know what to believe."

"Kennyfeck calls it fourteen thousand a year above all charges and cost of collection."

"And your own *opinion?*"

Linton shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and said,

"There or thereabouts. I fancy that his ready m
has been greatly overrated. But why do you
Your people wouldn't give him a peerage — w
they?"

"Not now, of course," said Meek, hesitating.

"Nor at any time, I trust," said Linton, autl
tatively. "The man does not know how to behave
plain country gentleman; why increase his embar
ments by making him a Lord? Besides, you sh
take care in these new creations, who are your peere
or one of these days you'll have old Kennyfeck fanc
that he is a noble himself."

"There is no danger to be apprehended in
quarter?" asked Meek, with some trepidation
manner.

"Yes, but there is, though, and very considera
too. He has been living in the house with those
— clever and shrewd girls, too. He is more at
ease there than elsewhere. They listen patiently
his tiresome Prairie stories, and are indulgent to all
little 'escapades' — as a 'Ranchero;' in a word, h
a hero there, and never leaves the threshold witl
losing some of the charms of the illusion."

"And you saw all this?"

"Yes."

"And suffered it?"

"Yes. What would you have me do? Had t
been only one girl in the case — I might have mar
her. But it is only in Botany, or the Bay of that na
that the English permit Polygamy."

"I am very sorry to hear this," said Meek, grav

"*I* am very sorry to have it to tell, Meek," *the other.*

"He might marry so well!" muttered Meek, half in oliloquy.

"To be sure he might; and in good hands — I ıean in those of a man who sees his way in life — ut a very fair figure, too. But it won't do to appear n London with a second or third-rate woman, whose ıly recommendation is the prettiness that has fascinated Castle Balls' in Dublin."

"Let us talk over this again, Linton," said Meek, arranging his papers, and affecting to be busied.

"With all my heart; indeed, it was a subject I intended to speak to you about. I have a little theory thereanent myself."

"Have you, indeed?" said Meek, looking up with animation.

"Yes, but it needs your counsel — perhaps something more, I should say — but another time — good-by." And without waiting to say or hear more, Linton lounged out of the room, leaving the Secretary, thoughtless and serious, behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nor lives the heart so cold and dark
But in its depths some lingering spark
Of love is cherished there!

THE OUTLAW.

WHEN Tom Linton parted with Mr. Meek he repaired to the club in Kildare-street to listen to the gossip on the rumoured dissolution of Parliament, and pick up what he could of the prevailing tone among the country gentry.

His appearance was eagerly hailed by many, who regarded him as generally well informed on all the

changes and turns of party warfare; but, as he professed the most complete ignorance of everything, and seemed to devour with greedy curiosity the most common-place announcements, he was speedily deserted and suffered to pursue his work of inquiry perfectly unmolested. Not that indeed there was much to learn; the tone of banter and raillery with which, from want of all real political influence, men in Ireland accustom themselves to discuss grave questions, concealing their real sentiments, or investing them with a ludicrous exaggeration, oftentimes foiled even the shrewd perception of Tom Linton.

He did, however, learn so much as showed him that all the ordinary landmarks of party being lost, men were beginning to feel themselves at liberty to adopt any leadership which pleased them, without suffering the stain of desertion. They thought themselves betrayed by each of the great political chiefs, in turn, and began to fancy that the best course for them in future would be to make specific terms for any support they should accord. Suggestions to this end thrown out in all the bantering gaiety of Irish manner might mean anything, or nothing, and so Linton well knew, as he listened to them.

He had taken his place at a whist-table that he might, while seemingly preoccupied, hear what was said around him, and although no error of play, nor a single mistake in the game marked the different direction of his attention, he contrived to learn much of the opinion prevalent in certain circles.

"That is the luckiest fellow in Europe," said one of his late antagonists; "as usual, he rises the only *winner.*"

can scarcely call it luck," said another; "he
ate player, and always so cool."
vhile, Linton, mounting his horse, rode slowly
streets till he arrived at Bilton's Hotel, where
ne britschka was standing, whose large up-
horses and richly-mounted harnessing gave
London rather than of Dublin taste.
:r Ladyship going out, Halpin?" said he to
ın.
Ladyship ordered the carriage for four, pre-
"
ı mused for a second or two, and then asked
ilgoff were at home? and not waiting for a
sed on.
oner, however, had he reached the landing-
d was beyond the observation of the servant,
alted, and appeared to reflect. At last, as if
ade his resolve, he turned to descend the
en the drawing-room door opened and Lord
peared.
very man I wanted. Linton, come here,"
re-entering the room.
s just on my way to you, my Lord," said
ith well-affected eagerness.
hey out, Linton, are they 'out?'" said he, in
impatience.
my Lord. I've seen Meek; they're safe for
t. A coalition has been formed with O'Mor-
is party, which secures a working majority of
or fifty."
is certain, Linton — may I rely upon it?"
may, my Lord, with confidence."
I *suppose the* moment is come when my

"Then I shall speak with more freedom," said
ton, boldly; "because, having no pretension to ch
your sentiments, I am merely desirous to record
own."

Lord Kilgoff made no reply, but continued his w
while Linton resumed:

"Now, I see your impatience, my Lord, and
not trespass on it. Here, in three words, is my
The borough of Drumkeeran returns a member to
liament; Hebden, who represents it, is about to ac
the Hundreds; Cashel owns the town."

"And if he does, Sir, what signifies it to me?" b
in Lord Kilgoff; "I have not the slightest influence
that gentleman's opinions. He was rude enough to
me a very flat contradiction in the only discussion
ever held together. I venture to assert, from wh
have seen of him, that any direction of his cour
Parliament would be totally impossible. He is
willed, obstinate, and opinionated."

"Granted, my Lord; he is the very calibre
through his own, and ruin any other man's fortu

"Well, Sir, and this is the person whose s
you think it worth my while obtaining?"

"I never said so, my Lord."

"What, didn't I hear you this moment ——

"No, you heard me say that the borough
but you never heard me say that he ought
member. For that honour I had another in
one, over whom your Lordship's influence
yet been doubted."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Tom Linton, my Lord; a very unwo
most devoted, partisan of your Lordship's."

/hat! Tom, — *you* in Parliament?"
ven so, my Lord," said Linton, for once in his
perhaps, the only time — that a flash of angry
g coloured his calm features. "I am sorry that
tion should so palpably wake your Lordship's
nent."
o — no — no! I didn't mean that. I was only
d. In fact, you took me unawares — we were
of Cashel."
recisely, my Lord; we were discussing the pro-
areer of a person so eminently gifted with states-
e qualities; then, how could I possibly hope for
e when introducing to your notice abilities so
as my own!"
at is it possible — is this practicable, Linton?"
'ith your assistance it is certain. The influence
Lordship's rank would give such weight to your
s, that if you were only to say to him 'Send
into Parliament as your member,' the thing is

have my doubts."
have none whatever — I know the man well.
dying to conform to anything that he supposes
he discipline of his class. Tell him he ought,
never resists."
had resolved on not paying this visit," said
after a brief pause; "reasons of sufficient weight
ned me."
h, my Lord, pardon the freedom, but I must say
ey had need be strong reasons to weigh against
advantages I can show from the opposite

hey are, Sir, very strong reasons, nor do I deem

it necessary to advert to them again; enough that I esteem them sufficient."

"Of course, my Lord, I never dreamed of calling them in question; they must needs be cogent arguments which counterpoise the opposite scale — a high diplomatic career — a representative Peerage — this there could be no doubt of."

"How do you mean?" broke in Kilgoff, abruptly.

"Simply that this young man becomes your trump card, if you only please to take him up. As yet he has resisted the advances made by Downie Meek and his set, because of my watchfulness, but sooner or later some party will catch him, and when one thinks how few men with a large unencumbered fortune we possess here, with a great county interest, two boroughs, for he owns Knockgarvan as well, the prize is really worth having, particularly as it only needs the stretching out the hand to take."

Lord Kilgoff mused and seemed to ponder over the words. He entertained small doubts of his "friend" Linton's capacity; but he had very considerable suspicions of his principles, and it is a strange fact that people willing to commit very gross breaches of fair dealing themselves are exceedingly scrupulous respecting the fair fame of their associates in iniquity, so admirably accommodating is a worldly conscience!

"Well, Sir," said he, at length, "the price — name the price. What are we to pay for the article? — that is the question."

"I have said, my Lord, it is to be had for asking. *Your* Lordship has only to take the territory, as our *naval men* do the chance islands they meet with in

the Southern Pacific. Land and plant your flag — *voilà tout!*"

"But you have heard me observe already," said he, in a querulous tone, "that I dislike the prospect of this visit — that in fact it would be exceedingly disagreeable to me."

"Then I have nothing more to say, my Lord," said Linton, coolly, while he took up his hat and gloves. "I can only congratulate you on the excellence of your political prospects, which can dispense with a strong alliance to be had so easily."

"Our measures of value are very different, Mr. Linton," said Lord Kilgoff, proudly. "Still, to prove that this is no caprice on my part" — here he stopped abruptly, while his heightened colour showed the degree of embarrassment he laboured under — "to show you that I have — in order to explain my motives —" Here he took a cautious glance around the room, walked to the door, opened and shut it again, and then drawing his arm within Linton's, led him towards a window. For a second or two he seemed undecided, and at last, by a great effort, he whispered a few words in Linton's ear.

Had any third party been there to watch the effect of the whispered confidence, he might easily have read in the speaking brilliancy of Linton's eyes and in his assured look, that it was of a nature to give him the greatest pleasure. But scarce had his Lordship done speaking, when these signs of pleasure gave way to a cold, almost stern air of morality, and he said, "But surely, my Lord, it were far better to leave her Ladyship to deal with *such insolent* pretension —"

"*Hush, not so loud;* speak lower. So I should,

Linton, but women never will see anything in these airs of puppyism. They persist in thinking or saying, at least, that they are mere modern fashionable manners, and this endurance on their part gives encouragement. And then, when there happens to be some disparity of years — Lady Kilgoff *is* my junior — the censorious world seizes on the shadow of a scandal; in fact, Sir, I will not consent to afford matter for newspaper asterisks or figurative description."

"Your Lordship never had a better opportunity of giving open defiance to both. These airs of Cashel are, as you remark, mere puppyism, assumed to get credit for a certain fashionable character for levity. To avoid him would be to acknowledge that there was danger in his society. I don't go so far as to say that he would assert as much, but most assuredly the world would for him. I think I hear the ready comments on your absence. 'Were not the Kilgoffs expected here?' 'Oh, they were invited, but Lord Kilgoff was afraid to venture. Cashel had been paying attentions.' In a word, every species of impertinence that malevolence and envy can fancy would be fabricated. Your Lordship knows the world far better than I do; and knows, besides, the heavy price a man pays for being the possessor of a high capacity and a handsome wife; these are two insults that the less fortunate in life never do, or never can forgive."

"Well, what is it you counsel?"

"To meet these calumnies in the face; small slanders, like weak fires, are to be trampled out; to tamper with such, is to fan the flame, which at last will scorch you. *Besides, to take another view of the matter: her Ladyship is young*, and has been much admired, how will

she accept this seclusion? I don't speak of the present case; besides, I suppose that this country visit would bore her beyond measure. But how will she regard it in other instances? Is it not an implied fear on your Lordship's part? you, who have really nothing to dread in competition with any man. I only know, if I were in your place, how I should actually seize the very opportunity of openly flouting such calumnious rumour; never was there an occasion to do so on cheaper terms. This Roland Cashel is an underbred boy."

"There is a great deal in what you say, Linton. But as jealousy is a feeling of which I have never had any experience, I was only anxious on Lady Kilgoff's account, that the thoughtless gaiety of a very young and handsome woman should not expose her to the sarcastic insinuations of an impertinent world. She *is* gay in manner — there *is* an air of lively imagination —"

"No more than what the French call '*amabilité*,' my Lord, which, like the famed armour of Milan, is not the less defensive that it is so beautiful in all its details."

"Well, then, I'll not send the note," said Lord Kilgoff, as he took up the letter, and tearing it, threw the fragments into the fire; "of course, Linton, this conversation is strictly confidential?"

"Your Lordship has never found me unworthy of such a trust."

"Never; nor, I must say, would it be for your advantage to become so."

Linton bit his lip, and for a second or two seemed burning to make a rejoinder, but overcoming the *temptation, assumed his* careless smile and said,

"I leave you, my Lord, greatly gratified that chance led me to pay this visit. I sincerely believe, that in the counsels I have offered, I have at least been able to be of service to you."

Lord Kilgoff presented his hand in acknowledgment of the speech, but it was accorded with an air which seemed to say, "Well, here is a receipt in full for your devotedness."

Linton took it in the same spirit, and left the room, as though deeply impressed with all the honour he enjoyed in such a noble friendship.

Hastening down the stairs, he sprung into the saddle of his horse, and cantering up the street, turned towards the road which leads to the Phœnix Park. It was about the hour when the equipages were wont to throng that promenade, but Linton did not seem desirous of joining that gay crowd, for he took a cross-path through the fields, and after a sharp ride of half an hour, reached a low paling which skirted the Park on the eastward; here, at a small cottage kept by one of the rangers, a little door led in, passing through which he found himself in one of the long green alleys of that beautiful tract. A boy, who seemed to be ready waiting, now took his horse, and Linton entered the wood and disappeared. He did not proceed far, however, within the shady copse, for after going a short distance he perceived a carriage standing in the lane, by the door of which a footman waited, with a shawl upon his arm. The coachman, with his whip poled, sat talking with his fellow-servant, so that Linton saw that the carriage had no occupant.

He now hastened along, and speedily emerging at *a little grassy* opening of the wood, came in sight of a

dy walking at some distance in front. The fashionable ir and splendid dress, which might have suited the ost brilliant promenade of a great city, seemed strange ı such a lone, unvisited spot. Linton lost no time in vertaking her, only diminishing his speed as he came loser, when, with his hat removed, and in an attitude f the most humble deference, he said,

"Pray let me stand excused if I am somewhat beind my time; the fault was not my own."

"Oh, say nothing about it," said a soft musical voice, nd Lady Kilgoff turned an easy smile towards him. "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,' says the French proverb, and *I* never dreamt of the accusation. Is it not a lovely day here?"

Linton was too much piqued to answer at once, but recovering, he said: "Without seeking to apologise for an absence that was not felt, let me return to the subject. I assure your Ladyship that I had been detained by Lord Kilgoff, who was pleased to bestow a more than ordinary share of his confidence upon me, and even condescended to ask my counsel."

"How flattering! Which you gave, I hope, with all the sincerity for which you are famous."

Linton tried to smile, but not very successfully.

"What then was this wonderful mystery? Not the representative Peerage, I trust; I'm sure I hope that question is at rest for ever."

"You are quite safe there — he never mentioned it."

"Oh, then it was his Diplomatic ambition — ain't I right? Ah, I knew it. How very silly, or how very wicked *you must be, Mr. Linton*, to encourage these *day-dreams — you who have* not the excuse of hallu-

cinations, who read the book of life, as it is written, without fanciful interpretations."

"I certainly must disclaim your panegyric. I had one hallucination, if so you term it; it was that you wished, ardently wished, for the position which a foreign 'mission' bestows. A very natural wish, I freely own, in one so worthy in every way to grace and adorn it."

"Well, so I did some time back, but I've changed my mind. I don't think I should like it — I have been reconsidering the subject."

"And your Ladyship inclines now rather to seclusion and rural pleasures — how fortunate that I should have been able to serve your interests there, also."

"What do you mean?" said she, with a stare, while a deep scarlet suffused her cheek.

"I alluded to a country visit which you fancied might be made so agreeable, but what his Lordship had the bad taste to regard less favourably."

"Well, Sir, you did not presume to give any opinion?"

"I really did. I had all the hardihood to brave Lord Kilgoff's most fixed resolves. You were aware that he declined Mr. Cashel's invitation?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"Probably, too, knowing the reasons for that refusal?"

"No, Sir; the matter was indifferent to me, so I never troubled my head about it. My Lord said we shouldn't go, and I said 'Very well,' and there it ended."

Now, although this was spoken with a most admirably feigned indifference, Linton was too shrewd an *observer not to* penetrate the deception.

"I am doubly unlucky this day," said he, at last, 'first to employ all my artifices to plan a ministerial success to which you are actually averse, and secondly, o carry a point to which you are indifferent."

"Dare I ask, if the question be not an indiscreet me, what peculiar interest Mr. Linton can have, either n our acceptance or refusal of this invitation?"

"Have I not said that I believed you desired it?" eplied he, with a most meaning look.

"Indeed! you read inclinations most skilfully, only hat you interpret them by anticipation."

"This is too much," said Linton, in a voice whose passionate earnestness showed that all dissimulation was at an end, "far too much! The genteel comedy that we play before the world, Madam, might be laid aside for a few moments here. When I asked for this interview, and you consented to give it —"

"It was on the express stipulation that you should treat me as you do in society, Sir," broke she in — "that there should be no attempt to fall back upon an intimacy which can never be resumed."

"When I promised, I intended to have kept my word, Laura," said he, in deep dejection; "I believed I could have stifled the passion that consumes me, and talked to you in the words of sincere devoted friendship, but I cannot. Old memories of once happiness, brought up too vividly, by seeing you, as I used to see you, — when in many a country walk we sauntered on, dreaming of the time when, mine, by every tie of right, as by affection —"

"How you requited that affection, Linton!" said she, in a tone whose deep reproach seemed actually to stun *him. Then suddenly* changing to an air of dis-

"So far as depends on me, none, on my honour!"

It had been better for Linton's cause that he had omitted the last words; at least, as Laura turned away her head, a curl of insolent meaning was on her lip, but she did not speak, and they now walked along, side by side, in silence.

"You will go then?" said he, at last, in a low whisper.

"Yes," said she, faintly.

Linton stole a glance at her unperceived, and suddenly the sparkle of his eyes and the elation of his whole expression showed the transport of pleasure he experienced.

"Now for one word of caution," said Linton, as drawing closer to her side he assumed the tone of sincere friendship. "Lord Kilgoff has just revealed to me, in deep confidence, that he has been much offended by certain attentions shown to you by this Mr. Cashel, and which were of so marked a nature that he was almost determined never to admit his intimacy in future. Had his Lordship known you as well as I do, he might have spared himself this anxiety. I believe such savage excellence as his has few attractions for you, nor, save the admiration that all must yield you, has the youth taste or feeling to appreciate your excellence. However, 'my Lord' is jealous; let it be your care, by knowledge of the fact, not to incur anything to sustain the suspicion."

"How very absurd all this is. Do you know that Mr. Cashel did not condescend to pay me the poor compliment of a special invitation to his house, but *asked my* Lord to come, and hoped I would accompany

him; just as people invite their humbler acquaintances, hoping that only half the request may be accorded."

"He is underbred even to barbarism," said Linton.

"He seems a most good-natured creature, and full of generosity."

"Overwealth has sometimes that air. When the glass is brimful, none but the steadiest hand can carry, without spilling, the wine."

"He does not appear even to make the effort. They tell me he has squandered some thousands already, making presents to every one who will accept them."

"He gave me this cane," said Linton, superciliously, exhibiting a little riding-cane, which he had taken himself out of Cashel's hand, and was of no value whatever. "Not any great evidence of exaggerated generosity," said he. "As to his house, however, I trust its honours may be well done; he has given me *carte blanche*, and I must only try and not disgrace my prerogative."

"How very late it is — nearly seven," said Lady Kilgoff, looking at her watch.

"Shall I see your Ladyship to your carriage?" said Linton.

"I think not," said she, blushing slightly; "as I left it unaccompanied, so I shall return to it — good-by."

She held out her hand as she spoke, but slightly averted her head, so that Linton could not mark the expression of her features. As it was, he pressed the gloved fingers to his lips, but, when doing so, contrived to unclasp her bracelet, a singularly rich one, and a present *from Lord Kilgoff* on the day of her marriage.

This he let fall noiselessly on the grass, and murmured in a low, sad voice, "Good-by."

Lady Kilgoff, hastily wrapping her shawl about her, left the spot. Linton watched her till he had seen her seated in the carriage, and continued to gaze after it, as it drove rapidly away, and, so intently occupied by his thoughts, that he did not notice the approach of a horseman, who came up at a walking pace behind him.

"Eh, Tom!" cried out Lord Charles Frobisher, "this is flying at high game!"

"You are mistaken, Charley," said he, in some confusion. "This 'meeting under the greenwood-tree' was nothing less than a love affair."

"Oh, hang your morality, Mr. Joseph; it's rather good fun to see the 'insolent beauty' of the season capitulating."

"Wrong again," said Linton, affecting a laugh. "Everton is in a scrape, and his wife wants me to get him out of the way —"

"Nonsense, man, I saw the carriage; there is no need of mystifying here. Besides, it's no affair of mine — I'm sure I wish it were! But, come, what are the odds on Hitchley's colt — are seven to two taken?"

"Don't bet," said Linton, knowingly; "there is something 'wrong' in that stable, and I hav'n't found out the secret."

"What a deep fellow you are, Tom."

"Nothing of the kind, Charley. If I were, you'd never have discovered it. Your only deep fellow is he that the world deems shallow. Your light-hearted, rattling knave, whose imputed thoughtlessness covers *every breach* of faith, and makes his veriest schemes

seem purely accident. But, once get the repute of being a clever or a smart fellow, and success is tenfold more difficult! The world, then, only plays with you as one does with a sharper, betting small stakes, and keeping a steady eye on the cards! Your own sleepy eye, Charley; your languid, careless look, are a better provision than most men give their younger children."

Lord Charles lifted his long eyelashes lazily, and, for a second, something like a sparkle lit up his cold dark eye, but it was gone in a moment, and his habitually lethargic expression once more returned: "You heard that we were nearly 'out,' I suppose?" said he, after a pause.

"Yes. This is the second time that I bought Downie Meek's carriage-horses on the rumour of a change of administration."

"And sold them back again at double the price, when he found that the ministry were safe!"

"To be sure; wasn't it a 'good hedge' for him to be Secretary for Ireland at the cost of a hundred or so?"

"You'll get the name of spreading the false intelligence, Tom, if you always profit so much by it."

"With all my heart. I wish sincerely some good-natured fellow would lay to my charge a little roguery that I had no share in. I have experienced all manner and shades of sensations, but injured innocence, that would really be new to me."

"Well," sighed Lord Charles, with a yawn, "I suppose we have only a short time before us here. The end *of the session will* scarcely see us in office."

"About that: by keeping all hands at the pumps we may float the ship into harbour, but no more."

"And what's to become of us?" said the Aide-de-camp, with a deep depression in his accent.

"The usual lot of a crew paid off," cried Linton, laughing; "look out for a new craft in commission, and go to sea again. As for you, Charley, you can either marry something in the printed calico line with a hundred and fifty thousand, or, if you prefer it, exchange into a light cavalry corps at Suntanterabund."

"And you?" said Lord Charles, with something almost of sternness.

"Me! Oh, as for me, I have many alternatives. I can remain a Whig, and demand office from the Tories — a claim Peel has never resisted. I can turn Repealer, and be pensioned by something in the Colonies. I can be a waiter on Providence, and live on all parties by turns. In fact, Charley, there never was a better age for your 'adventurer' than this year of our Lord 18—. All the geography of party has been erased, and it is open to every man to lay down new territorial limits."

"But for any case of the kind you should have a seat in Parliament."

"So I mean it, my boy; I intend to represent — I'm sure I forget the name of my constituency — in the next assemblage of the collective wisdom."

"How do you manage the qualification?" said the Aide-de-camp, slily.

"The man who gives the borough must take care of that; it's no affair of mine," said Linton, carelessly "*I only supply* the politics."

"*And what* are they to be?"

"*Cela dépend.* You might as well ask me what ess I'll wear in the changeable climate of an Irish ily."

"Then you'll take no pledges?"

"To be sure I will; every one asked of me. I only pulate to accompany each with a crotchet of my own; that, like the gentleman who emptied his snuff-box er the peas, I'll leave the dish uneatable by any but rself."

"Well, good-by, Tom," said Lord Charles, ughing. "If you only be as loyal in love as you omise to be in politics, our fair friend is scarcely tunate." And so saying, he cantered slowly away.

"Poor fellow," said Linton, contemptuously; "your tle bit of principle haunts you like a superstition." nd with this reflection he stepped out briskly to where e boy was standing with his horse.

"Oh, Mr. Linton, darlin', only sixpence! and I here is two hours?" said the ragged urchin, with a cun- ng leer, half roguery, half shame.

"And where could you have earned sixpence, you oundrel, in that time?" cried Linton, affecting anger.

"Faix, I'd have earned half-a-crown, if I'd got up the beast and rode down to Biltons," said the fellow, inning.

"You'd have had your skull cracked with this cane, e next time I met you, for your pains," said the her, really enraged, while he chucked a shilling at m.

"Success to your honour, — all's right," said the y. And touching *his cap*, he scampered off into the *od and disappeared.*

"*You shall have a sea* voyage, my friend," said

Linton, looking after him; "a young gentleman wit such powers of observation would have a fine openin in our Colonies." And away he rode towards towr his brain resolving many a complex scheme and luck stratagem, but still with ready smile acknowledgin each salutation of his friends, and conveying the im pression of being one whose easy nature was unruffled by a care.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of "sweet fifteen" no mortal e'er afraid is,
Your real "man-traps" are old maiden ladies.
THE LEGACY.

IT was late of that same afternoon ere Cashel awoke. Mr. Phillis had twice adventured into the room on tip-toe, and as stealthily retired, and was now, for the third time, about to retreat, when Roland called him back.

"Beg pardon, Sir, but Mrs. Kennyfeck's footman has been here twice for the answer to this note."

"Let me see it," said Cashel, taking a highly perfumed epistle, whose tinted paper, seal, and superscription were all in the perfection of epistolary coquetry.

"DEAR MR. CASHEL, — Mamma desires me to convey her reproaches for your shocking forgetfulness of yesterday, when, after promising to dine here, you never appeared. She will, however, not only forgive the past, but be grateful for the present if you will come to us to-day at seven.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"OLIVIA KENNYFECK."

Simple and common-place as the words were, Cashel read them over more than once.

I know not if any of my male readers can corroborate me, but I have always thought there is some mysterious attraction in even the most every-day epistle of a young and pretty woman. The commonest social forms assume a different meaning, and we read the four letters which spell "dear" in any acceptation very remote from what they inspire when written by one's law agent; and then, the concluding "yours truly," or "faithfully yours," or better again, "ever yours," what suggestive little words they are! how insinuating in their portraiture of a tie, which possibly might, but does not, actually bind the parties.

If my readers concur not in these sympathies, I have great satisfaction in saying that Roland Cashel did. He not only sat gazing at the few lines, but he looked so long at them as to half believe that the first word was a superlative! then, suddenly rousing himself, he asked the hour. It was already past six. He had only time, then, for a verbal "with pleasure," and to dress for dinner.

It seemed like a reproach on his late mode of living, the pile of unopened letters, which in imposing mass Mr. Phillis had arrayed on his master's dressing-table. They contained specimens of everything epistolary, which falls to the lot of those favoured children of fortune who, having "much to give," are great favourites with the world. There were dear little pressing invitations signed by the lady of the house, and edited in all the caligraphy of the governess. There were begging letters from clergymen with large families, *men who gave so* "many hostages to fortune," that

they actually ruined themselves in their own "recc sances." Flatteries, which, if not written on ti paper, might have made it blush to bear them, m up with tradesmen's assurances of fidelity and punc lity, and bashful apologies for the indelicacy of allusion to money.

Oh, it is a very sweet world this of ours, and able withal! save that the angelic smile it bestow one part of the creation has a sorry counterpart in sardonic grin with which it regards the other. friend Cashel was in the former category, and he to over the letters carelessly, rarely breaking a seal, even then, satisfied with a mere glance at the cont or the name of the writer, when he suddenly ca sight of a large square-shaped epistle, marked " letter." It was in a hand he well knew, that of old comrade Enrique, and burning with anxiety hear of him, he threw himself into a chair, and b the seal.

The very first words which met his eye shoc him.

"St. Kitt's, Jamaica

"Ay, Roland, even so. St. Kitt's Jamaica! hea ironed in a cell at the top of a strong tower over sea, with an armed sentry at my door, I write t a prisoner fettered and chained, I, that could not b the very orders of discipline! Well, well, it is c cowardice to repine. Truth is, Amigo, I've had luck since you left us. It was doubtless yours sustained me so long, and when *you* withdrew from firm, I became bankrupt, and yet, this is pretty m *what we used* once, in merry mood, to predict for e *other, 'the loop* and the leap.'

w shall I tell you so briefly as neither to weary ead, nor myself to write it — my last sad ıe. I say the last, because the bad luck took ainst me. First, I lost everything I possessed — the very pistols you sent me, I staked and orse still, Roland — and 'faith I don't think nake the confession, if a few hours, or a few re, were not to hide my shame in a felon's I played the jewels you sent here for Maritaña. sed them with words of bitterness and anger. rom the irritated feeling of the moment — om the curse of a gambler's spirit — the hope out the malice of Fortune, I threw them on e-table. Of course I lost. It was soon after celonetta was laid in ruin by a shock of ke; the greatest ever experienced here. The is a mere mass of chaotic rubbish. The Mayor,' with all its statues, is engulphed, and of the sea now washes up and over the beauti- ens where the Governor gave his fête. The o, rent from roof to basement, is a ruin; vast gulfs intersect the parterres everywhere; the are dried up; the trees blasted by lightning; ed-brown surface of ashes strewn over the s turf, where we used to stroll by moonlight. tree that sheltered our Monte-table stands un- as if in mockery over our disasters! Maritaña's c was slung beneath the branches, and there careless of — nay — I could almost say, if s did not seem too strange for truth — actually by the dreadful event. I went to take leave *it was the last* night we were to spend on *little knew it* was to be the last time

should ever meet. Pedro passed the night among th ruins of the Villa, endeavouring to recover papers an valuables, amid that disastrous mass. Geizheimer wa always with him, and as Noronja and the rest soon fel off to sleep, wearied by a day of great fatigue, I sa alone beside her hammock till day was breaking. Oh would that night could have lasted for years, so sweetly tranquil were the starlit hours, so calm and yet so ful of hopeful promise. What brilliant pictures of ambi tion did she, that young, untaught girl, present to my eyes — how teach me to long for a cause whose re wards were higher, and greater, and nobler than the prizes of this wayward life! I would have spoken of my affection, my deep-felt long-cherished love — but with a half-scornful laugh, she stopped me, saying, 'Is this leafy shade so like a fair lady's boudoir that you can persuade yourself to trifle thus, or is your own position so dazzling that you deem the offer to share it a flattery?'"

"I'm afraid, Sir," said Mr. Phillis, here obtruding his head into the room, "that you'll be very late. It is already more than half-past seven o'clock."

"So it is!" exclaimed Cashel, starting up, while he muttered something not exceedingly complimentary to his host's engagement. "Is the carriage ready?" And without staying to hear the reply, hurried down stairs, the open letter still in his hand.

Scarcely seated in the carriage, Cashel resumed the reading of the letter. Eager to trace the circumstances which led to his friend's captivity, he hastily ran his eyes over the lines till he came to the following: "There could be no doubt of it! The *Esmeralda*, our *noble frigate*, was not in the service of the Republic!

some infamous treaty between Pedro and Na-
the minister, was permitted to carry the flag
mbia. We were slavers, buccaneers, pirates
ailors of a state. When, therefore, the British
Scorpion sent a gun across our bows, with
r to lie to, and we replied by showing our
ck ports open, and our long eighteens all ready
hallenge could not be mistaken. We were near
to hear the cheering, and it seemed, too, they
irs; we wanted but you, Roland, among us to
ide our excitement madness!"

carriage drew up at Kennyfeck's door as Cashel
d thus far, and in a state of mind bordering
, he entered the hall and passed up the stairs.
ck struck eight as he presented himself in the
-room, where the family were assembled, the
increased by two strangers, who were intro-
Roland as Mrs. Kennyfeck's sister, Miss O'Hara,
ly maiden lady, with a light brown wig; and
ned, much-freckled young man, Peter O'Gor-
r nephew.

ing could be more cordial than the reception
Kennyfecks; they affected not to think it was so
wed that the clock was too fast, were certain
Cashel's watch was right; in fact, his presence
ceipt in full for all the anxieties of delay, and
made him feel it.

re was a little quizzing of Roland, as they
hemselves at table, over his forgetfulness of the
ore, but so good-humouredly as not to occasion,
himself, the slightest embarrassment.

reakfast at the barrack!" repeated Miss Kenny-

feck after him. "What a formidable affair, if it alw lasts twenty-four hours."

"What do you mean? How do you know tha asked Roland, half in shame, half in surprise, at knowledge of his movements.

"Not to speak of the brilliant conversation, hei ened by all the excitement of wit, champagne, hazard — dreadful competitors with such tiresome ciety as ours," said Olivia.

"Never mind them, Mr. Cashel," broke in M O'Hara, in a mellifluous Doric; "'tis jealous th are, because you liked the officers better than themselv

A most energetic dissent was entered by Cashel this supposition, who nevertheless felt grateful for advocacy of the old lady.

"When I was in the Cape Coast Fencibles," br in Peter, with an accent that would have induced to believe Africa was on the Shannon, "we used to up all night, — it was so hot in the day; but we ways called it breakfast, for you see —"

"And when are we to visit your pictures, Cashel?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, whose efforts to s press Peter were not merely vocal, as that injured dividual's shins might attest.

"That depends entirely on you, Madam," said land, bowing. "I have only to say, the earlier more agreeable to me."

"He has such a beautiful collection," said M Kennyfeck, turning to her sister.

"Indeed, then, I delight in pictures," said "A Fanny," as her nieces called her. "I went the ot *day to Mount* Bennett, to see a portrait painted *Rousseau.*"

"By Rubens, I suppose you mean, aunt," inter-
ed Miss Kennyfeck, tartly.
"So it may be, my dear; I never know the names
it; but it was a dark old man, with a hairy cap and
ng grey beard, as like Father Morris Heffernan as
r it could stare."
"Is your new Carlo Dolce so very like Olivia?"
rposed Mrs. Kennyfeck, who was sadly hampered
her country relatives and their reminiscences.
"So very like, Madam, that I beg you to accept it
portrait," replied Roland.
"Upon my word, then, young gentleman, you're
so fond of a pretty face as you might be," broke
Aunt Fanny, "or you wouldn't be so ready to
e it away." A very hearty laugh at the old lady's
ntricity relieved Cashel from all necessity of ex-
nation.
"The old masters are so good," said Mrs. Kenny-
k; "I delight in their fine vigorous touch."
"Why don't they put more clothes on their figures,"
l Aunt Fanny; "even a warm climate is no excuse
the way the creatures went about."
"If you saw them in Hickweretickanookee," said
er, "King John never wore anything but a cocked-
and a pair of short black gaiters the missionary
e him for learning the Lord's Prayer."
"I hear that Lady Janet said Cary would be an
ellent study for Helen M'Gregor," said Mrs. Kenny-
k. "It was scarcely civil, however."
"It was more — downright rude," said Cashel,
dening: "but Miss Kennyfeck can afford to pay the
alty *beauty always yields* to its opposite."
"*There, my dear, that's* a compliment," said Aunt

Fanny, "and don't be displeased. I say, darling, didn't he say a while ago you were like somebody at Carlow?"

"A Carlo Dolce, aunt," broke in both sisters, laughing; and so the dinner proceeded amid common-places, relieved occasionally from their flatness by the absurdities of Aunt Fanny, who seemed as good-naturedly proof against ridicule as she was likely to evoke it.

Peter was the first to rise from table, as he was anxious to go to "the play," and the ladies soon retired to the drawing-room, Mrs. Kennyfeck slily whispering, as she passed behind Roland's chair, an entreaty that he would not long delay in following them. Cashel's anxiety to close his *tête-à-tête* arose from another cause — his burning anxiety to finish Enrique's letter; while Kennyfeck himself seemed beating about, uncertain how to open subjects he desired to have discussed. After a long pause he said,

"I was speaking to Perystell yesterday, and he is of opinion that there is no use in preserving any part of the old structure at Tubbermore — the great difficulty of adapting a new character of architecture to the old would not repay the cost."

Cashel nodded a careless assent, and after a pause Kennyfeck resumed:

"It might be of some convenience at present, however, to let the building stand as it is. A residence of one kind or other you will want, particularly as the elections are approaching!"

Another nod in silence was all the reply.

"Perystell's estimate is large, don't you think so?"

He nodded again.

"*Nearly* seventy thousand pounds! and that does

not include the gate tower, which seems a point for after consideration."

"I remember," muttered Cashel, in a voice that implied anything rather than a mind attentive to the subject before it.

"Now, it would be as well," said Mr. Kennyfeck, drawing a long breath, and as it were preparing himself for a great effort, "to put a little order into our affairs. Your first year or two will be costly ones, building expenses, equipage, horses, furniture, election charges. Much of your capital is vested in foreign securities, which it would be injurious to sell at this moment — don't you think" — here he changed his voice to an almost insinuating softness — "don't you think that by devoting a certain portion of your income — say a third, or one-half, perhaps — for the present, to meet these charges —" He paused, for he saw from Cashel's occupied look that he was not attending to his words.

"Well, continue," said Roland, affecting to wait for his conclusion.

"I was about to ask, Sir," said Kennyfeck, boldly, "what sum would you deem sufficient for your yearly expenditure?"

"What is the amount of my income?" asked Cashel, bluntly.

"In good years, something above sixteen thousand pounds; in bad ones, somewhat less than twelve."

"Well then — you have the scale of my expenditure at once."

"Not your whole income?" exclaimed Kennyfeck, astonished.

"*Even so. I see no* earthly reason for hoarding.

men, it doesn't do with old ones — thoroughly bored before they come among the ladies. The sudden change to the tea, and the wax-lights, and the bright eyes, are trying stimulants. Let them, however, be what they call 'pleasant' below stairs, and they are sure to come up, flushed and excited, well satisfied with the host's claret, and only anxious to order the carriage. What a clock is it now?"

"A quarter past ten, aunt."

"Too late; full three-quarters too late," ejaculated she, with the tone of an oracle; "there is nothing your father could have to say should have detained him till now. Play that little Mexican thing again, my dear; and, Livy, love, leave the door a little open; don't you find the heat of this room intolerable?"

The young ladies obeyed, and meanwhile Aunt Fanny, drawing her chair closer to her sister's, said, in a low tone:

"Well, explain the matter more clearly; did he give her the diamonds?"

"No, that is the strangest of all," responded Mrs. Kennyfeck; "he just told Leonard to send them home, and we never heard more about them."

Aunt Fanny shook her head.

"You know, he asked Olivia, as they were going down stairs, what she thought of them; and she replied, 'They're beautiful.'"

"How did she say it though; was it like a mere casual remark, or did she make it with feeling?"

"With feeling," echoed Mrs. Kennyfeck, pursing up her lips.

"*Well?*"

"Well! he just said, 'I'll take them,' and there was an end of it."

Aunt Fanny seemed to reflect, and, after some time, said:

"Now, as to the horse, when did he make her a present of that?"

"It was to Caroline he gave the horse; sure I told you already."

"Very true, so you did: a bad feature of the case, too! She ought to have declined it somehow."

"So she would," broke in Mrs. Kennyfeck; "but you perceive, it was very doubtful, at the time, which of the girls he preferred."

"And you tell me, this Mr. Linton has such influence over him."

"The most absolute. It is only a few weeks since they became acquainted, and now they are inseparable."

"What is he like, — Linton himself?"

Mrs. Kennyfeck gave a most significant signal, by closing up her lips, and slowly nodding her head — a gesture that seemed well understood.

"Does Kennyfeck know nothing of his affairs — has he no private history of the man, which might be useful to us?"

"Don't think of that, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Kennyfeck, knowingly; "but here they come at last." This was said with reference to the sound of footsteps on the stairs, which gradually approached, and at last Mr. Kennyfeck made his appearance in the *drawing-room.*

"Where is Mr. Cashel; is he gone?" asked Mrs. Kennyfeek, in an accent of unusual anxiety.

"He went away above an hour ago. He wanted to see a letter, or to write one, or to look for one he had lost, — I forget which."

"I'm certain you do!" observed Mrs. Kennyfeck, with an expression of unequivocal contempt. "I am perfectly certain we need not look to you for either information or assistance."

Poor Mr. Kennyfeck was dumbfoundered. The very words were riddles to him, and he turned to each person about him in silent entreaty for explanation — but none came.

"What had you been conversing about?" asked Aunt Fanny, in that encouraging tone lawyers sometimes use to draw out a reluctant or bashful witness.

"Of his money affairs, Miss O'Hara; and I am grieved to say that the subject had so little interest for him, that he started up and left me, on suddenly remembering something about a letter."

"Which something you have totally forgotten," remarked Mrs. Kennyfeck, tartly.

"And yet it would be a most important fact for us," observed Aunt Fanny, with judicial solemnity; "a letter, whether to read or to write, of such pressing necessity, implies much."

"Come, Livy, dear," said Miss Kennyfeck, rising from the pianoforte and addressing her sister, who sat reading on the sofa; "*my* canzonette and *your* beautiful attitude are so much sweetness thrown away. He's gone without even a thought of either! There, there, don't look so innocently vacant — you understand me *perfectly.*"

A very gentle smile was all the younger sister's reply as she left the room.

"Depend upon it, my dear," said Miss O'Hara to Mrs. Kennyfeck, "that young man had made some unhappy connexion, that's the secret of this letter, and when they get into a scrape of the kind it puts marriage out of their heads altogether. It was the same with Captain Morris" — here she whispered still lower, the only audible words being, "without my ever suspecting — one evening — a low creature — never set eyes upon — ah, man, man!" And with this exclamation aloud, Aunt Fanny took her candle and retired.

About a minute after, however, she re-entered the drawing-room, and advancing close to her sister, said, with all the solemnity of deep thought:

"Peter is no good in this case, my dear; send him home at once. That man will 'blaze' for the asking." And with a nod of immense significance she finally withdrew.

CHAPTER XX.

Arcades ambo — Blackguards both!

In the window of a very pretty cottage-room overlooking the Liffey, and that romantic drive so well known to Dubliners as the "low road" to Lucan, sat Tom Linton. He was enjoying a cigar and a glass of weak negus, as a man may enjoy such luxuries seated in the easiest of chairs, looking out upon one of the sweetest of woodland landscapes, and feeling the while that the whole was "his own." If conscientious scruples had been any part of that gentleman's life philo-

sophy, he might have suffered some misgivings, seeing that the cottage itself, its furniture, the plate, the very horses in the stable and the grooms about it, had been won at the hazard-table, and from one whose beggary ended in suicide. But Linton did not dwell on such things, and if they did for an instant cross his mind, he dismissed them at once with a contemptuous pity for the man who could not build up a fortune by the arts with which he had lost one. He had not begun the world himself with much principle, and all his experiences went to prove that even less would suffice, and that for the purposes of the station he occupied, and the society he frequented, it was only necessary that he should not transgress in his dealings with men of a certain rank and condition; so that while every transaction with people of class and fashion should be strictly on "the square," he was at perfect liberty to practise any number of sharp things with all beneath them. It was the old axiom of knight-errantry adapted to our own century, which made every weapon fair used against the plebeian!

From a pleasant reverie over some late success and some future ones in anticipation, he was aroused by a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," said he; "I think I guess who it is — Phillis, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, you're quite correct," said that individual, advancing from the misty twilight of the room, which was only partly lighted by a single alabaster lamp. "I thought I'd find you at home, Sir, and I knew this letter might interest you. He dropped it when going up the stairs at Kennyfeck's, and could *scarcely have* read it through."

"Sit down, George — sit down, man — what will you take? I see you've had a fast drive; if that was your car I heard on the road, your pace was tremendous. What shall it be — claret — sherry — brandy-and-water?"

"If you please, Sir, sherry. I have lost all palate for Bordeaux since I came to Mr. Cashel. We get abominable wine from Cullan."

"So I remarked myself; but this must be looked to. Come, try that; it's some of Gordon's, and he would not send a bad bottle to me."

"I am very certain of that, Sir. It is excellent."

"Now then for the epistle." So saying, he lighted a taper and prepared to read. "Jamaica, oh, a shipmate's letter."

"A curious one too, Sir, as you'll say when you read it."

Linton, without reply, began to read, nor did he break silence till he finished, when, laying down the paper, he said, "And this very fellow who writes this he actually spoke of inviting to Ireland — to stay some time at his house — to be introduced, in fact, to his acquaintances as a personal friend."

"It's very sad, Sir," sighed Phillis. "I have long been of opinion that I must leave him. The appointments, it is true, are good, perquisites, too, very handsome — but the future, Mr. Linton — what a future it will be!"

"It need not be a very near one, at all events," said Linton, smiling; "you've read this?"

"Just threw an eye over it, Sir!"

"Well, you see that your excellent master has *been little better than* a pirate or a slaver."

"Very shocking, indeed, Sir!"

"Of course this must not get abroad, George."

"It would ruin me, utterly, Sir."

"To be sure it would. No nobleman, not any gentleman of rank or fashion could think of engaging your services after such an appointment. Happily, George, you may not require such, if you only mind your hits. Your master can afford to make your fortune, and never know himself the poorer. Come, how go on matters latterly at No. 50."

"Pretty much as usual, Sir; two dinner-parties last week."

"I know all about them, though I affected to be engaged and didn't dine there. What I want is, to hear of these Kennyfecks — do they come much after him."

"Only once, Sir, when they came to see the house and stopped to luncheon."

"Well, was he particular in his attentions to either of the daughters?"

"Very attentive, indeed, Sir, to the younger. She dropped her handkerchief in the gallery, and ran back for it, and so did he, Sir."

"You followed, of course."

"I did, Sir, and she was blushing very much as I came in, and I heard her say something about 'forgiving him,' and then, they left the room."

"And what of Kennyfeck, has he had any conversations with him on business?"

"None, Sir; I have strictly followed your orders and never admitted him."

"Lord Charles Frobisher was a large winner t'other *night?" said* Linton, after a pause.

s, Sir, so I heard them say at supper, and Mr.
first gave him a check and then changed his
id I saw him hand over a heavy sum in notes."
eed!" muttered Linton to himself; "and my
friend Charley did not confess this to me."
ve you taken care that the people don't send
bills and accounts, as I mentioned?"
, Sir; with a few exceptions, nothing of the
nes."
at brought that Mr. Clare Jones so frequently
'

came twice in Mr. Dudley Meek's carriage,
sat all the while outside, while Mr. Meek
my master; the third day, however, he was
to come in, and spent nearly an hour in the

ll, what took place?"
ould only hear part of the conversation, Sir, as
I might be sent for. The subject was a seat
ment, which Mr. Cashel owns, and that Mr.
desirous of procuring for Jones."
! ha! my little Judas! is that your game? Go
ge, this interests me."
ave little more to tell, Sir, for Mr. Meek al-
aks so low, and my master scarcely said any-

d Jones?"
merely remarked on the identity of his political
s with those of the present Government."
course; the fellow began as a Radical, and
ned Tory, and now is a Whig. Blue and
hen mixed always make green. But how did

"As well as I could perceive, Sir, without any promise My master was to deliberate and send his answer."

"Let neither have access to him till you hear from me again — mark that."

"You shall be obeyed, Sir."

"Did Lord Kilgoff call?"

"Twice, Sir; but my master was out. I followed your directions, however, and said that her Ladyship was with him, and he seemed much provoked at not finding him at home."

"Well, how did he take it — did he make any remark?"

"A half smile, Sir; nothing more."

"But said nothing?"

"Not a word, Sir."

Linton arose and walked the room in deep meditation; at last he said,

"You had better let him have those letters we held back the last two days, to-day. He'll not think deeply over his losses on the Derby, while dwelling on this missing letter."

"I don't suspect his losses, Sir, will cause much uneasiness on any score; money occupies very little of his thoughts."

"True; but here the sum is a very heavy one. I made the book myself, and stood to win thirty thousand pounds; but, no matter, it can't be helped now — better luck another time. Now, another point. It strikes me of late, that he seems bored somewhat by the kind of life he is leading, and that these carouses at the messes are becoming just as distasteful to him as the heavy dinner-parties with the Dean and the rest of them. Is *that your opinion*?"

"Perfectly, Sir. He even said as much to me t'other evening, when he came back from a late supper. He is always wishing for the Yacht to come over — speaks every now and then of taking a run over to London and Paris — in fact, Sir, he *is* bored here. There is no disguising it."

"I feared as much, George; I suspected, many a day ago, he would not be long satisfied with the provincial boards. But this must not be; once away from Dublin, he is lost to us for ever. I know, and so do you know, the hands he would fall into in town; better let him get back to his old Prairie haunts, for a while, than that."

"Not so very unlikely, Sir. He sits poring over maps and charts for hours together, and scans the new coast survey like a man bent on exploring the scenes for himself. It is hard to say what is best to do with him."

"I'll tell you what he must not be permitted to do with himself; he must not leave Ireland — he must not marry — he must not enter Parliament — and, for the moment, to employ his thoughts and banish *ennui*, we'll get up the house-warming at Tubbermore. I mean to set off thither to-morrow."

"Without Mr. Cashel, Sir?"

"Of course; be it your care that matters are well looked to in my absence, and as Kennyfeck's house is safer than the barracks, he may dine there as often as he pleases. Keep a watch on Jones — not that I think he'll be very dangerous; see after Lord Charles, whether he may try to profit by my absence; and, above all, write me a bulletin *each day*."

Mr. Phillis promised a strict obedience to orders,

and rose to retire, pleading the necessity of his
at home when his master returned.

"What of this letter, Sir? Shall I contrive to
it in his pocket, and discover it as he is undres
He never suspects anything or anybody."

"No, George, I'll keep it; it may turn out u
to us one of these days, there's no knowing wh
how. I'm curious, too, to see how he will act
reference to it — whether he will venture on any
fidence towards me. I suspect not; he never allud
his bygones. The only terror his mind is capab
would seem the fear of fashionable contempt. I
ever lose this, he's lost to us for ever." This was
rather in soliloquy than addressed to Phillis, wh
not appear to catch the meaning of the remark. "I
leave this note on his table, and take care he se
It is to remind him of an appointment here to-m
with Hoare, the money-lender, at eleven o'clock,
tually."

Phillis took the note, and after a very resp
leave-taking, withdrew.

"Yes," said Linton, musing, as he leaned a
the window; "all goes fairly so far. Mr. Phillis
live to see himself once more a Merchant-Tail
Cheapside, and Tom Linton, under the buckler
M. P., defy duns and bums, and be again a denis
the only City worth living in."

He then reseated himself in his easy-chair, and
pared to con over the letters to which he had
given a passing attention. The narrative of Em
full of exciting details and hair-breadth 'scapes,
however, far less an object of interest to Linton
the consideration how far a character like this mig

ade use of for the purpose of threat and intimidation
rer Cashel.

His reflections ran somewhat thus: The day may
me, — is, perhaps, even now nigh, — when Cashel
all reject my influence and ascendancy. There never
as been anything which could even counterfeit friend-
ip between us, — close intimacy has been all. To
aintain that hold over him so necessary to my for-
nes, I must be in a position to menace. Roland, him-
elf, has opened the way to this by his own reserve.
he very concealment he has practised implies fear; —
therwise, why, — in all the openness of our familiar
ntercourse, — never have mentioned Enrique's name,
- still more, — never once alluded to this Maritaña?
t is clear enough with what shame he looks back on
he past. Let mine be the task to increase that feeling,
nd build up the fear of the world's ridicule, till he
hall be the slave of every whisper that syllables his
ame! The higher his path in society, the greater the
epth to which disclosures may consign him; and what
isclosures so certainly ruinous as to connect him with
ne lawless marauders of the Spanish Main — the slaver
nd the pirate? His dear friend, a felon, taken in open
ght by a British cruiser! Maritaña, too, may serve
; her name as mistress, — or, if need be, as wife,
- will effectually oppose any matrimonial speculations
re. So far, this letter has been a rare piece of for-
ne!

For some moments he walked the room with excited
d animated looks, the alternating shades of pleasure
d its opposite flitting rapidly across his strong features.
t last he broke out in words: "Ay, Cashel, I am as
dd*enly enriched as yourself*, — but with a different

heritage. Yours was Gold. Mine, Revenge! And there are many to whom I could pay the old debt home. There's F'orster, with his story of Ascot, and his black-ball at Graham's! a double debt, with years of heavy interest upon it. There's Howard, too, that closed his book at Tattersall's, after tearing out the leaf that had my name! F'robisher himself daring his petty insolence at every turn! — all these cry for acquittance, and shall have it. There are few men of my own standing, that with moneyed means at my command, I could not ruin.

"And, ungallant as the boast may be, some fair ladies, too! How I have longed for the day, how I have schemed and plotted for it! and now it comes al most unlooked for.

"Another month or two of this wasteful extr vagance, and Cashel will be deeply, seriously emb rassed. Kennyfeck will suggest retrenchment and nomy; that shall be met with an insidious doubt of good man's honesty. And how easy to impeac The schemes of his wife and daughter will aid th cusation. Roland shall, meanwhile, learn the d fort of being 'hard up.' The importunity — na insolence — of duns shall assail him at every p every hour. From this, there is but one bold step — and take it he must — make me hi That done, all the rest is easy. Embarrassm injurious reports will soon drive him from the and from an estate he shall never revisit as So far — the first act of the Drama. The s covers Tom Linton the owner of Tubbermor Host of Lord and Lady Kilgoff, who have ingly agreed to pass the Easter recess wit

Linton has made a very splendid maiden s

however, puzzles the Ministers and the *Times*, and, if he were not a man perfectly indifferent to place, would expose him to the imputation of courting it.

"And Laura, all this while!" said he, in a voice whose accents trembled with intense feeling; "can she forgive the past? Will old memories revive old affections, or will they rot into hatred? Well," cried he, sternly, "whichever way they turn, I'm prepared."

There was a tone of triumphant meaning in his last words, that seemed to thrill through his frame, and as he threw himself back upon a seat, and gazed out upon the starry sky, his features wore the look of proud and insolent defiance. "So is it," said he, after a pause; "one must be alone — friendless, and alone — in life, to dare the world so fearlessly." He filled a goblet of sherry, and, as he drank it off, cried, "Courage! Tom Linton against 'the field!'"

CHAPTER XXI.

Eternal friendship let us swear,
In fraud at least — "nous serons frères."
ROBERT MACAIRE.

CASHEL passed a night of feverish anxiety. Enrique's uncertain fate was never out of his thoughts, and if for a moment he dropped off to sleep, he immediately awoke with a sudden start, — some fancied cry for help, — some heart-uttered appeal to him for assistance, breaking in upon his weary slumber.

How ardently did he wish for some one friend to whom he might confide his difficulty, and from whom receive advice and counsel. Linton's shrewdness and knowledge *of life pointed* him out as the fittest; but

how to reveal to his fashionable friend the sec
that buccaneering life he had himself so lately q
How expose himself to the dreaded depreciation
gentleman" might visit on a career passed amid
and pirates? A month or two previous, he co
have understood such scruples; but already, the
ties and excesses of daily habit had thrown an
savage rudeness over the memory of his
existence, and he had not the courage to bra
comments it might suggest. To this false shan
Linton brought him, — acting on a naturally se
nature, by those insidious and imperceptible c
which represent the world — meaning, thereby
portion of it, who are in the purple and fine
category — as the last appeal in all cases, not
of a man's breeding and pretensions, but of his
and independence.

It was not without many a severe struggl
many a heartfelt repining, Cashel felt himself su
the free action of his natural independence to th
and formal restrictions of a code like this. Bu
was an innate dread of notoriety, a sensitive sh
from remark, that made him actually timid about
gressing whatever he was told to be an ordina
fashion. To dress in a particular way — to fr
certain places — to be known to certain people
go out at certain hours — and so on, — were
to his mind as the actual requirements of his
and often did he regret the hour when he had
with his untrammelled freedom, to live a life of
and monotony.

Shrinking, then, from any confidence in Lint
next thought of Kennyfeck; and, although not

a high value on his skill and correctness in such a difficulty, he resolved, at all hazards, to consult him on the course to be followed. He had been often told how gladly Government favours the possessor of fortune and influence. Now, thought he, is the time to test the problem. — "All of mine is at their service, if they but liberate my poor comrade."

So saying to himself, he had just reached the hall, when the sound of wheels approached the door. A carriage drew up, and Linton, followed by Mr. Hoare, the money-lender, descended.

"Oh, I had entirely forgotten this affair," cried Cashel, as he met them; "can we not fix another day?"

"Impossible, Sir, — I leave town to-night."

"Another hour to-day, then," said Cashel, impatiently.

"This will be very difficult, Sir. I have some very pressing engagements, all of which were formed subject your convenience in this business."

"But while you are discussing the postponement, I could finish the whole affair," cried Linton, drawing arm within Cashel's, and leading him along towards library. "By Jove! it does give a man a sublime of wealth, to be sure," said he, laughing, "to see cool indifference with which you can propose to an interview that brings you some fifteen thou- pounds. As for me! — I'd make the Viceroy lf play 'ante-chamber,' if little Hoare paid me a

Vell, be it so; only let us despatch," said Cashel, am anxious to catch Kennyfeck before he goes o *Court.*"

"Well, take care you don't wait too long," s Hoare, sententiously.

"How do you mean?" said Linton, sitting up, s showing more animation than he had exhibited befor

"You have your secret — I have mine," repl Hoare, drily, as he replaced the bills in his pock book, and clasped it.

"What if we exchange prisoners, Hoare?"

"It would be like most of your compacts, Mr. L ton, all the odds in your own favour."

"I doubt whether any man makes such compa with *you*," replied Linton; "but why higgle this wa 'Remember,' as *Peacham* says, 'that we could hang o another;' and there is an ugly adage about what ha pens — when people such as you and I 'fall out.'"

"So there is; and, strange enough, I was just thin ing of it. Come, what is *your* secret?"

"Read that," said Linton, placing Enrique's lett in his hand, while he sat down, directly in front, watch the effect it might produce.

Hoare read slowly and attentively; some passag he re-read three or four times; and then, laying do the letter, he seemed to reflect on its contents.

"You scarcely thought what kind of company o friend used to keep formerly?" asked Linton, sne ingly.

"I knew all about that tolerably well. I was rat puzzling myself a little about this Pedro Rica; t same trick of capturing the slavers, and then selli the slaves, is worthy of one I could mention, not speak of the double treachery of informing against comrades, and sending the English frigate after the

"*A deep hand* he must be," remarked Linton, cool

"A very deep one; but what is Cashel likely to do
re?"

"Nothing; he has no clue whatever to the business;
e letter itself he had not time to read through, when
dropped it, and ——"

"I understand — perfectly. This accounts for all
agitation. Well, I must say, *my* secret is the better
the two, and, as usual, you have made a good
rgain."

"Not better than *your* morning's work here, Hoare;
confess that."

"Ah, there will not be many more such harvests to
p," said he, sighing.

"How so? his fortune is scarcely breached, as yet."

"He spends money fast," said Hoare, gravely;
ven now, see what sums he has squandered — think
he presents he has lavished — diamonds — horses——"

"As to the Kennyfeck affair, it was better than
ng into a matrimonial scrape, which I fancy I have
ed him from."

Oh, no, nothing of the kind. Pirate as he is, he
n't venture on that."

Why so — what do you mean?"

imply, that he is married already; at least, that
of betrothal which goes for marriage in his free
y country."

urried!" exclaimed Linton, in utter amazement;
e never even hinted in the most distant manner

! yet the obligation is sufficiently binding, ac-
o Columbian law, to give his widow the bene-
property he might die possessed of in that

"And he knows this himself?"

"So well, that he has already proposed a very large sum as forfeit to break the contract."

"And this has been refused?"

"Yes. The girl's father has thought it better to follow your own plan, and make 'a waiting race,' well knowing, that if Cashel does not return to claim her as his wife — or that, which is not improbable, she may marry more advantageously — he will always be ready to pay the forfeit."

"May I learn his name?"

"No!"

"Nor his daughter's? — the Christian name, I mean."

"To what end? It would be a mere idle curiosity, — for I should exact a pledge of your never divulging it."

"Of course," said Linton, carelessly. "It was as you say, a mere idle wish. Was this a love affair, then, for it has a most commercial air?"

"I really don't know that; I fancy that they were both very young, and very ignorant of what they were pledging, and just as indifferent to the consequences."

"She was handsome, this ——"

"Maritaña — is beautiful, they say," said Hoare, who inadvertently let slip the name he had refused to divulge.

Linton's quick ear caught it at once, but as rapidly affected not to notice it, as he said,

"But I really do not see as yet how this affects what we were just speaking of?"

"*It* will do so, however, — and ere long. These *people, who* were immensely rich some time back, are

w, by one of the convulsions so frequent in the
ntries, reduced to absolute poverty. They wi
ibtless, follow Cashel here, and seek a fulfilment
contract. I need not tell you, Mr. Linton, wha
st ensue on such a demand. It would be hard t
', — whether acceptance, or refusal would be worse
a word, the father-in-law is a man of such a character,
re is only one thing would be more ruinous than his
nity, and that is, any alliance with him. Let him
arrive in this country, and every gentleman of sta-
ı and class will fall back from Cashel's intimacy;
l even those — I'll not mention names," said he,
iling — "who could gloss over some of their pre-
ices with gold-leaf, will soon discover that a shrewder
) than Cashel's will be on them, and that all attempts
profit by his easiness of temper and reckless nature,
be met by one who has never yet been foiled in a
e of artifice and deceit."

'Then I perceive we have a very short tether," Linton, gravely; "when may this worthy gentle- be looked for?"

At any moment, — I believe, early in spring, er, will be the time."

Vell — that gives us a few months; during which contrive to get in for this borough of Derra- — But hark! is that a carriage at the door? — Jove! The Kennyfecks, — I remember, he ed them to-day to come and see his pictures. Ioare, step out by the back way, — we must caught together here. I'll make my escape ls."

dy the thundering knock of the footman re- *through the* house, and Hoare, not losing a

moment, left the library, and hastened through the garden at the rear of the house; while Linton, seizing some writing materials, hurried up-stairs, and established himself in a small boudoir off one of the drawing-rooms, carefully letting down the Venetians as he entered, and leaving the chamber but half lighted; this done, he drew a screen in front of him, and waited patiently.

CHAPTER XXII.

Ignored the schools of France and Spain,
And of the Netherlands not surer,
He knew not Cuyp from Claude Lorraine,
Nor Dow from Albert Durer.

BELL'S IMAGES.

SCARCELY had the Kennyfecks' carriage driven from the door when the stately equipages of the MacFarlines drew up, which was soon after followed by the very small pony phaeton of Mrs. Leicester White, that lady herself driving, and having for her companion a large high-shouldered, spectacled gentleman, whose glances, at once inquiring and critical, pronounced him as one of her numerous *protégés* in art, science, or letters.

This visit to the "Cashel Gallery," as she somewhat grandiloquently designated the collection, had been a thing of her own planning; first, because Mrs. White was an adept in that skilful diplomacy which so happily makes plans for pleasure at other people's houses, — and oh, what numbers there are, — delightful, charming people as the world calls them! whose gift goes no further than this, that they keep a registry of their friends' accommodation, and know, to a nicety, *the season* to dine here, to sup there, to pic-nic at one *place, and* to "spend the day" — horrible expression

more horrible fact — at another. But Mrs. White also another object in view on the present occasion, h was, to introduce her companion, Mr. Elias Howle, er Dublin acquaintance.

Mr. Elias Howle was one of a peculiar class, which age, so fertile in inventions, has engendered, a isher's man-of-all-work, ready for everything, from tics to satire, and equally prepared to expound hecy, or write squibs for "Punch."

Not that lodgings were not inhabited in Grub-street e our day, but that it remained for the glory of century to see that numerous horde of Tourist rs held in leash by fashionable booksellers, and now and then let slip over some country, to h plague, pestilence, or famine, had given a newer more terrible interest. In this novel walk of litera- Mr. Howle was one of the chief proficients; he the creator of that new school of travel which, ng expressly for London readers, refers everything e standard of "town;" and whether it be a trait elandic life, or some remnant of old world exis- in the far East, all must be brought for trial to ar of "Seven Dials," or stand to plead in the dock ll-mall or Piccadilly. Whatever errors or miscon- ns he might fall into respecting his subjects, he none regarding his readers. He knew them by — their leanings, their weakness, and their pre- es; and how pleasantly could he flatter their town- self-sufficiency — how slily insinuate their vast iority over all other citizens, insidiously assuring that the Thames at Richmond was infinitely finer the Rhine *or the* Danube, and that a trip to *ate was richer in* repayal than a visit to the Bos-

phorus! Ireland was, just at the time we speak of, a splendid field for his peculiar talents. The misery-mongers had had their day. The world was somewhat weary of Landlordism, Pauperism, and Protestantism, and all the other "isms" of that unhappy country.

There was nothing that had not been said over the overgrown Church establishment, — the devouring Middleman, — Cottier misery, — and Celtic barbarism; people grew weary of hearing about a nation, so endowed with capabilities, and which yet did nothing, and rather than puzzle their heads any further, they voted Ireland a "bore." It was just then that "this inspired Cockney" determined to try a new phase of the subject, and this was not to counsel nor console, not to lament over nor bewail our varied mass of errors and misfortunes, but to laugh at us. To hunt out as many incongruities — many, real enough, some, fictitious — as he could find; to unveil all that he could discover of social anomaly; and, without any reference to, or any knowledge of, the people, to bring them up for judgment before his less volatile and more happily circumstanced countrymen, certain of the verdict he sought for — a hearty laugh. His mission was to make "Punch" out of Ireland, and none more capable than he for the office.

A word of Mr. Howle in the flesh, and we have done. He was large and heavily built, but neither muscular nor athletic; his frame and all his gestures indicated weakness and uncertainty. His head was capacious, but not remarkable for what phrenologists call moral development, while the sinister expression of his eyes — half submissive, half satirical — suggested doubts of his sincerity. There was nothing honest about *him but his* mouth; this was large, full, thick-lipped, and

; the mouth of one who loved to dine well, and
t that his agreeability was an ample receipt in
the best entertainment that ever graced Black-
the "Frères."

s a heavy infliction that we story-tellers are com-
to lay upon our readers and ourselves, thus to
ıt our narrative by a lengthened description of
cter not essentially belonging to our story; we
ther, far rather, been enabled to imitate Mrs.
as she advanced into the circle in the drawing-
aying, "Mr. Cashel, allow me to present to your
ble notice my distinguished friend, Mr. Howle.
Janet MacFarline, Mr. Howle, — *sotto* — the
of 'Snooks in the Holy Land,' — the wittiest
f the day, — Sir Andrew will be delighted with
- has been all over the scenes of the Peninsular
· Mrs. Kennyfeck, Mr. Howle."

Howle made his round of salutations, and al-
by his awkwardness tacitly acknowledging that
ere palpably more habituated to the world's ways
mself, yet inwardly consoled by remarking cer-
le traits of manner and accent sufficiently pro-
to be treasured up, and become very droll in
: a copper etching.

s a vara new pleasure, ye are able to confer
our friends, Mr. Cashel," said Sir Andrew, "to
ıem so fine a collection o' pictures in Ireland,
nethinks, the arts ha no enjoyed too mickle en-
ıment."

confess," said Cashel, modestly, "I am but ill
d to extend the kind of patronage that would
iceable, had I even the means; I have not the
t *pretension to* knowledge or judgment. The

few I have purchased have been as articles of furniture, pleasant to look at, without any pretension to high excellence."

"Just as Admiral Dalrymple paid ten pounds for a dunghill, when he turned farmer," whispered Mr. Howle, in Mrs. White's ear, "and then said, 'he had only bought it because some one said it was a good thing, but that, now, he'd give any man 'twenty,' to tell him what to do with it.'"

Mrs. White burst into a loud fit of laughter, exclaiming,

"Oh, how clever, how good! Pray, Mr. Howle, tell Lady Janet, — tell Mr. Cashel that."

"Oh, Madam!" cried the terrified tourist, who had not discovered before the very shallow discrimination of his gifted acquaintance.

"If it is so vara good," said Sir Andrew, "we maun insist on hearin' it."

"No, no! nothing of the kind," interposed Howle; "besides, the observation was only intended for Mrs. White's ear."

"Very true," said that lady, affecting a look of consciousness.

"The odious woman," whispered Miss Kennyfeck to her sister; "see how delighted she looks to be compromised."

"If we had Linton," said Cashel, politely offering his arm to Lady Janet, as he led her into the so-called gallery, "he could explain everything for us. We have, however, a kind of catalogue here. This large landscape is said to be by Both."

"*If she* be a coo," said Sir Andrew, "I maun say it's *the first time* I ever seen ane wi' the head ower the tail."

'Nonsense," said Lady Janet; "don't ye perceive the animal is fore-shortened, and is represented ing backwards?"

'I ken nothing aboot that; she may be shortened he fore-parts, an ye say, and that may be some liar breed, but what brings her head ower her p?"

Sir Andrew was left to finish his criticisms alone, ompany moving on to a portrait, assigned to Vandyk, Diedrich von Aevenghem, Burgomaster of Antwerp.

"A fine hēad," exclaimed Mrs. White, authorita-ly; "don't you think so, Mr. Howle?"

"A very choice specimen of the great master, for h, doubtless, you gave a large sum."

"Four hundred, if I remember aright," said Cashel.

'I think he maught hae a clean face for that ey," broke in Sir Andrew.

'What do you mean, Sir?" said Miss Kennyfeck, liously, and delighted at the misery Lady Janet ured from his remarks.

'Don't ye mind the smut he has on ane cheek?"

'It's the shadow of his nose, Sir Andrew," broke in y Janet, with a sharpness of rebuke there was no nderstanding.

'Eh, my Leddy, so it may, but ye need na bite off, for a' that!" And so saying, the discomfited ran fell back in high dudgeon.

The party now broke into the two and threes riable on such occasions, and while Mrs. Kennyfeck her elder daughter paid their most devoted atten- to Lady Janet, Mrs. White and the author *d off, leaving Olivia* Kennyfeck to the guidance *shel.*

"So you'll positively not tell me what it is that preys on your mind this morning?" said she, in the most insinuating of soft accents.

Cashel shook his head mournfully, and said,

"Why should I tell you of what it is impossible you could give me any counsel in, while your sympathy would only cause uneasiness to yourself?"

"But you forget our compact," said she, archly; "there was to be perfect confidence on both sides, was there not?"

"Certainly. Now, when shall we begin?"

"Have you not begun already?"

"I fancy not. Do you remember two evenings ago, when I came suddenly into the drawing-room and found you pencil in hand, and you, instead of at once showing me what you had been sketching, shut the portfolio and carried it off, despite all my entreaties, — nay, all my just demands?"

"Oh, but," said she, smiling, "confidence is one thing — confession is another."

"Too subtle distinctions for me," cried Cashel. "I foolishly supposed that there was to be an unreserved—"

"Speak lower, for mercy sake, — don't you perceive Lady Janet trying to hear everything you say?" This was said in a soft whisper, while she added aloud, "I think you said it was a Correggio, Mr. Cashel," as they stood before a very lightly-clad Magdalen, who seemed endeavouring to make up for the deficiency of her costume, by draping across her bosom the voluptuous masses of her golden hair.

"I think a Correggio," said Cashel, confused at the sudden artifice; "but who has the catalogue? Oh, Sir *Andrew*; tell us about number fifty-eight."

'Fefty-eight, fefty-eight," numbled Sir Andrew, a
ber of times to himself, and then, having found
lumber, he approached the picture and surveyed it
tively.
'Well, Sir, what is it called?" said Olivia.
'It's vara singular," said Sir Andrew, still gazing
ıe canvas, "but doubtless Correggio knew weel
he was aboot. This," said he, "is a picture of
John the Baaptist in a raiment of caamel's hair."
Io sense of propriety was proof against this
uncement; a laugh, loud and general, burst forth,
g which Lady Janet, snatching the book indignantly
his hands, cried,
You were looking at sixty-eight, Sir Andrew, not
ight, and you have made yourself perfectly
ılous."
By my saul, I believe so," muttered the old gentle-
in deep anger. "I've been looking at 'saxty-eight'
long already!"
'ortunately, this sarcasm was not heard by her
st whom it was directed, and they who did hear
re fain to repress their laughter as well as they
able. The party was now increased by the
ıl of the Dean and his "ancient," Mr. Softly, to
nanifest delight of Mrs. Kennyfeck, who at once
imed,
Ah, we shall, now, hear something really instruc-

'he erudite churchman, after a very abrupt notice
ıe company, started at speed without losing a
ent.
His attention being caught by some curious tableaux
e interior of the great Pyramid, he immediately

commenced an explanation of the various figures, — the costumes and weapons, which he said were all masonic, showing that Pharaoh wore an apron exactly like the Duke of Sussex, and that every emblem of the "arch" was to be found among the great of Ancient Egypt.

While thus employed, Mr. Howle, seated in a corner, was busily sketching the whole party, for an illustration to his new book on Ireland, and once more Cashel and his companion found themselves, of course by the merest accident, standing opposite the same picture in a little boudoir off the large gallery. The subject was a scene from Faust, where Marguerite, leaning on her lover's arm, is walking in a garden by moonlight, and seeking by a mode of divination common in Germany to ascertain his truth, which is by plucking one by one the petals of a flower, saying alternately, "He loves me, he loves me not;" and then, by the result of the last plucked leaf, deciding which fate is accomplished. Cashel first explained the meaning of the trial, and then taking a rose from one of the flower vases, he said,

"Let me see if you can understand my teaching; you have only to say 'Er liebt mich,' and 'Er liebt mich nicht.'"

"But how can I?" said she, with a look of beaming innocence, "if there be none who —"

"No matter," said Cashel; "besides, is it not possible you could be loved, and yet never know it? Now for the ordeal."

"Er liebt mich nicht," said Olivia, with a low, silvery voice, as she plucked the first petal off, and *threw it* on the floor.

"You begin inauspiciously, and, I must say, unfairly, too," said Cashel. "The first augury is in favour of love."

"Er liebt mich," said she, tremulously, and the leaf broke in her fingers. "Ha!" sighed she, "what does that imply? Is it, that he only loves by half his heart?"

"That cannot be," said Cashel; "it is rather that you treated his affection harshly."

"Should it not bear a little? — ought it to give way at once?"

"Nor will it," said he, more earnestly, "if you deal but fairly. Come, I will teach you a still more simple, and yet unerring test."

A heavy sigh from behind the Chinese screen made both the speakers start; and while Olivia, pale with terror, sank into a chair, Cashel hastened to see what had caused the alarm.

"Linton, upon my life!" exclaimed he, in a low whisper, as, on tiptoe, he returned to his place beside her.

"Oh, Mr. Cashel; oh dear, Mr. Cashel —"

"Dearest Olivia —"

"Heigho!" broke in Linton; and Roland and his panion slipped noiselessly from the room, and, unceived, mixed with the general company, who sat in t attention, while the Dean explained that Painting nothing more nor less than an optical delusion, a ry which seemed to delight Mrs. Kennyfeck in the proportion that it puzzled her. Fortunately, the ncement that luncheon was on the table cut short issertation, and the party descended, all more or ontent, to make material enjoyments succeed to ctual ones.

Well," whispered Miss Kennyfeck to her sister, as escended *the stairs*, "did he?"

An almost inaudible "No" was the reply.

"Your eyes are very red for nothing, my dear," rejoined the elder.

"I dinna ken, Sir," said Sir Andrew to Softly, as he made use of his arm for support — "I dinna ken how ye understand your theory aboot optical delusions, but I maun say, it seems to me a vara strange way for men o' your cloth to pass the mornin', starin' at naked weemen — creatures, too, that if they ever leeved at all, must ha' led the maist abondoned lives. I take it, that Diana herself was ne better than a cuttie; do ye mark hoo she does no scruple to show a bra pair of legs—"

"With respect to the Heathen Mythology," broke in Softly, in a voice he hoped might subdue the discussion—

"Don't tell me aboot the Haythins, Sir; flesh and bluid is a' the same, whatever Kirk it follows."

Before they were seated at table, Linton had joined them, explaining, in the most natural way in the world, that, having sat down to write in the boudoir, he had fallen fast asleep, and was only awakened by Mr. Phillis having accidentally discovered him. A look of quick intelligence passed between Cashel and Olivia at this narrative; the young lady soon appeared to have recovered from her former embarrassment, and the luncheon proceeded pleasantly to all parties. Mr. Howle enjoyed himself to the utmost, not only by the reflection that a hearty luncheon at two would save a hotel dinner at six, but that the Dean and Sir Andrew were two originals, worth five pound apiece even for "Punch." As to Cashel, a glance at the author's note-book would show how he impressed that gifted personage: "'R. C.:' — a snob — rich — and *gullable;* his pictures, all the household gods at

ie's, the Vandyk, late a sign of the Marquis of
y, at Windsor. Mem.: not over safe to quiz
"But we'll see later on." "Visit him at his
y-seat, 'if poss.'"
Who is our spectacled friend?" said Linton, as
lrove away from the door.
Some distinguished author, whose name I have
ten."
Shrewd looking fellow, — think I've seen him at
. What brings him over here?"
To write a book, I fancy."
What a bore. This is the age of detectives, with
geance. Well, don't let him in again, that's all.
ove! it's easier, now-a-days, to escape the Queen's
i than the 'Illustrated News.'"
A note from Mr. Kennyfeck, Sir," said Mr. Phillis,
the man waits for an answer."
inton, taking up a book, affected to read, but in
r placed himself so as to watch Cashel's features
perused the letter, whose size and shape pro-
ed to be something unusual. Hurriedly mumbling
a rather tedious exordium on the various views
riter had taken of a subject, Cashel's eyes sud-
flashed as he drew forth a small printed para-
, cut from the column of a newspaper, and which
thus: — "It will be, doubtless, in our readers'
ection how a short time back an armed slaver,
g under the flag of Columbia, was taken, after a
severe and sanguinary engagement, by H. M. brig
t. The commander, a young Spaniard of singu-
handsome exterior, and with all the bearing and
rance of a rank very different from his mode of
vas carried off and confined in St. Kitt's, till such

ime as he could be brought to trial. Representations from the Government of the Republic were, however, made, and a claim preferred for indemnity, not only for the loss of the vessel and property, but for the loss of life and other injury incurred on the capture. While this singular demand was under investigation, the young Spaniard alluded to contrived to break his bonds, and escape: the only mode of doing which was by a leap into the sea from the parapet of the fortress, a height, we are informed, a nigh one hundred feet. They who are acquainted with the locality assert, that if he even survived the desperate leap, he must inevitably have fallen a victim to the sharks who frequent the bay to catch the bodies of all who die in the prison, and who, it would appear, are thus unceremoniously disposed of. This supposition would seem, however, in some respects, contradicted, by the circumstance that a Venezuelan cruiser, which hung about the shore for the two preceding days, sailed on the very night of his escape and, in all probability, with him on board."

"I could swear he is safe!" cried Cashel, in a ecstasy of enthusiasm; "he's a glorious fellow."

"Who is that?" said Linton, looking up; "any o I know?"

"No, indeed!" said Cashel. Then suddenly che ing himself in a speech whose opening accents w far from flattering, he added, "One you never e heard of."

He once more addressed himself to the letter, wh however, merely contained some not very bril commentaries of Mr. Kennyfeck over the preceding tract, and which, after enumerating a great many n *of investigating* the event, concluded with the

thing like common sense in the whole, by recommending a strict silence and secrecy about it all.

Cashel was closing the epistle, when he caught on the turn-down the following lines:

"Mr. Linton has written to me about something like a legal transfer of the cottage and lands of Tubberbeg, which he mentions your having presented to him. What reply am I to return to this? I stated, that you had already assured Mr. Corrigan, the present tenant, of an undisturbed possession of the tenure, but Mr. L. interrupted my explanation by saying, that he only desired an assignment of the property, such as would give a Parliamentary qualification, and that all pledges made to Mr. C. he would regard as equally binding on himself."

Cashel's first impulse, when he had read thus far, was to show Linton the paragraph, and frankly ask him what he wished to be done; indeed, he had already advanced towards him with that object, when he checked himself. "It might seem ungracious to ask any explanation. There had been already a moment of awkwardness about that same cottage, and Linton had behaved so well; and, of course, only asking him for the possession, as a means of qualifying, Corrigan need never hear of it; besides, he could make Linton a present of much greater real value as soon as the circumstances of the estate became better known." Such and such like reasonings passed hastily through his brain; and as all his resolves were quickly formed, and as quickly acted on, he sat down, and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Kennyfeck,

"Many thanks for the information of your note, which *has served to allay* all my anxiety for a valued

reflect; "his income, which is a right good one, is professional. This, of course, he'd forfeit by accepting a seat in the House. Besides, really, the poor man would make no way. No, we must think of some one else. Do you like White?"

"Leicester White? I detest the man, and the wife too."

"Well, there's Frobisher, a fellow of good name and family. I'd not go bail for his preferring your interests to his own, but as times go, you might chance upon worse. Will you have Frobisher?"

"I have no objection," said Cashel, carelessly; "would he like it himself?"

"Would he like anything that might help him to a step in the regiment, or place him in a position to sell himself, you, and the borough constituency to the highest bidder?" said Linton, irritated at Cashel's half assent.

"Well, if these be his principles," cried Cashel, laughing, "I think we'd better put him aside."

"You're right; he'd never do," said Linton, recovering all his self-possession; "what you want, is a man sufficiently unconnected with ties of family or party, to see in you his patron and his object, and who, with cleverness enough to enunciate the views you desire to see prevail, has also the strong bond of personal regard to make him always even more the friend than the follower."

"I only know of one man who realises all this combination," said Cashel, smiling, "and *he* wouldn't answer."

"Who is he, — and why?" asked Linton, in vain endeavouring to look easy and unconcerned.

"Tom Linton is the man, and his invincible laziness the 'why.' — Isn't that true?"

"*By* George, Cashel, if you're content with the first

part of the assertion, I'll pledge myself to remedy the latter. I own, frankly, it is a career for which I have no predilection; if I had, I should have been 'in' many years ago. I have all my life held very cheap your great Political leaders, both as regards capacity and character, and I have ever fancied that I should have had some success in the lists; but I have always loved ease, and that best of ease, independence. If you think, however, that I can worthily represent you in Parliament, and that you could safely trust to my discretion the knotty question of Political war, say the word, my boy, and I'll fling my 'far niente' habits to the wind, and you shall have all the merit of developing the promising member for — what's the name of it?"

"Derraheeny."

"Exactly, — the honourable and learned — for Derraheeny. I rather like the title."

"Well, Linton, if you are really serious —"

"Most assuredly, serious; and more, to prove it, I shall ask you to clench our bargain at once. It is not enough that you make me your nominee, but you must also render me eligible to become so."

"I don't clearly comprehend —"

"I'll enlighten you. Our venerable Constitution, perfectly irrespective of the Tom Lintons of this world, — a race which, by the way, never dies out, probably because they have avoided intermarriage, — has decided that a man must possess something besides his wits to be qualified as 'Member of Parliament;' a strange law, because the aforesaid wits are all that the Honourable House has any reason to lay claim to. This same *something which guarantees* that a man has a legis-

lative capacity, amounts to some hundreds a year. Don't be impatient, and come out with any piece of rash generosity; I don't want you to make a present of an estate — only to lend me one! To be qualified, either as a candidate for the House or a Gentleman rider, one only needs a friend, — a well-to-do-friend, — who'll say, 'He's all right.'"

"I'm quite ready to vouch for you, Tom; but you'll have to take the affair into your own management."

"Oh, it's easy enough. That same cottage and the farm which we spoke of the other day, Kennyfeck can make out a kind of conveyance, or whatever the instrument is called, by which it acknowledges me for its owner, vice Roland Cashel, Esquire. This, properly sealed, signed, and so on, will defy the most searching Committee that ever pried into any gentleman's private circumstances."

"Then explain it all to Kennyfeck, and say, that I wish it done at once."

"Nay, Cashel, pardon me. My ugliest enemy will not call me punctilious, but I must stand upon a bit of ceremony here. This must be ordered by yourself; you are doing a gracious thing, — a devilish kind thing,— it must not be done by halves. Were I to communicate this to Kennyfeck, he'll unquestionably obey the direction, but most certainly he'd say, to the first man he met, 'See how Linton has managed to trick Cashel out of a very considerable slice of landed property.' He'd not take much trouble to state the nature of our compact; he'd rather blink the whole arrangement altogether, and make the thing seem a direct gift. Now, I have *too much* pride on your account, and my own too, to *stand this* —"

"Well, well, it shall be as you like; only I trow I disagree with you about old Kennyfeck, — he's a fine straight-hearted fellow, — he's —"

"He's an attorney, Cashel. These fellows can no more comprehend a transfer of property without a trial at bar, or a suit in equity, than an Irish second can understand a falling out, without one of the parties being brought home on a door. Besides, he has rather a grudge against me, — I never told you. Indeed, I never meant to tell you, but I can have no secrets from you. You know the youngest girl, Olivia?"

"Yes, go on," said Cashel, red and pale by turns.

"Well. I flirted a good deal last winter with her. Upon my life, I did not intend it to have gone so far — I suppose it must have gone far though, because she became desperately in love. She is very pretty, certainly, and a really good little girl, — mais, que voulez-vous? If I tie a fly on my hook I can't afford to see a flounder or a perch walk off with it; it's the speckled monster of the stream I fish for! They ought to have known that themselves, — I've no doubt they did, too; but they were determined, as they say here, to die 'innocent,' and so one fine morning, I was just going to join the hounds at Finglas, when old Kennyfeck, very trimly dressed, and looking unutterable importance, entered my lodgings. There's a formula for these kind of explanations, — I've gone through seven of these myself, and I'll swear that every papa has opened the conference with a solemn appeal to Heaven, 'that he never was aware of the attentions shown his daughter, nor the state of his dear child's affection till last evening.' They always assure you, *besides, that if they could* give a million and a half as

dowry, you are the very man — the actual one individual — they would have selected, so that on an average most young ladies have met with at least half a dozen parties, whom the father have pronounced to be separately, the one most valued. Kennyfeck behaved, I must say, admirably. His wife would have a Galway cousin sent for, and a duel; some other kind friend suggested to have me waylaid and thrashed. He calmly heard me for about ten minutes, and then taking up his hat and gloves, said, 'Take your rule,' and so it ended.

"I dined there the next Sunday; yes, that's part of my system. I never permit people to nourish small grudges, and go about abusing me to my acquaintances. If they *will* do that, I overwhelm them by their duplicity, as I am seen constantly in their intimacy, and remarkable for always speaking well of them, so that the world will certainly give it against them. The gist of all this tiresome story is, that Kennyfeck and the ladies would, if occasion served, pay off the old debt to me;— therefore, beware if you hear me canvassed in that quarter!"

Linton, like many other cunning people, very often lapsed into little confessions of the tactics by which he played his game in the world, and although Cashel was not by any means a dangerous confidant to such disclosures, he now marked with feelings not all akin to satisfaction this acknowledgment of his friend's skill.

"You'd never have shown your face there again, I'll wager a hundred!" said Linton, reading in the black look of Roland's countenance an expression he did not fancy.

"You are right. I should have deemed it unfair *to impose* on the young lady a part so full of awkward*ness as* every meeting must necessitate."

"That comes of your innocence about women, my dear friend. They have face for anything. It is not hypocrisy, it is not that they do not feel, and feel deeply, but their sense of command, their instinct of what is becoming, is a thousand times finer than ours; and I am certain, that when we take all manner of care, to, what is called, spare their feelings, we are in reality only sparing them a cherished opportunity of exercising a control over those feelings which we foolishly suppose to be as ungovernable as our own."

Either not agreeing with the sentiment, or unable to cope with its subtlety, Cashel sat some time without speaking. From Olivia Kennyfeck his thoughts reverted to one, in every respect unlike her — the daring, impetuous Maritaña. He wondered within himself whether *her* bold impassioned nature could be comprehended within Linton's category, and a secret sense of rejoicing thrilled through him as he replied to himself in the negative.

"I'd wager a trifle, Roland, from that easy smile you wear, that your memory has called up one example at least unfavourable to my theory. Eh! I've guessed aright. Come then, out with it, man, who is this peerless paragon of pure ingenuous truth? Who is she whose nature is the transparent crystal, where fair thoughts are enshrined? No denizen of our misty northland, I'll be sworn, but some fair Mexican, with as little disguise as drapery. Confess, I say — there is a confession I'll be sworn — and so make a clean breast of it."

It struck Cashel, while Linton was speaking, how effectually Maritaña herself, by one proud look, one haughty *gesture, would have* silenced such flippant *raillery, and he could not* help feeling it a kind of

treason to their old friendship that he should
it in patient endurance.

"Listen to me, Amigo mio," said he, in
earnest passion, that seemed almost estranged
nature latterly — "listen to me, while I tell
in those far-away countries, whose people yo
with such contemptuous pity, there are wome
young girls — whose daring spirit would sl
courage of many of those fine gentlemen we s
lives with; and I, for one, have so much of th
in me, as to think that courage is the first of

"I cannot help fancying," said Linton,
almost imperceptible raillery, "that there
qualities would please me as well in a wife or a

"I have no doubt of it, — and suit yo
too," said Cashel, savagely; then hastily c
himself for his rude speech, he added, "I b
good earnest, that you would as little sympat
that land and its people, as I do with this. —
you want a confession, there's one for you. I'
to be back once more among the vast Prairi
West, galloping free after the darkbacked bis
strolling along in the silent forests. The ener
this life wearies and depresses me, — worse
I feel that with a little more of it, I shall
energy and zest for that activity of body, v
men like myself, supplies the place of thoug
little more of it! and I shall sink into tha
routine where dissipation supplies the only ex

"This is a mere passing caprice; a man
wealth —"

"There it is," cried Cashel, interrupting h
tuously; "that is the eternal burden of your

f wealth, in forestalling the necessity for labour, did not, at the same time, deprive life of all the zeal of enterprise. When I have stepped into my boat to board a Chilian frigate, I have had a prouder throbbing at my heart than ever the sight of that banker's cheque-book has given me. There's many a Gambusino in the Rocky Mountains, a happier, — ay, and a finer fellow, too, than the gayest of those gallants that ever squandered the gold *he* quarried! But why go on? — we are speaking in unknown tongues to each other."

The tone of irritation into which, as it seems unconsciously, Cashel had fallen, was not lost on the keen perception of Linton, and he was not sorry to feign a pretext for closing an interview whose continuance might be unpleasant.

"I was thinking of a hurried trip down to Tubbermore," said he, rising; "we shall have these guests of yours in open rebellion, if we don't affect at least something like preparation for their reception. I'll take Perystell along with me, and we'll see what can be done to get the old house in trim."

"Thanks," said Cashel, as he walked up and down, his thoughts seeming engaged on some other theme.

"I'll write to you a report of the actual condition of the fortress," said Linton, assuming all his habitual easy freedom of manner, "and then, if you think of anything to suggest, you'll let me hear."

"Yes, I'll write," said Cashel, still musing on his own thoughts.

"I see pretty plainly," cried Linton, laughing, there is no earthly use in asking you questions just now, your brain *being otherwise* occupied, and so, good-by."

"*Good-by — good-by,*" said Cashel, endeavouring,

but not with a very good grace, to shake off his preoccupation, while he shook hands with him; and Linton descended the stairs, humming an opera air, with all the seeming light-heartedness of a very careless nature.

Cashel, meanwhile, sat down, and, with his head resting on his hand, pondered over their late interview. There were two circumstances which both puzzled and distressed him. How came it that Linton should have written this note to Kennyfeck on a subject which only seemed to have actually suggested itself in the course of this, their very last conversation? Had he already planned the whole campaign respecting the seat in Parliament and the qualification, and was his apparently chance allusion to these topics a thing studied and devised beforehand? This, if true, would argue very ill for his friend's candour and fair dealing; and yet, how explain it otherwise? Was there any other seat open to him for which to need a qualification? If so, he had never spoken of it. It was the first time in his life that Cashel had conceived a suspicion of one whom he had regarded in the light of friend, and only they who have undergone a similar trial can understand the poignant suffering of the feeling; and yet, palpable as the cause for such a doubt was, he had never entertained it, had not Linton spoken disparagingly of the Kennyfecks! This is a curious trait of human nature, but one worth consideration; and while leaving it to the elucidation the penetration of each reader may suggest, we only reiterate the fact, that while Cashel could, without an effort, have forgiven the duplicity practised on himself, the levity Linton employed respecting Olivia, engendered doubts of his honour, too grave to be easily combated.

As for Linton, scarcely had he quitted Cashel, than

ɜ hastened to call on Kennyfeck; he had written the ɔte, already alluded to, to leave at the house, should e solicitor be from home; but having left it, by ac-dent, on his writing-table, his servant, discovering it be sealed and addressed, had, without further ques-ɔn, left it at Kennyfeck's house. As Linton went ɔng, he searched his pockets for the epistle, but con-led himself by remembering how he had left it at home.

A few moments later found him at Kennyfeck's or. The attorney was at home, and, without any nouncement, Linton entered the study where he sat:

"I was this instant writing to you, Sir," said Kenny-k, rising, and placing a seat for him; "Mr. Cashel, being informed of the wish expressed in your note—"

"Of what note?" said Linton, in a voice of, for him, ry unusual agitation.

"This note — here, Sir — dated — no, by-the-by, s not dated, but brought by your servant two hours ago."

Linton took the paper, glanced his eye over it, and ɔn, in mingled chagrin and forgetfulness, tore it, and ew the fragments into the fire.

"There is some mistake about this," said he slowly, l giving himself time to consider what turn he should d it.

"This is Mr. Cashel's reply, Sir," said Kennyfeck, er pausing some moments, but in vain, for the ex-nation.

Linton eagerly caught the letter, and read it ough, and whatever scruples or fear he might have ɪceived from any other man's, it seemed as if he had le dread of Cashel's penetration, for his assured and ry smile at once showed that he had regained his nted tranquillity.

"You will then take the necessary steps, without delay, Kennyfeck," said he. "The elections cannot be very distant, and it is better to be prepared." As he spoke, he threw the letter back upon the table, but in a moment afterwards, while taking off his gloves, managed to seize it and convey it to his pocket. "You know far better than I do, Kennyfeck," resumed he, "how sharp the lawyers can be in picking out any flaw respecting title and so forth; for this reason, be careful that this document shall be as regular and binding as need be."

"It shall be submitted for counsel's opinion, this evening, Sir —"

"Not to Jones, then; I don't fancy that gentleman, although I know he has some of your confidence; send it to Hammond."

"As you please, Sir."

"Another point. You'll not insert any clause respecting the tenant in possession; it would only be hampering us with another defence against some legal subtlety or other."

"Mr. Cashel does not desire this, Sir."

"Of course not, — you understand what the whole thing means. Well, I must say, good-by; you'll have all ready by the time I return to town. My respects to the drawing-room. — Adieu."

"That was a bad blunder about the note," muttered Linton, as he walked along towards home, "and might have lost the game, if the antagonist had any skill whatever."

END OF VOL. I.

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ROLAND CASHEL BY CHARLES LEVER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ROLAND CASHEL.

BY

CHARLES LEVER,

OR OF "HARRY LORREQUER," "THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE," &C., &C.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1858.

ROLAND CASHEL.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Let's see the field, and mark it well,
For, here, will be the battle.

OTTOCAR.

ES this path lead to the house, friend?" said a
an, whose dress bespoke recent travel, to the
, discontented figure of a man, who, seated on
beside a low and broken wicket, was lazily
his pipe, and occasionally throwing stealthy
at the stranger. A short nod of the head was
y. "You belong to the place, I suppose?"
ıybe, I do; and what then?"
nply that, as I am desirous of going thither, I
ɔe glad of your showing me the way."
oth, an' there's little to see when you get there,"
the other, sarcastically. "What are you by
f it's not displeasin' to ye?"
ıat's the very question I was about to ask you,"
ıton, for it was himself; "you appear to have a
ɜy mode of life, whatever it be, since you are
ferent about earning half-a-crown."
ı Keane *arose from* his seat, and made an
l attempt at saluting, as he said,

"'Tis the dusk o' the evening prevented me seein yer Honer, or I wouldn't be so bowld. This is the way to the Hall, sure enough."

"This place has been greatly neglected of late," said Linton, as they walked along side by side, and endeavouring, by a tone of familiarity, to set his companion at ease.

"Troth, it is neglected, and always was as long as I remember. I was reared in it, and I never knew it other; thistles and docks as big as your leg, everywhere, and the grass choked up with moss."

"How came it to be so completely left to ruin?"

"Anan!" muttered he, as if not well comprehending the question, but, in reality, a mere device employed to give him more time to scan the stranger, and guess at his probable object.

"I was asking," said Linton, "how it happened that a fine old place like this was suffered to go to wreck and ruin?"

"Faix, it's ould enough, anyhow," said the other, with a coarse laugh.

"And large, too."

"Yer Honer was here afore?" said Tom, stealthily glancing at him under his brows. "I'm thinking I remember yer Honer's faytures. You wouldn't be the gentleman that came down with Mr. Duffy?"

"No; this is my first visit to these parts; now, where does this little road lead? It seems to be better cared for than the rest, and the gate, too, is neatly kept."

"That goes down to the cottage, sir, — Tubberbeg, as they call it. Yer Honer isn't Mr. Cashel himself?" said Tom, reverentially taking off his tattered

hat, and attempting an air of courtesy, which sat marvellously ill upon him.

"I have not that good luck, my friend."

"'Tis good luck ye may call it," sighed Tom, — "a good luck that doesn't fall to many; but, maybe, ye don't want it; maybe, yer Honer —"

"And who lives in the cottage of Tubber-beg?" said Linton, interrupting.

"One Corrigan, Sir; an ould man and his granddaughter."

"Good kind of people, are they?"

"Ayeh! there's worse, and there's betther! They're as proud as Lucifer, and poor as Naygurs."

"And this is the Hall itself?" exclaimed Linton, as he stopped directly in front of the old dilapidated building, whose deformities were only exaggerated by the patchy effect of a faint moonlight.

"Ay, there it is," grinned Tom, "and no beauty either; and ugly as it looks without, it's worse within! There's cracks in the walls ye could put your hand through, and the windows is rotten, where they stand."

"It is not very tempting, certainly, as a residence," said Linton, smiling.

"Ah, but if ye heerd the cats, the way they do be racin' and hunting each other at night, and the wind bellowsin' down the chimbleys, such screechin' and yelling as it keeps, and then, the slates rattling, till ye'd think the ould roof was comin' off altogether — be my soul, there's many a man wouldn't take the property, and sleep a night in that house."

"One would do a great deal, notwithstanding, for a fine *estate like this," said* Linton, drily.

There was something, either in the words or the

accent, that touched Tom Keane's sympathy for the speaker; some strange suspicion, perhaps, that he was one, whose fortune, like his own, was not beyond the casualties and chances of life, and it was with a species of coarse friendship that he said, "Ah, if we had it between us, we'd do well."

"Right well, — no need to ask for better," said Linton, with a heartiness of assent that made the other perfectly at ease; "I'm curious to have a look at the inside of the place; I suppose there is no hindrance?"

"None in life! I live below, and, faix, there's no living anywhere else, for most of the stairs is burned, and, as I towld ye, the rats has upstairs all to themselves. Nancy, give us a light," cried he, passing into the dark and spacious hall, "I'm going to show a gentleman the curiosities. I ax your Honer's pardon, the place isn't so clean as it might be."

Linton gave one peep into the long and gloomy chamber, where the whole family were huddled together in all the wretchedness and disorder of a cabin, and at once drew back.

"The cows is on the other side," said the man, "and, beyond, there's four rooms was never plaistered; and there, where you see the straw, that's the billiard-room, and inside of it again there's a place for play actin', and, more by token, there's a quare thing there."

"What's that?" asked Linton, whose curiosity was excited by the remark.

"Come, and I'll show yer Honer."

So saying, he led on through a narrow corridor, and, passing through two or three dilapidated, ruined chambers, they entered a large and spacious apartment,

whose sloping floor at once showed Linton that they were standing on the stage of a theatre.

Tom Keane held up the flickering light, that the other might see the torn and tattered remnants of the decorations, and the fragments of scenes, as they flapped to and fro. "It's a dhroll place, anyhow," said he, "and there's scarce a bit of it hasn't a trap-door, or some other contrivance of the like; but here's one stranger than all; this is what I towld yer Honer about." He walked, as he spoke, to the back wall of the building, where, on the surface of the plaster, a rude scene, representing a wood, was painted, at one side of which a massive pile of rock, overgrown with creepers, stood. "Now, ye'd never guess what was there," said Tom, holding the candle in different situations to exhibit the scene; "and, indeed, I found it by chance myself; see this," — and he pressed a small but scarcely perceptible knob of brass in the wall, and at once, what appeared to be the surface of the rock, slid back, discovering a dark space behind. "Come on, now, after me," continued he. Linton followed, and they ascended a narrow stair construed in the substance of the wall, and barely sufficient to admit one person.

Arriving at the top, after a few seconds' delay, Tom opened a small door, and they stood in a large and well-proportioned room, where some wormeaten bed furniture yet remained. The door had been once, as a small fragment of glass showed, the frame of a large mirror, and must have been quite beyond the reach of ordinary powers of detection.

"That was a cunning way to steal down among the *play acthers," said* Keane, grinning, while Linton

with the greatest attention, remarked the position of the door and its secret fastening.

"I suppose no one but yourself knows of this stair?" said Linton.

"Sorra one, Sir, except, maybe, some of the smugglers that used to come here long ago, from the mouth of the Shannon. This was one of their hiding-places."

"Well, if this old mansion comes ever to be inhabited, one might have rare fun by means of that passage: so, be sure you keep the secret well. Let that be a padlock on your lips." And, so saying, he took a sovereign from his purse, and gave it him. "Your name is —"

"Tom, yer Honer, Tom Keane, and, by this and by that, I'm ready to do yer Honer's bidding from this hour out —"

"Well, we shall be good friends, I see," interrupted Linton. "You may perhaps be useful to me, and I can also be able to serve you. Now, which is the regular entrance to this chamber?"

"There, Sir; it's the last door as ye see in the long passage. Them is all bedrooms along there, but it's not safe to walk down, for the floor is rotten."

Linton noted down in a memory far from defective the circumstances of the chamber, and then followed his guide through the remainder of the house, which in every quarter presented the same picture of ruin and decay.

"The bit of candle is near out," said Tom, "but sure there isn't much more to be seen; there's rooms there was never opened, and more, on the other side, *the same.* The place is as big as a barrack, and here *we are once more* on the grand stair."

For once, the name was not ill applied; as, constructed of Portland stone, and railed with massive banisters of iron, it presented features of solidity and endurance, in marked contrast to the other portions of the edifice. Linton cast one more glance around the gloomy entrance, and sallied forth into the free air. "I'll see you to-morrow, Tom," said he, "and we'll have some talk together. — Good night."

"Good night, and good luck to yer Honer; but won't you let me see your Honer out of the grounds, — as far as the big gate, at least?"

"Thanks; I know the road perfectly already, and I rather like a lonely stroll of a fine night like this."

Tom, accordingly, reiterated his good wishes, and Linton was suffered to pursue his way, unaccompanied. Increasing his speed, as he arrived at a turn of the road, he took the path which led off the main approach, and led down by the river side to the cottage of Tubber-beg. There was a feeling of strong interest which prompted him to see this cottage, which now he might call his own; and as he went, he regarded the little clumps of ornamental planting, the well-kept walks, the neat palings, the quaint benches beneath the trees, with very different feelings from those he had bestowed on the last visited scene. Nor was he insensible to the landscape beauty which certain vistas opened, and, seen even by the faint light of a new moon, were still rich promises of picturesque situation.

Suddenly, and without any anticipation, he found himself, on turning a little copse of evergreens, in front of the cottage, and almost beneath the shadow of its deep porch. Whatever his previous feelings of self-

interest in every detail around, they were speedily routed by the scene before him.

In a large and well-furnished drawing-room, where a single lamp was shining, sat an old man in an easy chair, his features, his attitude, and his whole bearing indicating the traces of recent illness. Beside him, on a low stool, almost at his feet, was a young girl of singular beauty, — the plastic grace of her figure, the easy motion of the head, as from time to time she raised it, to throw upwards a look of affectionate reverence, and the long, loose masses of her hair, which accidentally unfastened, fell on either shoulder, making rather one of those ideals which a Raphael can conceive than a mere creature of every-day existence. Although late autumn, the windows lay open to the ground, for as yet, no touch of coming winter had visited this secluded and favoured spot. In the still quiet of the night, *her* voice, for she alone spoke, could be heard at first, the mere murmur of the accents reached Linton's ears, but even, from them, he could gather the tone of cheering and encouragement in which she spoke. At length he heard her say, in a voice of almost tremulous enthusiasm, "It was so like you, dear papa, not to tell this Mr. Cashel that you had yourself a claim, and, as many think, a rightful one, to this same estate, and thus, not trouble the stream of his munificence."

"Nay, child, it had been as impolitic as unworthy to do so," said the old man; "he who stoops to receive a favour should detract nothing from the generous sentiment of the granter."

"For my part, I would tell him," said she, eagerly, "that his noble conduct has for ever barred my prosecuting *such* a claim, and that if, tomorrow, the fairest

›fs of my right should reach me, I'd throw them in fire."

"To get credit for such self-sacrifice, Mary, one t be independent of all hypothesis; one must do, not merely promise. Now, it would be hard to ect Mr. Cashel to feel the same conviction I do, that confiscation was repealed by letters under the hand Majesty itself. The Brownes, through whom Cashel ›rits, were the stewards of my ancestors, entrusted ı all their secret affairs, and cognisant of all their ily matters. From the humble position of depend- ı, they suddenly sprang into wealth and fortune, ended by purchasing the very estate they once ›d on as day labourers — sold as it was, like all fiscated estates, for a mere fraction of its value."

"Oh, base ingratitude!"

"Worse still; it is said, and with great reason to ieve it true, that Hammond Browne, who was sent ır to London by my great grandfather to negotiate h the Government, actually received the free pardon l the release of the confiscation, but concealed and de away with both; and, to prevent my grandfather ng driven to further pursuit, gave him the lease of s cottage on the low terms we continue to hold it."

A low, faint cough from the old man warned his nddaughter of the dangers of the night air, and she ›se and closed the windows. They still continued ›ir conversation, but Linton, unable to hear more, ›urned to his inn, deeply reflecting over the strange ›closures he had overheard.

CHAPTER II.

How cold is treachery!

"Who can Mr. Linton be, my dear?" s
Corrigan, as he sat at breakfast the next
pondered over the card which, with a pol
for an interview, the servant had just deli
cannot remember the name if I ever heard
but should we not invite him to join us at l

"Where is he, Simon?" asked Miss Leic

"At the door, Miss, and a very nice-lo
tleman as ever I saw."

"Say that I have been ill, Simon, and c
to the door, and beg he'll be kind enough
to breakfast."

With a manner, where ease and defe
admirably blended, Linton entered the r
apologising for his intrusion, said, "I have
here, Sir, on a little business matter for
Roland Cashel, and I could not think of r
town without making the acquaintance o
whom my friend has already conceived th
feelings of interest and regard. It will be the
tion I shall hear when I get back, 'Well, w
Corrigan, and how is he?'"

While making this speech, which he deli
tone of perfect frankness, he seemed neve
noticed the presence of Miss Leicester, who
a little as he entered the room, and now, on l
duced to her, made his acknowledgments wi
courtesy.

"And so our young landlord is thinkin

up his residence amongst us?" said Corrigan, as Linton assumed his place at the breakfast-table.

"For a few weeks he purposes to do so, but I question greatly if the tranquil pleasures and homely duties of a country life will continue long to attract him; he is very young, and the world so new to him, that he will scarcely settle down anywhere, or to anything, for some time to come."

"Experience is a capital thing, no doubt, Mr. Linton, but I'd rather trust the generous impulses of a good-hearted youth in a country like this, long neglected by its gentry. Let him once take an interest in the place and the people, and I'll vouch for the rest. Is he a sportsman?"

"He *was*, when in Mexico; but buffalo and antelope hunting are very different from what this country offers?"

"Does he read? — Is he studious?" said Mary.

"Not even a newspaper, Miss Leicester. He is a ine, high-spirited, dashing fellow, and if good nature nd honourable intentions could compensate for defecve education and training, he would be perfect."

"They'll go very far, depend on it, Mr. Linton. these days, a man of wealth can buy almost anyng. Good sense, judgment, skill, all are in the ket; but a generous nature and a warm heart are 's gifts, and can neither be grafted nor transted."

'You'll like him, I'm certain, Mr. Corrigan?"

'I know I shall. I have reason for the anticipa- Tiernay told me the handsome words he used according me a favour, — and here comes the r *himself*." *As he* spoke, Dr. Tiernay entered

the room, his flushed face and hurried breathing bespeaking a hasty walk. "Good morrow, Tiernay. Mr. Linton, let me present our doctor; not the least among our local advantages, as you can tell your friend Mr. Cashel."

"We've met before, Sir," said Tiernay, scanning, with a steady gaze, the countenance which, wreathed in smiles, seemed to invite rather than dread recognition.

"I am happy to be remembered, Dr. Tiernay," said Linton, "although I fancy our meeting was too brief for much acquaintance; but we'll know each other better, I trust, hereafter."

"No need, Sir," whispered Tiernay, as he passed close to his side; "I believe we read each other perfectly already."

Linton smiled, and bowed, as though accepting the speech in some complimentary sense, and turned towards Miss Leicester, who was busily arranging some dried plants in a volume.

"These are not specimens of this neighbourhood?" said Linton, taking up some heaths, "which are seldom found save in Alpine regions."

"Yes, Sir," interrupted Tiernay, "you'll be surprised to find here productions which would seem native to these wilds."

"If you take an interest in such things," said old Corrigan, "you can't have a better guide than my granddaughter and Tiernay; they know every crag and glen for twenty miles round; all I bargain for is, don't be late back for dinner. You'll give us your company, *I hope*, Sir, at six?"

Linton assented, with a cordial pleasure that de-

ed his inviter; and Mary, so happy to see the fied expression of her grandfather's face, looked fully at the stranger for his polite compliance.

'A word with you, Sir," whispered Tiernay in on's ear; and he passed out into the little flower- en, saying, as he went, "I'll show Mr. Linton the nds, Miss Mary; and you shall not have to neglect household cares."

Linton followed him without speaking, nor was a l interchanged between them till they had left the ge a considerable distance behind them. "Well, " said Linton, coming to a halt, and speaking in a e of cold and steadfast purpose, "how far do you ose that I am to bear you company?"

'Only till we are beyond the danger of being over- d," said Tiernay, turning round. "Here will do ectly. You will doubtless say, Sir, that in asking for an explanation of why I see you in this cottage, I am exceeding the bounds of what right and duty e impose."

"You anticipate me, precisely," said Linton, sar- ically, "and to save you the embarrassment of so ously impertinent a proceeding, I beg to say that all neither afford you the slightest satisfaction on or any other subject of inquiry. Now, Sir, what t?"

"Do you forget the occasion of our first meeting?" the Doctor, who actually was abashed beneath the tised effrontery of his adversary.

"Not in the least, Sir. You permitted yourself on occasion to take a liberty, which from your age other circumstances I consented to pass unnoticed. all *not always vouch* for the same patient en-

durance on my part; and so pray be cautious how you provoke it."

"It was at that meeting," said the Doctor, with passionate earnestness, "that I heard you endeavour to dissuade your friend from a favourable consideration of that man's claim, whose hospitality you now accept of. It was with an insolent sneer at Mr. Cashel's simplicity —"

"Pray stop, Sir — not too far, I beseech you. The whole affair, into which by some extraordinary self-delusion you consider yourself privileged to obtrude, is very simple. This cottage and the grounds appertaining to it are mine. This old gentleman, for whom I entertain the highest respect, is *my* tenant. The legal proofs of what I say, I promise to submit to you within the week; and it was to rescue Mr. Cashel from the inconsistency of pledging himself to what was beyond his powers of performance that I interfered. *Your* very ill-advised zeal prevented this; and rather than increase the awkwardness of a painful situation, I endured a very unprovoked and impertinent remark. Now, Sir, you have the full explanation of my conduct, and my opinion of yours; and I see no reason to continue the interview." So saying, Linton touched his hat and turned back towards the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

Ay, Sir, the knave is a deep one.

OLD PLAY.

To save our reader the tedious task of following Mr. Linton's movements, however necessary to our story some insight into them may be, we take the shorter

erefore pleasanter course, of submitting one of n brief notes to Roland Cashel, written some lays after his arrival at Tubbermore.

ill here, my dear Cashel, still in this Tipperary , where our devotion to your service has called ll retains us — and what difficulties and dangers een ours! What a land! — and what a people! uth, I no longer envy the rich landed proprietor in my ignorance, I used to do some weeks back. in. Your Château de Tubbermore, which seems between a gaol and a county hospital without, a downright ruin within, stands in a park of and docks, whose luxuriant growth are a con- ous reflexion upon your trees, which positively row at all. So ingeniously placed is this desi- esidence, that although the country, the river, e mountains, offer some fine landscape effects, vestige of any of them can be seen from your s. Your dining-room, late a nursery for an ing family of small pigs, does look out upon bles, picturesque as they are in fissured walls nbling rafters; and one of the drawing-rooms — ll it the blue room — a tint so likely to be up by the spectators — opens upon a garden what a garden! Fruit-trees there are none — , I am unjust, two have been left standing to pport to a clothes-line, where the amiable house- your care-taker, Mr. Cane, are pictorially re- ed by various garments, crescendo from the tunic er years to the full-grown 'toga.' But why ate small details? Let me rather deal in nega- nd *tell you there is* not a whole pane of glass

"Have I told you everything? I scarcely know, my head is so full of roof-trees, rafters, joists, gables, and parapets — Halt! I was forgetting a pretty — that is not the word — a handsome girl, daughter, or grand-daughter, of our tenant Mr. Corrigan, one of those saintly, virginal heads Raphael painted, with finely pencilled eyebrows, delicate beyond expression above; severe, in the cold, unimpassioned character of the mouth and lips; clever, too, — or what comes to nearly the same, — odd and eccentric, being educated by an old St. Omer priest, who taught her Latin, French, Italian, with a dash of Theology, and, better than all, to sing Provençal songs to her own accompaniment on the piano. You'll say, with such companionship, Siberia is not so bad after all, nor would it, perhaps, if we had nothing else to think of. Besides, she is as proud as an Austrian Archduchess — has the blood of, God knows how many, Kings — Irish, of course — in her veins, and looks upon me — Saxon that I am — as a mountain-ash might do on a mushroom."

There was no erasure but one, and that very slight, and seeming unimportant: he had written Tubber-beg at the top of the letter, and, perceiving it, had changed it to Tubbermore, the fact being, that he had already established himself as an inmate of the "Cottage," and a guest of Mr. Corrigan. We need not dwell on the arts by which Linton accomplished this object, to which, indeed, Mr. Corrigan's hospitable habits contributed no difficulty. The "Doctor" alone could have interposed any obstacle, and he, knowing the extent *of Linton's* power, did not dare to do so, contenting *himself to* watch narrowly all his proceedings, and

warn his friend, whenever warning could no longer be delayed.

Without enjoying the advantages of a careful education, Linton's natural quickness counterfeited knowledge so well, that few, in every-day intercourse, could detect the imposition. He never read a book through, but he skimmed some thousands, and was thoroughly familiar with that process so popular in our Universities, and technically termed "cramming" an author. In this way, there were few subjects on which he could not speak fairly, a faculty, to which considerable fluency and an easy play of fancy lent great assistance. His great craft, however, was — and whatever may be said on the subject, it would seem the peculiar gift of certain organisations — that he was able, and in an inconceivably short time, to worm himself into the confidence of almost all with whom he came in contact. His natural good sense, his singularly clear views, his ever ready sympathy, but, more than all, the dexterity with which he could affect acquaintance with topics he was all but totally ignorant of, pointed him out as the very person to hear the secrets of a family.

Mr. Corrigan was not one to exact any great efforts of Linton's tact in this walk; his long isolation from the world, joined to a character naturally frank, made him communicative and open; and before Linton had passed a week under his roof, he had heard all the circumstances of the old forfeiture, and the traditionary belief of the family, that it had been withdrawn under a special order of the King in council.

"You are quite right," said Linton, one night, as this theme had been discussed for some hours, "never to *have alluded to this* in any correspondence with

Cashel. His hasty and excitable temper would have construed the whole into a threat — and there is no saying how he might have resented it."

"I did not speak of it — for a very different reason," said old Corrigan, proudly; "I had just accepted a favour — and a great one — at his hands, and I would not tarnish the lustre of his noble conduct by even the possibility of self-interest."

Linton was silent — a struggle of some kind seemed working within him, but he did not speak, and at last sauntered from the room, and passed out into the little garden in front.

He had not gone far, when he heard a light footstep on the gravel behind him. He turned, and saw Mary Leicester.

"I have followed you, Mr. Linton," said she, in a voice whose agitation was perceptible, "because I thought it possible that some time or other, in your close intimacy with Mr. Cashel, you might allude to this topic, and I know what distress such a communication would occasion to my grandfather. Our claim — if the word be not inapplicable — can never be revived; for myself, there is no condition of privation I would not rather meet, than encounter the harassing vicissitudes of a struggle which should embitter my poor dear grandfather's few years on earth. The very mention of the theme is sure to render him irritable and unhappy. Promise me, then, to avoid the subject as much as possible, here, and never to advert to it, elsewhere."

"Should I not be doing you a gross injustice by such a pledge?" said Linton, mildly.

"I can endure that; I cannot support the alternative. *Make me this* promise."

I make it, truly and solemnly; would it were in ower to pledge myself to aught of real service to Leicester."

There is one such," said Mary, after a pause, "and am ashamed to ask it — ashamed of the pretion it would imply — and yet I feel acquitted to wn heart."

What is it? — only tell me how I can serve you," Linton, passionately.

I have scarce courage for the avowal," said she, low, faint voice. "It is not that my self-love can ounded by any judgment that may be pronounced, is rather that I dread failure for itself. In a word, inton, certain circumstances of fortune have pressed my grandfather's resources, some of which I am e of, — of others ignorant. So much, however, know, that the comforts, so necessary to his age habits, have diminished one by one — each year g some new privations, where increasing infirmity d demand more ease. In this emergency, I have ght of an effort, — you will smile at the folly, aps, but be lenient for the motive; — I have avoured to make some of the many reminiscenees s own early years contribute to his old age, and written certain short sketches of the time, when, youth, he served as a soldier of the body-guard ouis XVI. I know how utterly valueless they are literary point of view — but I have thought that, ue pictures of a time now probably passed away r to return, they might have their interest. Such y secret. My entreaty is, to ask of you to look em, and, if *not utterly* unworthy, to assist me re-*ing their publication.*"

"I not only promise this, — but I can pledge myself to the success," said Linton; "such recitals of life and manners, as I have listened to from Mr. Corrigan, would be invaluable: we know so little in England —"

"Nay, let me stop you: they are written in French. My hope is to procure their insertion in some French journal, as is the custom now-a-days. Here they are," said she, handing him a packet with a trembling hand. "I have but to say, that if they be all I fear them, you will be too true a friend to peril me by a rejection." And without waiting for a reply, she hurried back to the house.

Many minutes had not elapsed ere Linton found himself in his room, with the open manuscript before him. It was quite true, he had not in anticipation conceived a very high idea of Miss Leicester's efforts, because his habit, like that of a great number of shrewd people, was to regard all amateur performances as very inferior, and that only they who give themselves wholly up to any pursuit, attain even mediocrity. He had not however, read many pages, till he was struck by th evidence of high ability. The style was everywhe simple, chaste, and elegant; the illustrations natur and graceful; and the dialogue, when occurring, mark by all the epigrammatic smartness which characteri the era.

The sketches also had the merit of life-pictures. real characters of the day, being drawn with a vi that only actual knowledge could impart. All excellences Linton could perceive, and estimate there were many very far above his power of *ciation.* As it was, he read on, fascinated by *terest the* scenes inspired, nor ceased till the le

was completed, when, throwing himself on his bed, he fell soon asleep, and dreamed of Mary Leicester.

His very first care, on waking, was to resume the manuscript, and see how far the impression first made might be corroborated by after thought. It was while reading, that the post had just arrived, bringing, among other letters, one in Phillis's hand, which was, though brief, significant:

"Sir, — There is no time to be lost. The K.'s are here every day, and Lord C— spends every morning here till three or four O'C. Mr. Meek has written to ask for Mr. C.'s interest in the borough, — what answer given, not known. Mr. C. would seem to be again pressed for money. He was here twice yesterday. The rumour is, that Mr. C. will marry Miss O. K. immediately. Pearse overheard Mr. K. warning Mr. C. against Mr. Linton as a very dangerous intimate. Ld. C. F. said, when sitting here yesterday, 'I have known master Tom some years, and never knew the man he did not help to ruin, with whom he had any influence.' Mr. C. said something about being on his guard, and 'suspecting' — but the exact words were not heard. Lord K. and Lady breakfasted with Mr. C. to-day, and stayed till two. Lady K. swept down with her dress a Sèvres jar in the boudoir, — heard Mr. C. say, that he would not give the fragments for the most precious vase in the Tuileries. Lord K. asked what he said, and her Ladyship replied, that Mr. C.'s vase was unhappily the fellow of one in the Tuileries, and looked confused at the accident. Mr. Linton is warned to lose *no time, as Mr. C. is* hourly falling deeper into other

influences, — and every day something occurs to injure Mr. L.'s interest. — Honoured Sir, in duty yours,

"P.

"N.B. — The yacht came into harbour from Cowes, last night."

The same day which brought this secret despatch saw one from Linton to Cashel, saying, that by the aid of four hundred workmen in various crafts, unceasing toil, and unwearied zeal, Tubbermore would be ready to receive his guests by the following Wednesday. A steamer, hired specially, had brought over from London nearly everything which constitutes the internal arrangement of a house, and as money had been spent without control, difficulties melted away into mere momentary embarrassments — impossibilities there were none. The letter contained a long list of commissions for Cashel to execute, given, however, with no other object than to occupy his time for the remaining few days in town as much as possible. This, written and sent off, Linton addressed himself to his task of preparation, with an energy few could surpass, and while the tradespeople were stimulated by increased pay to greater efforts, and the work was carried on through the night by torchlight, the whole demesne swarmed with labourers, by whom roads were cut, paths gravelled, fences levelled, flower-plots devised, even the garden — that labyrinth of giant weeds — was reduced to order, till in the hourly changing aspect of the place, it was hard not to recognise the wand of enchantment. It was, indeed, like magic to see how fountains sprang up, and *threw their* sprayey showers over the new-planted shrubs; *new paths led* away into dense groves of trees; windows,

so late half walled up, now opened upon smooth, shaven turf, or disclosed a reach of swelling landscape; and chambers, that a few days back were the gloomy abode of the bat and the night-owl, became of a sudden cheerful and lightsome.

Stuccoed ceilings, mirror-panelled windows, gilded cornices, and carved architraves — all of which would imply time and long labour — were there, at once, and on the moment, for the Good Fairy, who did these things, knows not failure — the Banker's Check-book. From the great hall to the uppermost chamber, the aspect of all bespoke comfort. The elegances of life, Linton well knew, are like all other refinements, not capable of being "improvised," but the daily comforts are. The meaner objects which make up the sum of hourly want — the lazy ottoman, the downy-pillowed fauteuils, the little squabs that sit in windows to provoke flirtations and inspire confidences; the tempting little writing-tables that suggest pen and ink; the billiard-table, opening on the flower-garden, so redolent of sweet odours, that you feel exonerated for the shame of an in-door occupation; the pianos, and guitars, and harps scattered about in various places, as though to be ever ready to the touch; the books, and prints, and portfolios, that give excuse to the lounging mood, and text for that indolent chit-chat, so pleasant of a morning — all these, and a thousand other things, seen through the long perspective of a handsome suite of rooms, do make up that sum, for which our own dear epithet, "comfort," has no foreign equivalent.

We have been often compelled, in this veracious history, to reflect with harshness on certain traits of *Mr. Linton's morality.* Let us make him the small

amende in our power to say, that in his prese
tions he was unsurpassable — and here, for the n
we leave him.

CHAPTER IV.

They alle agrede, to disagree,
A moste united Famille!

GREAT was the excitement and bustle in the
feck family on the arrival of a brief note from
Cashel, setting forth that the house at Tubberm
at length in a state to receive his guests, who v
vited for the following Wednesday.

Although this visit had rarely been allude
Cashel's presence, it was a very frequent topic
family in secret committee, and many were th
inspired by long postponement that the event
never come off. Each, indeed, looked forwa
with very different feelings. Independent of a
purely personal views, Mrs. Kennyfeck specul
the immense increase of importance she should
socially, in the fact of being domesticated in th
house with a Commander of the Forces and hi
not to speak of Secretaries, Aides-de-camp, and
knows what other functionaries. The young lad
prospective visions of another order, and poor
feck fancied himself a kind of agricultural Me
who was about, at the mere suggestion of his
lay down new territorial limits on the estate,
and carve the boundaries at his pleasure.

Aunt Fanny, alone, was not warmed by
thusiasm around her; first of all, there wer
if she could accompany the others, as

invitation had ever been accorded to her; and although Mrs. Kennyfeck stoutly averred "she was as good as asked," the elder daughter plainly hinted at the possible awkwardness of such a step, Olivia preserving between the two a docile neutrality.

"I'm sorry for *your* sake, my dear," said Miss O'Hara to Olivia, with an accent almost tart, "because I thought I might be useful."

"It is very provoking for all our sakes," said Miss Kennyfeck, as though quietly suffering the judgment to be pronounced; "we should have been so happy all together."

"If your father was any good, he'd manage it at once," said Mrs. K. with a resentful glance towards poor Mr. Kennyfeck, who, with spectacles on his forehead, and the newspaper on his knee, fancied he was thinking.

"We should have some very impertinent remark upon it, I'm certain," said Miss K., who, for reasons we must leave to the reader's own acuteness, was greatly averse to her aunt accompanying them, "so many of one family! I know how Linton will speak of it."

"Let him, if he dare; I wonder whose exertions placed Cashel himself in the position he enjoys," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, angrily, and darting a look of profound contempt at her husband, recognising, doubtless, the axiom of the ignoble means through which Providence occasionally effects our destinies.

"I can remain here, Mamma, for that matter," said Olivia, in a voice of angelic innocence.

"Sweet — artless creature," whispered her sister, "not to know *how* all our devices are exercised for *her.*"

"It's really too provoking, Fanny," said Mrs. Kennyfeck; "you were just beginning to acquire that kind of influence over him which would be so serviceable, and once in the country, where so many opportunities for joining him in his walks would occur, I calculated immensely on your assistance."

"Well, my dear, it can't be helped," sighed Aunt Fanny.

"Couldn't we allude to it to-day, when Cashel calls, and say something about your going away to the country and our regrets at parting, and so on. Olivia, you might do that very easily."

"It wouldn't do for Olivia," said Aunt Fanny, very sententiously.

"Quite right, aunt," chimed in Miss Kennyfeck; "that would be like old Admiral Martin, who shot away all his ammunition firing salutes."

"Mr. Kennyfeck!" said his spouse, with a voice of command; "I vow he is deafer every day — Mr. Kennyfeck, you must call on Mr. Cashel this morning, and say, that we really cannot think of inflicting him with an entire family; that you and I alone — or you and Olivia —"

"No — no, Mr. Kennyfeck and Caroline," interposed Aunt Fanny, "say that."

"Thanks for the preference," said Miss Kennyfeck, with a short nod; "I am to play lightning-conductor; isn't it so?"

"Or shall I propose going alone?" interposed Mr. *Kennyfeck*, in all the solemnity of self-importance.

"*Isn't he* too bad?" exclaimed his wife, turning to

the others; "did you ever conceive there could be anything as dull as that man? We cannot trust you with any part of the transaction."

"Here comes Mr. Cashel himself," said Miss Kennyfeck, as a phaeton drove rapidly to the door, and Cashel, accompanied by a friend, descended.

"Not a word of what we were speaking, Mr. Kennyfeck!" said his wife, sternly, for she reposed slight reliance on his tact.

"Who is with him?" whispered Olivia to her sister; but not heeding the question, Miss Kennyfeck said:

"Take *my* advice, Livy, and get rid of your Duenna. You'll play your own game better."

Before there was time for rejoinder, Lord Charles Frobisher and Cashel entered the drawing-room.

"You received my note, I hope, Mrs. Kennyfeck," said Roland, as he accepted her cordially-offered hand. "I only this morning got Linton's last bulletin, and immediately wrote off to tell you."

"That *is* significant," whispered Miss Kennyfeck to Olivia. "To give *us* the earliest intelligence."

"I trust the announcement is not too abrupt."

"Of course not, — our only scruple is, the largeness of our party. We are really shocked at the notion of inflicting an entire family upon you."

"Beware the Bear," whispered Lord C., in a very droit under-tone, — "don't invite the Aunt."

"My poor house will only be the more honoured," said Cashel, bowing, and sorely puzzled how to act.

"You'll have a very numerous muster, Cashel, I fancy," said Lord Charles, aloud; "not to speak of the invited, *but those 'Umbræ'* as the Romans called them

who follow in the suite of such fascinating people as Mrs. White."

"Not one too many, if there be but room for them; my great anxiety is, that my personal friends should not be worst off, and I have come to beg, if not inconvenient, that you would start from this on Tuesday."

"Do you contract to bring us all down?" said Frobisher. "I really think you ought; the geography of that district is not very familiar to most of us. What says Miss Kennyfeck?"

"I like everything that promises pleasure and amusement."

"What says her sister?" whispered Cashel to Olivia.

"How do you mean to travel, Mr. Cashel?" said she, in a tone which might be construed into perfect artlessness, or the most intense interest.

"With you, — if you permit," said Cashel, in a low voice. "I have been thinking of asking Mrs. Kennyfeck if she would like to go down by sea, and sail up the Shannon. My yacht has just arrived."

"Mamma cannot bear the water, or it would be delightful," said Olivia.

"Cannot we manage a Lady Patroness, then?" said Cashel; "would Miss O'Hara kindly consent?"

"Aunt Fanny, Mr. Cashel wishes to speak to you."

"Gare ma Tante!" said Frobisher, between his teeth.

"We were speaking — or rather, I was expressing a hope," said Cashel, diffidently, "that a yacht excursion round the Southern Coast, and so up the Shannon, *might not* be an inappropriate way of reaching Tubber-

more. Would Miss O'Hara feel any objection to be of the party?"

"With Caroline and me," said Olivia, innocently.

Miss O'Hara smiled, and shook her head doubtfully.

"It is very tempting, Mr. Cashel — too tempting, indeed; but it requires consideration. May I speak a word with you?" And so saying, she withdrew with Cashel into a window recess.

The interview was brief; but as they returned to the circle, Cashel was heard to say,

"I am really the worst man in the world to solve such difficulties; for in my ignorance of all forms, I incur the risk of undervaluing them; but if you thought by my inviting Lord and Lady Kilgoff —"

"Oh, by no means. My sister would never consent to that. But I will just confer with her for an instant."

"If the Kilgoffs are asked, it spoils all," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, in reply to a whispered communication of her sister.

"I'll manage that," said Aunt Fanny; "I half hinted you didn't like the companionship for the girls."

"He'll invite Mrs. Leicester White, or Lady Janet, perhaps."

"He shan't. I'll take the whole upon myself."

"You *have* done it, I see," said Frobisher, coming close to Cashel, and affecting to examine his watch-guard, "and I warned you, notwithstanding."

"What could I do?" said Cashel, hopelessly.

"What you must do later on," said Lord Charles Polly; "*cut the whole* concern altogether."

"Have you invited the Dean, Mr. Cashel?" interposed Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"I really cannot inform you, Madam. There has been so much confusion — Linton promising to do everything, and ask everybody; but the omission — if such —"

"Should be left where it is," muttered Frobisher.

"How long should we probably be on the voyage, Mr. Cashel?" asked Miss O'Hara.

"Three — four — or five days — perhaps more."

"I'll give you a month's sail — and back 'Time' after all," said Lord Charles.

"Oh, that is out of the question — we couldn't think of such an excursion," said Aunt Fanny.

Olivia cast a most imploring look on her aunt, and was silent.

"Another point, Mr. Cashel," said Miss O'Hara, speaking in a very low whisper; "my sister, who is so particular about her girls — you know how they have been brought up, so rigidly, and so carefully — she is afraid of that kind of intimacy that might possibly grow up between them and — and —" Here she came to a full stop. "Didn't I hear you speak of Lady Kilgoff?"

"Yes; I thought her exactly the kind of person you'd like to have."

"Oh, she is charming — most delightful; but she is a woman of the world, Mr. Cashel," said Aunt Fanny, shaking her head.

"*Indeed!*" muttered Roland, not in the least guessing *the drift* of the remark.

"No, no, Mr. Cashel, that would never do. These weet children have no knowledge of such people, urther than the common intercourse of society. Lady Kilgoff and Mrs. White ——"

"Is she another?"

"She is another, Mr. Cashel," said Aunt Fanny, oraculously.

"Then I see nothing for it, but limiting the party to myself and my yacht commander — Lieutenant Sickleton of the Navy — and I believe we have as little of the world about us as any one could desire."

It was full a minute or two before Miss O'Hara could satisfy herself that this speech was not uttered ironically; but the good-natured and frank look of the speaker at last dispelled the fear, and she said,

"Well, if you really ask my opinion, I'd say, you are right. For our parts — that is, for the girls and myself, I mean — we should like it all the better, and if you wouldn't find us too tiresome companions ——"

Miss O'Hara was interrupted here by Mrs. Kenny-eck, who, with considerable agitation in her manner, aid, "I must beg pardon for disturbing your agreeable *ête-à-tête*, Mr. Cashel; but I wish to say one word to ny sister."

As they retired together, Frobisher came up, and, rawing his arm within Roland's, led him to a window: I say, old fellow, you are going too fast here; hold in bit, I advise you."

"How do you mean? — what have I done?"

"It's no affair of mine, you know, and you may ay I'm devilish impertinent to mix myself up in it, ut I don't like to see a fellow 'sold,' notwithstand-ng."

"Pray be explicit and frank — what is it?"

"Well, if you'll not take it ill?"

"I promise, I shall not, — go on."

"Do you mean to marry that little girl yonder, with the blue flower in her hair?"

"I cannot say that I do, or that I do not," said Roland, getting very red.

"Then, you're making a very bad book, that's all."

"Oh, you're quite mistaken; I don't suspect her of the slightest feeling towards me ——"

"What has that to say to it, my dear fellow?" interrupted Frobisher. "I didn't imply that she was in love with you! I wanted to warn you about the mess you're getting into — the family fracas — the explanation asking — the sermonising — the letter-writing — the tears, reproaches, distractions — ay, and the damages, too! — devilish heavy they'd be against one like you, with plenty of 'ready.' Hush! they're coming."

Miss O'Hara advanced toward Cashel, and Frobisher retired; her mien and carriage were, however, statelier and more imposing, with less of cordiality than before. "We cannot agree upon the details of this excursion, I find, Sir; my sister's scruples — Mr. Kennyfeck's doubts — the difficulties, in short, of every kind, are such, that I fear we must relinquish it."

Cashel bowed deeply, without uttering a word; the insinuations of Frobisher were added in his mind to the suspicion that some secret game was being played against him, and his manly nature was insulted by the doubt.

Aunt Fanny, perhaps, perceived she had gone too *far, for,* reassuming her former smile, she said, "Not

that we despair of one day or other taking a pleasure-trip in your beautiful vessel."

"You do me too much honour by expressing such a hope," said Cashel, gravely; and then turning to Frobisher, added, "Will you drive me down to Kingstown? I want to go on board for a few minutes."

"We see you at seven o'clock, I hope?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, in a whisper.

"I regret to have made an engagement for to-day, Madam," replied Cashel, stiffly. "Good morning, ladies. Very sorry, Miss O'Hara, our sea intentions have been a failure. Let me hope for better luck on land."

"Will you not be here this evening?" said Olivia, as he passed close to her; and there was in the swimming eye, and tremulous voice, enough to have melted a harder heart than Roland's; but this time he was proof against all blandishments, and with a very cold negative, he departed.

"There is hope for you yet, old fellow," said Lord Charles, as he walked down stairs beside him; "you did that extremely well."

Now, although Roland was far from knowing what he had done, or how to merit the praises, he was too well pleased with the momentary repose the flattery afforded, to question further. Meanwhile, a very excited scene took place in the house they had just quitted, and to which, for a brief space, we must return.

On a sofa in one corner of the room sat Olivia Kennyfeck, pale and trembling, her eyes tearful, and her whole air bespeaking grief and agitation. At the window close by stood Miss Kennyfeck, the calm com*posure of her face, the ease* of her attitude, the very *types of internal quiet.* She looked out, up the square,

and playing on the woodwork of the window an imaginary pianoforte air, — while in the back drawing-room sat Mrs. Kennyfeck and Miss O'Hara, side by side on a sofa, their excited looks and heightened complexions attesting the animation of the controversy, — for such in reality it was.

"I thought you would go too far, — I knew you would," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with an angry gesture of the hand.

"What do you mean by too far?" rejoined her sister. "Is it in the face of a letter like this, that you would permit him to continue his attentions, and worse still, let the girls go off for an excursion of maybe a week or two? — Read that."

"The letter is anonymous, and may be untrue from end to end."

"Then why not let me test its truth, by some allusion to its contents?"

"And banish him from the house, ever after," rejoined Mrs. Kennyfeck, bitterly. "No, no, Fanny, you mistake him very much; he isn't like one of your old County Clare admirers, that can be huffed to-day, and asked to dinner to-morrow — not that indeed you showed much judgment in your management even of them."

This allusion to Aunt Fanny's spinsterhood was too palpable to pass unnoticed, and she arose from the sofa with a face of outraged temper.

"It might be a question, my dear, between us, which had the least success — I, who never got a husband — or you, who married that one."

If Mr. Kennyfeck had intended by a tableau to have *pointed the* moral of this allusion, he could not have

succeeded better, as he sat bolt upright in his chair, endeavouring through the murky cloud of his crude ideas, to catch one ray of light upon all he witnessed, — he looked the very ideal of hopeless stupidity. Miss O'Hara, like a skilful general, left the field under the smoke of her last fire, and Mrs. Kennyfeck sat alone, with what Homer would call "a heart-consuming rage," to meditate on the past.

CHAPTER V.

The mariner's chart
He knew by heart,
And every current, rock, and shore,
From the drifting sand,
Off Newfoundland,
To the sun-split cliffs of Singapore.

CAPTAIN PIKE.

LORD CHARLES FROBISHER was never a very talkative companion, and as Cashel's present mood was not communicative, they drove along, scarcely interchanging a sentence, till the harbour of Kingstown came in sight, and with it the gay pennons that fluttered from the mast of Roland's schooner.

"I suppose that is your yacht — the large craft yonder?"

"I hope so," said Cashel, enthusiastically; "she sits the water like a duck, and has a fine rakish look about her."

"So, then, you never saw her before?"

"Never. I purchased her from description, taking her crew, commander, and all, just as she sailed into Southampton from Zante, a month ago. They sent me *a drawing of her*, her measurement, tonnage, and

draught of water, as also the log of her run in the Mediterranean; — yes, that's her, I can recognise the water-line from the sketch."

"Is your visit on board going to be a long one?" drawled out Lord Charles, languidly, "for I own I am not the least aquatic, and were it not for lobsters and white-bait I'd vote the sea a humbug."

"Then I'll say good-by," said Cashel; "that blue water, that curling ripple, and the fluttering of that bunting, have sent me a thinking about a hundred things."

"You'll dine with us at seven, won't you?"

"No, I'll dine on board, or not dine at all," said he, as he sprang from the carriage, and, waving his hand in adieu, made his way to the harbour. Taking the first boat that offered, Cashel rowed out to the yacht, just in time to catch Lieutenant Sickleton, who, in full yacht costume, was about to wait on his principal. He was a bluff, good-natured, blunt fellow, who, having neither patronage nor interest in the service, had left the wardroom for the easier, but less ambitious, life of a yacht commander; a thoroughly good seaman, and brave as a lion, he saw himself reduced to a position almost menial from hard and galling necessity. He had twice been to Alexandria with touring Lords, who, while treating him well in all essentials, yet mingled so much of condescension in their courtesy, as to be all but unendurable. He had gone to America with a young Oxford man, the son of a great London brewer, whose overbearing insolence he had been obliged to repel by a threat of personal consequences. He had *taken an* invalid family to Madeira, and a ruined Duke *to Greece,* and was now, with the yacht and its com-

transferred to Cashel's hands, not knowing — caring — with whom or where, his future destiere to be cast.

he Freemasonry of the sea has a stronger tie than ere use of technicals. Cashel was not ten minutes ard, ere Sickleton and he were like old acquaint-

The *Lucciola* was, in Sickleton's ideas, the best that ever ran on a keel. There was nothing she n't do — fair weather or foul. She could out-sail ikee smack in a gale off the coast of Labrador — at a felucca in the light winds off the Gulf of . If these tidings were delightful to Cashel's — the most exciting and heart-stirring he had d to for many a day — the gratification was no Sickleton, that he was about to sail with one really loved the sea, and thoroughly understood, ould value, the qualities of his noble craft.

om the vessel, they turned the conversation to ossible places the world's map afforded for a . Sickleton's experiences were chiefly eastern — new the Mediterranean as well as he did the s — while Cashel's could vie with him in both of the great Spanish Peninsula, and all the is channels of the West India Islands. For hours sat discussing soundings, and trade winds, and currents, with all the bearings of land points, , and lighthouses. In talk, they visited half the — now staggering under a half-reefed topsail in Bay of Biscay — now swimming along, with d and stretching sails, under the blue cliffs of

I'm sure I don't know how you ever could lead a *life," said Sickleton*, as Cashel described with

warm enthusiasm some passages of his rover's existence.

"Nor do I understand how I have borne it so long," said Cashel; "its dissipations weary — its deceits provoke me. I have lost — if not all — great part of that buoyancy which mingled peril and pleasure create, and I suppose, in a month or two more, I should be about as apathetic — as indolent, and as selfish — as any fine gentleman ought to be. Ah, if we had a war!"

"That's it — that's what I say every day and every night — if we had a war, the world would be worth living in or dying for. Fellows like myself, for instance, are never thought of in a peace, but they 'look us all out' — just as they do a storm-jib, when it comes on to blow — no laughing a man out of position, then — no, faith!"

"How do you mean?" said Cashel, who saw in the intense expression of the speaker, how much the words covered.

"Just what happened to myself — that's all," said Sickleton; "but if you like to hear how — the story isn't long, or any way remarkable — but we'll have a bit of luncheon here, and I'll tell it to you."

Cashel willingly assented, and very quickly a most appetising meal made its appearance in the cabin, to which Sickleton did the honours most creditably.

"I'm impatient for that anecdote you promised me," said Cashel, as the dessert made its appearance, and they sat in all the pleasant enjoyment of social ease.

"*You* shall hear it — though, as I said before, it's *not much* of a story either; nor should I tell it, if I

see that you feel a sort of interest about myself
ıappily, its hero.
ll not weary you by telling you the story that
ıds can repeat, of a service without patronage,
ner afloat than paid off again, and no chance of
ɾment, save in a ten-gun brig off the coast of
ɬ, and I suppose you know what that is?"
shel nodded, and Sickleton went on.
Vell, I passed as lieutenant, and went through
llow fever in the Niger very creditably. I was
ly one of a ship's company in the gun-room on
ıy back to England, after a two years' cruise; I
e because life was less an object to me than the
'ellows, who had mothers, and sisters, and so on.
was, I brought the old *Amphion* safe into dock,
as passed off to wander about the world, with
ing under forty pounds in my pocket, and a
service letter' from the Admiralty — a document
ɔsts a man some trouble to gain, but that would
t you a third-class place in the rail to Croydon,
you have it. What was I to do? — I had no
t for the Coast-Guard. I tried to become keeper
ghthouse, but failed. It was no use to try and
clerk — there were plenty of fellows, better
ɔd than myself, walking the streets supperless.
et myself a thinking if I couldn't do something
ıe service' that might get me into notice, and
the 'Lords' take me up. There was one chap
his fortune by 'round sterns,' though they were
. in the Dutch Navy for two centuries. There
ıother invented a life-boat; a third, a new float-
oy — and so on. Now I'm sure I passed many
ɔless night thinking of something that might aid

me; at one time it was a new mode of reefing topsails in a gale — at another it was a change in signalising the distant ships of a squadron — now an anchor for rocky bottoms — now a contrivance for lowering quarter-boats in a heavy sea, — till at last, by dint of downright hard thought and perseverance, I did fall upon a lucky notion. I invented a new hand-pump, applicable for launches and gun-boats — a thing greatly wanted — very simple of contrivance, and easy to work. It was a blessed moment to be sure when my mind, instead of wandering over everything from the round top to the taf'rail, at last settled down on this same pump!

"It was not mere labour and study, this invention caused me. No! it swallowed up nearly every shilling of my little hoard. I was obliged to make a model, and what with lead and zinc, and sawder and leather, and caoutchouc and copper, I was very soon left without 'tin;' but I had hope, and hope makes up for half rations! At last, my pump was perfect; the next thing was to make it known. There was no use in trying this through any unprofessional channels. Landsmen think that as they pay for the Navy, they need not bother their heads about it further. 'My Lords,' I knew well, wouldn't mind me, because my father wasn't in Parliament, and so I thought of one of those Magazines that devote themselves to the interests of the two services, and I wrote a paper accordingly, and accompanied it by a kind of diagram of my pump. I waited for a month — two — three months — but heard nothing — saw nothing of my invention. I *wrote,* but could get no answer. I called, but could *see no* Editor: and at last was meditating some re

vengeance, when I received a note. It was then after Midsummer, few people in town, and the zines were printing anything — as one reads them e dog-days — stating that if Lieutenant Sickleton l procure a woodcut of his pump, that the paper iptive of it should appear in the next number. was a civil way of asking me for five pounds; ıelp there was none, and so I complied.

At length I read in the list of the contents, ıtenant Sickleton's New Hand-Pump, with an ration' — and my heart bounded at the words. as the nineteenth article — near the end of the ›er. I forget what the others were — something urse about Waterloo, and Albuera, and the Albert ›, and such like stuff. My pump, I knew, put it e they would, was *the* paper of the month. This ıg was a little abated on finding that, as I walked ı Fleet-street on the day of publication, I didn't ;ive any sign of public notice or recognition; no ;aid as I passed, 'That's Sickleton, the fellow who ıted the new pump.' I remembered, however, that *y pump* was known, *I* was not as yet, and that ;h the portrait of my invention had become fame, ›wn was still in obscurity.

I betook myself to the office of the journal, ex- ng there at least to find that enthusiastic reception ıowledge of my merits must secure, but hang me, ıe of the clerks — as to the Editor, there was no g him — took the slightest trouble about me. I him, with, I trust, a pardonable swelling of the m, *that I was 'Sickleton.'* I didn't say the famous *›ton, and I thought I* was modest in the omission.

but he wasn't in the least struck by the announcement, and I quitted the place in disgust.

"Worse than all, when I came to read over my paper, I found, by the errors of the press, that the whole diagram was spoiled. The letters had been misplaced, and the Fiend himself, if he wanted it, couldn't work my pump. You see that C D represented the angular crank, F was the stop-cock, and T the trigger, that closed the piston, — hang me, if they didn't make F the trigger, and instead of B being the cistern, it was made the jet, so that when you began to work, all the water squirted through the sluices at O P Q over the operator. I went nearly mad. I wrote a furious letter to the Editor, — I wrote another to the *Times*, I wrote to the *Globe* — the *Post* — and the *Herald*. I explained — I elucidated — I asked for the Englishman's birthright, as they call it — 'Justice' — but no use! In fact, my reclamations could only be inserted as advertisements, and would cost me about a hundred pounds to publish. So I sat down to grieve over my invention, and curse the hour I ever thought of serving my country.

"It was about six months after this — I had been living on some relations, nearly as poor as myself — when I one day received an order to 'wait at the Admiralty the next morning.' I went, but without hope or interest. I couldn't guess why I was sent for, but no touch of expectancy made me anxious for the result.

"I waited from eleven till four in the ante-room; and at last, after some fifty had had audiences, Lieutenant Sickleton was called. The time was I would have trembled at such an interview to the very mar-

row of my bones. Disappointment, however, had nerved me, now, and I stood as much at ease and composed as I sit here.

"'You are Mr. Sickleton?' said the First Lord, who was a 'Tartar.'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'You invented a kind of pump — a hand-pump, for launches and small craft, I think?'

"'Yes, my Lord."

"'You have a model of the invention, too?'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'Can you describe the principle of your discovery — is there anything which, for its novelty, demands the peculiar attention of the Admiralty?'

"'Yes — at least, I think so, my Lord,' said I, the last embers of hope beginning to flicker into a faint flame within. 'The whole is so simple that I can, with your permission, make it perfectly intelligible, even here. There is a small double-acting piston —'

"'Confound the fellow! don't let him bore us, now,' said Admiral M—, in a whisper quite loud enough for me to overhear it. 'If it amuse his Majesty, that's enough. Tell him what's wanted, and let him go.'

"'Oh, very well,' said the First Lord, who seemed terribly afraid of his colleague. 'It is the King's wish, Mr. Sickleton, that your invention should be tested under his Majesty's personal inspection, and you are therefore commanded to present yourself at Windsor Monday next, with your model, at eleven o'clock. It is not very cumbrous, I suppose?'

"'No, my Lord. It only weighs four and a half hundredweight.'

"'*Pretty well for a model*: but here is an order for

a waggon. You'll present this at Woolwich.' He bowed, and turned his back, and I retreated.

"Sharp to the hour of eleven I found myself at Windsor on the following Monday. It was past two, however, before his Majesty could see me. There were audiences and foreign Ambassadors, papers to read, commissions to sign — in fact, when two o'clock came, the King had only got through a part of his day's work, and then it was luncheontime. This was over about three; and at last, his Majesty, with the First Lord, two Admirals, and an old Post-Captain, who, by the way, had once put me in irons, for not saluting his Majesty's guard when coming up to the watch at midnight, appeared on the terrace.

"The place selected for the trial was a neat little parterre outside one of the small drawing-rooms. There was a fountain supplied by two running streams, and this I was to experiment upon with my new pump. It was nervous enough to stand there before such a presence; but the uppermost thought in my mind was about my invention, and I almost forgot the exalted rank of my audience.

"After due presentation to his Majesty, and a few common-place questions about where I had served, and how long, and so on, the King said, 'Come now, Sir. Let us see the pump at work, for we haven't much time to lose."

"I immediately adjusted the apparatus, and when all was ready, I looked about in some dismay, for I saw no one to assist the working. There were present besides the King and the three naval officers only two *fellows* in full dress liveries, a devilish sight more *pompous*-looking than the King or the First Lord.

What was to be done? It was a dilemma I had never anticipated; and, in my dire distress, I stepped back and whispered a word to old Admiral Beaufort, who was the kindest-looking of the party.

"'What is he saying — what does he want?' said the King, who partly overheard the whisper.

"'Mr. Sickleton remarks, your Majesty, that he will need assistance to exhibit his invention — that he requires some one to work the pump.'

"'Then why didn't he bring hands with him?' said the King, testily. 'I suppose the machine is not self-acting, and that he knew that before he came here.'

"I thought I'd have fainted at this rebuke from the lips of Royalty itself, and so I stammered out some miserable excuse about not knowing if I were empowered to have brought aid — my ignorance of Court etiquette — in fact, I blundered — and so far, that the King cut me short, by saying, 'Take those people there, Sir, and don't delay us;' pointing to the two gentlemen in cocked hats, bags, and swords, that looked as if they could have danced on my grave with delight.

"In a flurry — compared to which a fever was composure — I instructed my two new assistants in the duty, and stationing myself with the hose to direct the operation of the jet, I gave the word to begin. Well! instead of a great dash of water spurting out some fifty feet in height, and fizzing through the air like a rocket, there came a trickling, miserable dribble, that puddled at my very feet! I thought the sucker was clogged — the piston stopped — the valves impeded — *twenty things did* I fancy — but the sober

truth was, these gilded rascals wouldn't do more than touch the crank with the tips of their fingers, and barely put sufficient force in the pressure to move the arm up and down. 'Work it harder — put more strength to it,' I whispered, in mortal fear to be overheard, but they never minded me in the least. Indeed, I almost think one fellow winked his eye ironically when I addressed him.

"'Eh — what!' said the King, after ten minutes of an exhibition that were to me ten years at the galleys, 'these pumps do next to nothing. They make noise enough, but don't bring up any water at all.'

"The First Lord shook his head in assent. Old Beauclerk made me a sign to give up the trial, and the Post-Captain blurted out, in a half-whisper, something about a 'blundering son of a dog's wife,' that nearly drove me mad.

"'I say, Sickleton,' said the King, 'your invention's not worth the sawder it cost you. You couldn't sprinkle the "Geraniums" yonder in three weeks with it.'

"'It's all the fault of these d—d buffers, please your Majesty,' said I, driven clean out of my senses by failure and disgrace — and, to be sure, as hearty a roar of laughter followed as ever I listened to in my life — 'if they'd only bear a hand and work the crank as I showed them —' As I spoke, I leaned over, and took hold of the crank myself, letting the hose rest on my shoulder.

"With two vigorous pulls I filled the pistons full, and, at the third, rush went the stream with the force *of a* Congreve — not, indeed, over the trees, as I *expected*, but full in the face of the First Lord; scarcely

was his cry uttered, when a fourth dash laid him full upon his back, drenched from head to foot, and nearly senseless from the shock. The King screamed with laughing — the Admiral shouted — the old Post-Captain swore — and I, not knowing one word of all that was happening behind my back, worked away for the bare life, till the two footmen, at a signal from the Admiral, laid hold of me by main force, and dragged me away, the perspiration dripping from my forehead, and my uniform all in rags by the exertion.

"'Get away as fast as you can, Sir,' whispered old B., 'and thank God if your day's work only puts you at the end of the list.' I followed the counsel — I don't know how — I never could recollect one event from that moment — till I awoke the next morning at my aunt's cottage at Blackwall, and saw my coat in tatters, and the one epaulette hanging by a thread; then I remembered my blessed invention, and I think I showed good pluck by not going clean out of my mind."

There was an earnestness in poor Sickleton's manner that effectually repressed any mirth on Cashel's part — indeed, his sense of the ludicrous gave way before his feeling of sorrow for the hard fortune of the man without a friend. In the partial civilisation of the Far West, personal prowess and energy were always enough to secure any man's success — but, here, each day's experience taught him how much was to be laid to the score of family — of fortune — name — address — and the thousand other accessories of fortune. He had just begun to express his wonder that Sickleton had never tried life in the New World, when the mate appeared at the cabin-door, to say that a shore boat was rowing *out to* the yacht.

A movement of impatience broke from Sickleton. "More of 'em, I suppose," cried he; "we've had such a lot of sight-seers this morning, since we dropped anchor! Most of them affecting to be intimate friends of yours, and all so well acquainted with your habits of life, that I should have become perfectly informed on every particular of your private history, only by listening."

"The chances are," broke in Cashel, "I did not personally know a man amongst them."

"I half suspect as much. They spoke far too confidently to be authentic. One would have it you were half ruined already, and had got the yacht over to clear away, and be off. Another, that you were going to be married to a lady with an immense fortune — a rumour contradicted by a third saying it was an attorney's daughter without a shilling."

"There's a lady, I see, Sir, coming on board," said the mate, putting in his head once more.

"I'd swear there was," growled Sickleton.

"You give them luncheon, I hope?" said Cashel, smiling at the other's impatience.

"Yes, — we've had something like an ordinary here, to-day, and as I heard that to-morrow would be busier still, I have had my boat going backwards and forwards all the morning to prepare."

"I am desired to show you this card, Sir," said the mate, handing one to Sickleton, who passed it to Cashel.

"Lord Kilgoff — indeed!" said he, surprised, and at once hastened to the deck.

"Mr. Cashel, himself, here!" exclaimed my Lady, *from the* stern of a small boat alongside; and after an

interchange of friendly recognition, the party ascended the gangway.

"This was a pleasure we scarcely looked for, to meet you here," said his Lordship, blandly. "We had just taken our drive down to the harbour, when accidentally hearing your yacht had arrived, Lady Kilgoff grew desirous to see it."

"A yacht in harbour, is a horse in stable," said Cashel. "Will you permit me to give you a cruise?"

"I should like nothing in the world so well."

"It is late, — almost six o'clock," said Lord Kilgoff, looking at his watch.

"And if it be," said my Lady, coaxingly, "you know Dr. Grover recommended you the sea air and sea excursions. I declare you look better already; don't you think so, Mr. Cashel?"

"I protest I do," said Cashel, thus appealed to; "and if you will only pardon the deficiencies of a floating cuisine, and dine here —"

"How delightful!" broke in my Lady, not suffering even time for an apology.

"It appeared to me there was a haunch of venison hanging over the stern when we came on board?" said my Lord, with his glass to his eye.

"Yes, my Lord," said Sickleton, touching his hat in salutation; "I've had it there for two hours every day since Tuesday week."

"And is the wind, and the tide, and everything else as it should be, Mr. Cashel?" said Lady Kilgoff.

"Everything, — when you have only uttered your consent," said he, gallantly.

"What *is this, Sir?*" said my Lord, as, having

requested something to drink, Sickleton poured him out a large glassful of scarcely frothing liquid.

"Dry champagne, my Lord. Moët's."

"And very excellent, too. Really, Laura, I am very sorry it should be so late, and we were to have dined with Meek at seven —"

"But, only alone. No party, remember that," said she, persuasively; "how easy to send the carriage back with an apology."

Cashel looked his thanks, but without speaking.

"Take those red partridges out of ice," said Sickleton, from the cook's galley, "and let us have those Ostend oysters to-day."

"I yield," said my Lord. "Mr. Cashel must take all the consequences of my breach of faith upon himself."

"I promise to do so, my Lord."

"A pen and ink, and some pa… Cashel," said her Ladyship.

"Will you permit me to s… way," he, handing her down int… cabin, arrangement was all in the… mod… and elegance.

"How beautiful!" cri… really do envy you the… You don't know how p…

"There are but f… with so much pleas… with a strange fee… colour and height… features.

"There! that… *hastily-written* …

However much of course the words were in themselves, her eyes met Cashel's as she spoke them, and as suddenly fell; while he, taking the letter, left the cabin without speaking — a world of curious conjecture warring in his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Like "cat and dog?" not so! *their* strife
They carried on, like "man and wife."

FAMILY JARS.

her, repeating from time to time the ominous words, "We shall see — we shall see;" a species of prophetic warning that, come what may, can always assert its accomplishment.

With such elements of discord and discontent, the breakfast proceeded gradually, and the broken attempts to talk had subsided into a sullen silence, when the butler entered to say, that Mr. Phillis begged to speak a few words with Mr. Kennyfeck.

"Let him come in here," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, as her husband was rising to leave the room. "I think, if there are to be no more blunders, we had better be present at the conference."

"Show him in, Pearse," said Mr. Kennyfeck, in a meek voice; and the gentleman's gentleman entered, in all that easy self-sufficiency so peculiar to his class.

"What is it, Mr. Phillis?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, in a commanding tone, meant to convey the information of "where the Court sat," and to whom he should address his pleading.

"It's a little matter on which I wanted advice, Ma'am, for I am really puzzled how to act. You know, Ma'am, that we are expecting large company at our place in the country — Tubb — something —"

"Tubbermore," interposed Mr. Kennyfeck.

"Yes, Sir, Tubbermore. Well! there have been at least twenty messages this morning from different families, who want to know the best way of going, and when Mr. Cashel means to go himself, and where post-horses are to be had, and how they are to get forward *where there* are none, and so on."

"*Is* your master not the person to dictate the answer

to these queries?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with her grandest air.

"Of course, Ma'am, but he is not here."

"Where is he, then?" asked she, eagerly.

"He's gone, Ma'am; he went last night."

"Gone! — where?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with an eagerness no artifice could cover.

"It's hard to say, Ma'am; but he went down to Kingstown last night, and sailed in the yacht; and from the preparations and sea store taken from the hotel, it would seem like a long cruise."

"And did he not mention anything of his intention to *you*, Mr. Phillis?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with a flattering emphasis on the pronoun.

"A few lines in pencil, Ma'am, dated from the harbour, was all I received. Here they are." And he handed a piece of note-paper across the table.

The contents ran thus:

"Phillis, send word to Sir Harvey Upton's that I shan't dine there to-morrow. Give the bearer of this my dressing-case, and clothes for some days, and have the fourgon ready packed to start for Tubbermore, on receiving my next orders.

"R. C. — Kingstown Harbour."

"And who brought this note?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, who fancied she was conducting the inquiry in true judicial form.

"One of the yacht sailors, Ma'am; he came up on Lord Kilgoff's carriage."

"On Lord Kilgoff's carriage — how did that happen?"

"*The carriage* came into town, Ma'am, to bring

some things my Lady sent for; at least, so the sailor told me."

"And were Lord and Lady Kilgoff on board the yacht?"

"Yes, Ma'am; they both sailed in her last night."

As though drawn by some irresistible influence, every eye was now turned to Aunt Fanny, who, up to this, had listened to Mr. Phillis with a breathless attention, and if looks could be translated, every glance thus thrown, said plainly, "This is *your* doing."

"Are you certain that the yacht has not returned to Kingstown?" said Miss O'Hara.

"Perfectly, Ma'am. It blew a storm last night, and the sailors about the harbour told me it was a great chance that any small vessel could outlive the gale."

Olivia Kennyfeck became deadly pale at these words, and whispered something in her sister's ear.

"Of course," replied the other aloud; then turning to Phillis, said, "Had they a Pilot with them?"

"I believe so, Miss, but there are so many contradictory reports, one don't know what to credit; some say that Lord Kilgoff was greatly opposed to the cruise, but that her Ladyship insisted, and that in fact they got under weigh at last without my Lord's knowing, and while they were at dinner."

"It was a fearful night!" said Mr. Kennyfeck, whose mind was entirely engrossed by the one idea.

"Take him into the next room, and I'll join you presently," said Mrs. Kennyfeck to her husband, for that keen-sighted lady had remarked the intense interest with which Mr. Phillis listened to every remark *made* around him.

"Here's a pretty piece of business!" cried she, as

the door closed after her husband and the valet; "and certainly, I must say, we've no one to thank for it but you, Fanny!"

"Unquestionably not," echoed Miss Kennyfeck. "Aunt Fanny has the entire merit of this catastrophe."

"It is most cruel," sighed Olivia, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, and bent upon her stern relative a glance of most reproachful sadness.

"Are you all mad?" said the assailed individual, her courage and her colour rising together. "How can you pretend to connect me with this disgraceful proceeding? Here's a case as clearly prearranged as ever was heard of."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Kennyfeck; "didn't he invite us only yesterday to go down to Tubbermore by sea?"

"And didn't you yourself offer the only impediment?" said Miss Kennyfeck.

"You are very cruel, aunt," sobbed Olivia.

"You'll drive me out of my senses," said Miss O'Hara; and certainly her look did not belie her words. "I endeavour to rescue you from the snares of a young debauchee, who, as you well know, has a wife still living —"

"There, I hope you are content now," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, as Olivia fell fainting into her arms; and the window was thrown open, and all were busied in employing the wonted restoratives for such attacks. Meanwhile, hostilities were continued, but in a less rigorous fashion. "You know you've ruined everything — you know well how your officious meddling has destroyed this poor child's fortune; — rub her temples, Cary."

"I know that he is a dissipated, abondoned wretch, that would desert her to-morrow as he has done that unhappy —"

"Hush, she is coming to. You want to kill her."

"Humph!" muttered Aunt Fanny; "this scene might be very effective with the young gentleman, but is quite thrown away upon me."

"Aunt! aunt!" cried Miss Kennyfeck, reprovingly.

"If we had just followed our own counsels, we should have this very hour been on the way to Tubbermore, perhaps never to leave it!"

Aunt Fanny shook her head.

"Yes. You may affect to doubt and hesitate, and all that, but where is the wonderful condescension in a Mr. Cashel proposing for the grand niece of Roger Miles O'Hara of Kilmurray O'Hara of Mayo, the second cousin of Lawrence O'Hara Kelly, that ought to be Lord Bally Kelly?"

"Fairly enough, if that was all," slipped in Miss O'Hara, hoping to escape from all danger, by climbing up the genealogical tree whereon her sister was perched.

"If that was all!" repeated Mrs. Kennyfeck, indignantly, catching at the last words, "and what more is wanting? I'd be glad to ask. But to be sure, it was rather a mistake to call to our counsels, in such a case, one that never could succeed in her own."

This terrible taunt at Miss O'Hara's celibacy didn't go unpunished, for, throwing all attempts at conciliation behind her, she rose, with flashing eyes and trembling lips.

"*So*, it is you that tell me this," said she — "*you*, *that dare* to sneer at *my* being unmarried — you, that

vere fain to take up with a Dublin attorney — poor Tom Kennyfeck — the hack of the quarter sessions, serving latitats and tithe notices over the country in his old gig — Indeed, girls, I'm sorry to speak that way of your father, but it's well known —"

A loud shriek interrupted the speech, and Mrs. Kennyfeck, in strong hysterics, took her place beside Olivia.

"It will do her good, my dear," said Aunt Fanny to her niece, as she chafed the hands and bathed the temples of her mother. "I was only telling the truth; she'd never have married your father if Major Kennedy hadn't jilted her; and good luck it was he did, for he had two other wives living at the time — just as your friend, Mr. Cashel, wanted to do with your sister."

"Aunt — aunt — I entreat you to have done. Haven't you made mischief enough?"

"Eaten up with vanity and self-conceit," resumed the old lady, not heeding the interruption. "A French cook and a coach-and-four — nothing less! Let her scream, child — sure I know it's good for her — it stretches the lungs."

"Leave me — leave the room!" cried Miss Kennyfeck, whose efforts at calmness were rendered fruitless by the torrent of her aunt's eloquence.

"Indeed I will, my dear; I'll leave the house, too. Sorry I am that I ever set foot in it. What with the noise and the racket night and day, it's more like a lunatic asylum than a respectable residence."

"Send her away — send her away!" screamed Mrs. Kennyfeck, with a cry of horror.

"Do, aunt — do leave the room."

"*I'm going — I'm going*, young lady; but I sup-

pose I may drink my cup of tea first — it's the
I'll ever taste in the same house:" and she rese
herself at the table with a most provoking compos
"I came here," resumed she, "for no advantage of m
I leave you without regret, because I see how y
poor fool of a father, and your vain, conceited mother

"Aunt, you are really too bad. Have you no f
ing?"

"That's just what comes of it," said she, stirring
tea tranquilly. "You set up for people of fashion,
you don't know that people of fashion are twice
shrewd and 'cute as yourself. Faith, my dear, the
buy and sell you, every one. What are they at
day, but roguery and schemes of one kind or ot
and then after 'doing' you, home they go, and la
at your mother's vulgarity!"

A fresh torrent of cries from Mrs. Kennyfeck seem
to show that unconsciousness was not among her sy
toms, and Miss Kennyfeck now hastened from the ro
to summon her father to her aid.

"Well, you've come to turn me out, I suppose
said Aunt Fanny, as the old gentleman entered in
state of perplexity that might have evoked the co
passion of a less determined enemy.

"My dear Miss Fanny —"

"None of your Four Courts' blarney with me, s
I'm ready to go — I'll leave by the coach to-nig
I conclude you'll have the decency to pay for my pla
and my dinner, too, for I'll go to Dawson's Hotel t
minute. Tell your mother, and that poor dawdle the
your sister, that they'd be thankful they'd have follow
my advice. The rate you're living, old gentlem
might even frighten you. There's more waste in y

itchen than in Lord Clondooney's. As for yourself, aroline, you're the best of the lot; but your tongue, arling! — your tongue!" And here she made a esture of far more expressive force than any mere ords would give.

"Is she gone?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, as a slight ll succeeded.

"Yes, Mamma," whispered Miss Kennyfeck; "but peak low, for Mr. Phillis is in the hall."

"I'll never see her again — I'll never set eyes on er," muttered Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"I shouldn't wonder, Mamma, if that anonymous etter was written by herself," said Caroline. "She ever forgave Mr. Cashel for not specially inviting her; nd this, I'm almost sure, was the way she took to evenge herself."

"So it was," cried Mrs. Kennyfeck, eagerly seizing t the notion. "Hush, take care Livy doesn't hear you."

"As for the yacht expedition, it was just the kind f thing Lady Kilgoff was ready for. She is dying to e talked of."

"And that poor, weak Creature, Cashel, will be so attered by the soft words of a Peeress, he'll be in-olerable ever after."

"Aunt Fanny — Aunt Fanny!" sighed Miss Kenny-eck, with a mournful cadence.

"If I only was sure — that is, perfectly certain at she wrote that letter about Cashel — But here omes your father — take Olivia, and leave me alone."

Miss Kennyfeck assisted her sister from the sofa, nd led her in silence from the room, while Mr. Kenny-eck sat down, with folded hands and bent-down head, perfect *picture of dismay* and bewilderment.

"Well," said his wife, after a reasonable interval of patient expectation that he would speak — "well, what have you to say for yourself, now, Sir?"

The poor solicitor, who never suspected that he was under any indictment, looked up with an expression of almost comic innocence.

"Did you hear me, Mr. Kennyfeck, or is it that you want to pass off your dulness for deafness? Did you hear me, I say?"

"Yes, I heard — but I really do not know — that is, I am unaware how — I cannot see —"

"Oh, the old story," sighed she — "injured innocence! Well, Sir, I was asking you if you felt gratified with our present prospects? Linton's intimacy was bad enough — but the Kilgoff friendship is absolute — utter ruin. That crafty, old, undermining Peer, as proud as poor, will soon ensnare him, and my Lady, with her new airs of a Viscountess, only anxious to qualify for London by losing her character before she appears there!"

"As to the agency!"

"The agency!" echoed she, indignantly, "do your thoughts never by any chance, Sir, take a higher flight than five per cent.? — are you always dreaming of your little petty gains at rent-day? I told you, Sir, how the patron might be converted into a son-in-law — did I not?"

"You did, indeed, and I'm certain I never threw any impediment in the way of it."

"You never threw any impediment in the way of your child's succeeding to a fortune of sixteen thousand a year! You really are an exemplary father."

"I'd have forwarded it, if I only knew how."

ow good of you. I suppose you'd have drawn
settlements if ordered. But so it is — all my
through life have been thwarted by you! I
aboured and toiled day and night to place my
n in the sphere that their birth, on one side at
vould entitle them to, and you know it."
w this Mr. Kennyfeck really did not know. In
ll fatuity he always imagined that he was the
gatherer of the domestic hive, and that Mrs.
feck had in her own person monopolised the
s of Queen Bee and Wasp together.
our low, pettifogging ambition never soared
a Softly or a Clare Jones for your daughters,
was planning alliances that would have placed
among the best in the land — and how have I
ewarded! Indifference, coolness, perhaps con-
' Here a flood of tears, that had remained
d up since the last torrent, burst forth in convul-
bs. "Ungrateful man, who ought never to have
n the sacrifice I made in marrying him — the
with every member of my family — the
ce of every tie that united me to my own."
ceased, and here, be it remembered, Mrs.
eck seemed to address herself to some invisible
npanelled to try Mr. Kennyfeck on a serious

e came like a serpent into the bosom of our
l circle, and with the arts that his crafty calling
well supplied, seduced my young affections."
Kennyfeck started. It had never before
d to him that Don Juan was among his range
s.
lse and unfeeling both," resumed she. "Living

with promises never intended for performance, you took me from a home, the very sanctuary of peace!"

Mr. Kennyfeck wiped his forehead in perplexity; his recollection of the home in question was different. Sanctuary, it might have been, but it was against the officers of the law and the sheriff, and so far as a well fastened hall door and barricaded windows went, the epithet did not seem quite unsuitable.

"Ah!" sighed she — for it is right to remark that Mrs. Kennyfeck was a mistress of that domestic harmony, which consists in every modulation, from the grand adagio of indignant accusation, to the rattling andante of open abuse — "had I listened to those older and wiser than me, and who foretold the destiny that awaited me, I had never seen this unhappy day! No, Sir! I had not lived to see myself outraged and insulted, and my only sister turned out of the house like a discarded menial."

Had Mr. Kennyfeck been informed that for courteously making way for a Bencher in the Hall, that he was stripped of his gown and degraded from his professional rank, he could not have been more thoroughly amazed and thunderstruck. He actually gasped with excess of astonishment, and, if breath had been left him, would have spoken; but so it was, the very force of the charge stunned him, and he could not utter a word.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kennyfeck, who in the ardour of combat had imitated certain Spanish sailors, who in the enthusiasm of a sea-fight loaded their cannons with whatever came next to hand, was actually shocked by the effect of her own fire. For the grandeur of a *peroration* she had taken a flying leap over all truth,

and would gladly have been safe back again at the other side of the fence.

For an instant not a word dropped from either side, and it was clear that he who spoke first had gained the victory. This was the lady.

"Go, Sir" — and she wiped her eyes with that calm dignity by which a scolding wife seems to call up all Christian forgiveness of herself, and stand acquitted before her own conscience — "go, Sir, and find out what these people that Cashel has invited mean to do; and if it be their intention to repair to Tubbermore, let us lose no time in setting out; and if we are to go, Mr. Kennyfeck, let us do so as becomes us."

Mr. Kennyfeck stifled a rising sigh — for he knew what the words denoted — and departed; while Mrs. Kennyfeck, with her heart lightened of a heavy load, rose to join her daughters, and discuss dress and "toilette," the great commissariat of the approaching campaign.

CHAPTER VII.

Tut, never mind the swell, love,
The sails may sweep the brine;
But the craft will steer as well, love,
With your soft hand in mine.

THE CRUISE.

IT was upon a delicious evening, a little before sunset, that a yacht worked out of the harbour of Kingstown, all her canvas spread to catch the light air of wind, which scarcely ruffled the glassy surface of the Bay. *The craft with* her snow-white sails, her tall *and taper spars, her gay* bunting from gaff and peak,

nt aboard of her in the harbour; points which, in
e absence of all real knowledge, admitted of a most
imated debate. Meanwhile, an old weather-beaten
ilor, in a pilot coat, continued to gaze alternately
rom the sky to the sea, and back again, and at last
nurmured to himself:

"They'll catch it before midnight, if they don't haul their wind, and get into shelter."

Some drifting clouds, dropping slight rain as they passed, soon after cleared the pier of its loiterers, and night fell, dark and starless, while the wind freshened, and the sea fretted and chafed upon the rocks, and even sent its spray high against the strong lighthouse.

Let us now quit the shore, and bear company with the party on board, who, having dined sumptuously, sat sipping their coffee on deck, while the swift craft skimmed the calm waters of the Bay, and unfolded in her course the beautiful panorama of the shore, — the bold steep bluff of Brayhead, the curved strand of Killiney, the two "Sugar Loaves" rising from the bosom of dark woods, and, in the distance, the higher chain of the Wicklow mountains, while on the opposite side Howth seemed like a blue island studding the clear surface of the Bay. Lord Kilgoff and Mr. Sickleton paid but passing attention to the bright picture around. A learned discussion on naval matters, wherein my Lord took the opportunity of storing his mind with a goodly stock of technicals, to be used at some future occasion, occupied them altogether, leaving her Ladyship and Roland Cashel to the undisturbed enjoyment of the scene and its associations.

They paid the highest tribute the picturesque can — they sat in silence watching the changing

tints, which from red faded to violet, then grey, and a last grew dark with closing night, while the wind freshening sent the sea rushing swiftly past, and made their light craft heave and pitch heavily.

"We are returning to Kingstown, I trust?" said my Lord to Sickleton, who had left him for a moment to give orders about shortening sail. "It appears to me like a threatening night."

"It looks dirty, my Lord," said Sickleton, drily, as he walked aft with the Pilot, and conferred with him in a low tone.

"Are we making for Kingstown, Mr. Cashel?" said my Lord, in a voice he was not able to divest of anxiety.

"I believe not," said Cashel, rising, and approaching the compass. "No, we are lying down Channel straight as we can go."

"Ay, and very well for us that we can do it," growled out the Pilot. "If we make the Hook Light before we tack, I shall say we're lucky."

"Does he mean there is any danger, Mr. Cashel?" said Lady Kilgoff, but in a voice devoid of tremor.

"None whatever; but I am sadly distressed at having carried you out so far, since I find that in the present state of the tide, and with the wind still driving me to the north, we cannot bear up for Kingstown, must run along the shore."

"Think nothing of that," said she, gaily; "real I have no fancy for — a mere inconvenience is moment whatever; but" — here she dropped her very low — "say something to my Lord — give ome encouragement."

"It blows fresh, my Lord, and if it were not for

the trespass on your comfort, I should almost rejoice at the occasion of showing you my yacht's qualities as a sailing-boat."

"I should prefer taking your word for them, Sir," said Lord Kilgoff, tartly; "a pleasure-trip is one thing, a night in a small vessel exposed to a heavy gale is another."

"You're right, my Lord," said the Pilot, who heard but a part of the observation; "it will be a gale before morning."

"Luff! luff, there!" shouted Sickleton; and at the same instant a heavy sea thundered against the bow and broke over the forepart of the vessel with a crashing sound.

"I think when we see the Lighthouse of Kingstown so near us," said Lord Kilgoff, "there ought to be no great difficulty in returning."

"That's not the Harbour-light you see yonder — that's the Kish, my Lord," said the Pilot. "Keep her up, my man, keep her up, the wind is freshening."

"Will you indeed forgive me for this disastrous turn of our cruise?" said Cashel, as he fastened his boat-cloak around Lady Kilgoff's throat, after several vain efforts to induce her to go below.

"If you only prevent my Lord from scolding, I shall enjoy it immensely," said she, in a half-whisper.

"I trust, Lady Kilgoff," said his Lordship, approaching, and steadying himself by the bulwarks, "that this night's experience will induce you to distrust your own judgment when in opposition to mine. I foresaw *the whole of it.* It is now blowing a fierce gale —"

"*Not a bit* of it, my Lord," interposed the Pilot,

bluntly; "but it will blow great guns 'fore daybreak, or I'm mistaken."

"And where shall we be then?" asked my Lord, querulously.

"Raythor hard to tell," said the Pilot, laughing. "If she be as good a sea-boat as they say, and that we don't carry away any of our spars, we may run for Cove. I take it —"

"For Cove! Gracious mercy! and if she be not as good a vessel as it is said she is, Sir, what then, pray?"

The Pilot made no reply, but gave orders to set the jib, as she was labouring too much by the head.

The wind increased, and with it the sea, which, dividing at the bow, fell in great cataracts over the vessel, sweeping along the entire deck at every plunge she gave.

"I wish she were a little deeper in the water," whispered Sickleton to Cashel. "We haven't within fifteen tons of our ballast on board. But she's a sweet craft, ain't she? Keep her, there — steady, man."

"We couldn't stand round in stays, and bear up for the harbour?" asked Cashel, on whom Lord Kilgoff's face of misery had made a strong impression.

"Impossible! At least the Pilot, who knows this coast well, says there is a shore current here runs eight knots."

"What shall we do with him? He'll scarce live through the night."

"Let us get him down below, and, once snug in a berth, he'll fall asleep, and forget everything."

Cashel shook his head doubtfully, but determined to *try the plan at all* hazards.

"Would my Lord be persuaded to lie down, do you think?" said Roland, approaching Lady Kilgoff, who, enveloped in the folds of the heavy boat-cloak, sat calm and collected near the wheel.

"Is there danger?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Not the least; but he seems so ill, and every sea rushes over him as he stands."

"You should go down, my dear Lord," said she, addressing him; "Mr. Cashel is afraid you'll catch cold here."

"Ah, is he indeed?" said Lord Kilgoff, in a snappish asperity. "He is too good to bestow a thought upon me."

"I am only anxious, my Lord, that you shouldn't suffer from your complaisanse so unhappily rewarded."

"Very kind, exceedingly kind, Sir. It is as you say, most unhappy — a perfect storm — a hurricane. Gracious mercy! what's that?"

This exclamation was caused by a loud smash, like the report of a cannon-shot, and at the same moment the taper topmast fell crashing down, with all its cordage clattering round it. The confusion of the accident, the shouting of voices, the thundering splash of the sea, as, the peak having fallen, the craft had lost the steadying influence of the mainsail, all seemed to threaten immediate danger. Cashel was about to spring forward and assist in cutting away the entangled rigging, when he felt his hand firmly grasped by another, whose taper fingers left not doubt to whom it belonged.

"Don't be alarmed — it is nothing," whispered *he, encouragingly*; "the mishap is repaired in a *second.*"

'You'll not leave me," said she, in a low tone, h thrilled through every fibre of his heart. He ıed her hand more closely, and tried, but in vain, ;tch a glimpse at her face.

Meanwhile, the disordered rigging had been re-:d, and two men, under Sickleton's direction, lifting frooping and scarce conscious Peer from the deck, ed him down below.

f the old instincts of Roland Cashel's sailor life d have rendered the scene interesting to him, hing as he did the way his craft "behaved," and :ing well the fine qualities she possessed as a boat, there was another and far more intense ıg then occupying him as he stood close beside swathed and muffled figure, who, pale and silent, :ed by some gesture, from time to time, her de-ence upon him. To Roland, the rattle of the the hissing sea, the strained and creaking cordage, not only brought back old memories of his once but effectually seemed to dispel the colder mood ind which admixture with a world of fashion had essed upon him. He was again, if not in reality, ɜart and spirit, the bold Buccaneer that walked the ern seas, bursting with life, and eager for adven-

Every plunge that sent the bowsprit down, y squall that bent the taper mast, and laid the ɜl half-seas under, inspirited and excited him, not less that the wild storm called forth every form ıcouragement to her, who vibrated between actual ɔr and a strange sense of delight.

Roland lay at her feet, partly as a barrier against surging water that, breaking over the bow, swept *entire deck, partly* that he might mark those

beauteous features, on which the binnacle light occasionally cast its glare.

"It is fine," murmured she, in a low soft voice, "and I almost feel as if my own terrors should serve to heighten the sense of ecstasy. I tremble while I delight in it."

There was an expression of intense excitement in her eyes as she spoke, and her pale features for an instant flushed, as Roland's look met hers.

"How I glory in your words," cried he, wild with enthusiasm; "I feel like one who suddenly awakes to life out of some long and dreary sleep — rather this is the sleep — this is itself the vision in which I lie, here, beneath your smile, while we are borne onward through the hissing foam. Oh, would it but last — would that this dark and starless night could be for years, and that we might thus cleave the black waters on and on."

"And whither to?" asked she, in a whisper scarcely breathed.

"Whither to?" echoed he; "what matters it, while we journey thus. The sun-tipped icebergs of the North Sea, or the rosy mountains of the Spice Island; the balmy shores of Quito, or the bleak coast of Labrador — all are alike to me."

"A large vessel under the lee!" sung out a voice from the bow, and the cry was repeated still louder, while the Pilot shouted, "Show a light at the mast-head; put your helm hard up." The double command was scarce obeyed, when a huge black mass heaved past them, her great yards almost seeming to grate the *cordage*. The looming size of the immense object that *towered* overhead, and the death-like stillness of the

acht's crew till the danger was past, thrilled with a ›ld terror through her, and instinctively she grasped oland's hand more closely. The gale had now become ırious, and as the light spars were barely able to ıstain even the little canvas spread, the sea swept ver the vessel as she lay storm-tossed and scarce avigable. The hatches were fastened down, the boats rongly secured, and every precaution of seamanship lopted; and so long as these were in performance, ıd a certain activity and bustle prevailed, so long did ady Kilgoff's courage appear to support her; but hen all was done, and the men resumed their places . watchful silence, and her mind was left to the conmplation of the raging hurricane alone, she seemed sink, and, with a faint low sigh, glided from the ›at and fell fainting to the deck.

"You cannot take her below," said Sickleton, as ashel, raising her in his arms, was about to carry her the cabin; "we dare not open the hatches. See, ıere it comes again!" and, as he said, a great wave :oke over the vessel's quarter and fell in torrents over ıe deck, washing, as it receded, several loose spars verboard. By the aid of coats and cloaks innumerable, ashel, at last, succeeded in enveloping the fair form ›side him, and, supporting her head upon his arm as › sat, he saw, to his unspeakable delight, that she ›on dropped into a calm sleep.

"This is a disastrous bit of pleasuring," said ickleton, as he stood holding on by one of the braces; who could have supposed such a gale was brewing?"

"Well, well," replied Cashel, "if it comes no orse —"

"*If it does, we can't* stand through it, that's all,"

said the Lieutenant, drily; "the old Pilot says we shall have to make a tack to keep clear of the Hook, but what boat can sail on a wind with a storm-jib and three-reefed topsail!"

"She behaves nobly," said Roland, as he gazed at the sleeping form, to guard which seemed all his care.

Sickleton mistook the remark, and said, "Ay, that I knew she would; but the sea is tremendous for a small craft, and see how close we have the land under our lee — that black mass yonder."

"I'd give all I own in the world that she were safe on shore," murmured Cashel, not heeding the other's observation; "I cannot forgive myself for having induced her to venture out."

The Lieutenant made no reply, but peered for a few seconds through the skylight of the cabin. "My Lord is lying like a dead man," said he; "fright and sea-sickness together have nearly done for him, and yet it was only two hours back he thought he'd make a good figure at the Admiralty. There," continued he, "day is breaking yonder; we shall soon know our fate; if the gale freshens after sunrise it is all up with us."

"Run the craft in shore and I'll engage to save *her*," said Cashel, eagerly. "I'm a strong swimmer in surf; I rescued a Malabar girl once, and in a sea nearly as heavy as this."

Sickleton smiled incredulously, and turned away.

"It is freshening, by Jove!" said he, as a squall struck the vessel, and laid her almost on her beam ends, while every plank shivered as though she were rending in pieces.

"*It's* coming stronger, Sir," said the Pilot, as he *shook the* sea from his rough coat and bent his gaze

adfastly towards the east; "I'd rather not see tha
l sunrise. Keep her away, man, keep her away."
"Shall we try it?" muttered Sickleton, to some
ispered observations of the other.
"We may as well," rejoined the Pilot; "she'll never
ld steerage way with her present canvas, and if she
n't bear the mainsail we must go on shore, and no
lp for it."
"Bear a hand there, boys," cried Sickleton; "shake
t the mainsail."
"You'll carry away the mast," cried Cashel, as he
ard the order.
"It's like enough," growled the Pilot, "but yonder's
e lee-shore."
"I could save her — I'm certain I could save her,"
d Cashel.
"He's thinking of the lady!" said the Pilot to Sickle-
; and the contemptuous tone showed how humbly he
mated him.
"Breakers ahead! — shoal water!" shouted a voice
the bow.
"'Bout ship!" cried Sickleton; "stand by sheets and
there — down helm. Are ye ready, men?" And
ext moment the obedient vessel spun round, and
leaving the water on another tack.
What is it? — where am I? — is this a dream?"
ady Kilgoff, as she moved back the hair from
es, and looked up at Cashel, who for hours had
oved or stirred.
me, it has been a delicious dream," said Cashel,
t her glance; "and if it were not that you may
ned, it would be still such."
at a terrible sea! Where are we?"

"Not far from shore," said Cashel, encouragingly.

"A devilish deal too near it, though," muttered the Pilot under his breath.

"Oh, I remember all now. Where is my Lord, Mr. Cashel? Is he ill?"

"He's gone below — he is sleeping, I believe. It has been a wild night for *you;* and you've passed it here on the deck."

"Here?" said she, looking up and blushing, for she still lay supported against Roland, and one of his hands held the boat-cloak across her.

"Yes, here," said Cashel, with a voice and manner that made the colour mount to her cheeks and as suddenly desert them again.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had gone below, and reappeared with a chart, over which he and the Pilot now bent in the deepest consideration.

"Then that must have been the 'Calf' Light we saw to the eastward," said Sickleton, pointing to the map.

"I'd say so too," replied the other, "if such a run didn't seem impossible; but we only tripped our anchor last night, before sunset."

"Ten hours, though! — one can do a deal in ten hours!" said the Lieutenant.

"It may be worth as many years sometimes!" said Cashel, in a whisper to her at his side.

"Breakers right ahead!" shouted the man in the bow.

"We're among the 'Barrels!'" cried the Pilot; "back the topsail — down mainsail ——"

But it was too late! Like a sea-bird rising to its flight, the light craft bounded forward, till her shining *copper* glanced above the waves, and then, with a *spring*, dashed onward, amid the foam and spray that

e like a mist around her. The frothy shower flew ır the deck, while the hissing water spirted up on ıry side with a crashing splintering sound. The keel ıe down, and while a loud cry broke forth, "She's ıck!" the mast snapped suddenly across, and fell h its draped rigging into the sea.

"Stand by — cut away the boats!" shouted kleton; and seizing a hatchet, gave the example ıself, while Cashel, lifting the now lifeless form of ly Kilgoff, placed her in the boat. The confusion l terror became now extreme. The breaking sea ɔady had forced its way through the vessel's bottom, l issued in a clear jet of blue water from the hatch-ys. The first boat launched was rapidly crowded, l scarcely had it touched the water than it was ımped. For an instant the struggling figures were n battling with the waves, but, in a moment after, y were gone!

Mainly through Sickleton and Cashel's exertions, second boat was got ready, and just about to be ıched, when Roland turned to seek Lord Kilgoff, ɔm, up to that moment, he had entirely forgotten. rcely had he reached the binnacle, when the old ı, pale and almost dead with terror, stood before . "Is she safe, Sir? — is my Lady safe?" cried tremulously.

"Quite so—come along, there's not a moment to lose."

"Oh, Mr. Cashel, do not leave me!" cried Lady goff, as the boat was lifted from its place, and ng by the halyards from side to side.

"You cannot surely resist that appeal, Sir," said d Kilgoff, his withered and worn features flushed ı *a pang of sudden* anger.

"I must see to *your* safety, my Lord, or none else is likely to do it," said Cashel, sternly; and as he spoke he lifted the old man and placed him in the boat. "Stay where you are, Sickleton," cried he to the Lieutenant; "I'll cut her adrift. So there! my boys, all together — larboard now." And as the vessel heaved over to the surge the boat was launched. A shrill cry of terror was heard above the raging storm; for Cashel, in his eagerness to secure the others' safety, had perilled his own, and now the boiling surf rushed between the yacht and the boat, defying every effort to approach.

"Never fear for me," said Roland, boldly; "the distance is short, and I've swam in many a heavier surf." And he swung himself, as he spoke, by a loose stay into the sea. Nobly breasting the mad waves, he was seen at intervals, now breasting the white-crested billows, now deep down in the dark trough of waters. His Indian teaching had taught him, too, to dive at times through the coming surf, and thus escape its force, and so did he emerge from the great mass of waters that seemed almost to have buried him. Bending to the oars, the boat's crew pulled manfully through the tide, and at last gaining a little bay, floated into calm water, just as Cashel had got a footing on a reef of rock, a short distance from land.

"Safe!" cried he, as he drew his wearied limbs up the little craggy eminence, from which he could see the yacht still storm-lashed and heaving, and follow with his eyes the boat, as with bounding speed she made for shore.

No sooner had Sickleton safely landed his freight, *than he* put out again to rescue those in the yacht,

while Cashel, bruised, bleeding, and torn, made his way slowly to the little hut, where Lord and Lady Kilgoff had taken shelter.

His entrance was little noticed. The cabin was full of country people and fishermen — some earnestly proffering advice and counsel, others as eagerly questioning all about the recent calamity. In a great straw chair, beside the fire, sat Lord Kilgoff, his head resting on a countrywoman's shoulder, while another bathed his temples to restore animation.

"Where is she?" said Cashel, passionately; and the tone and look of the speaker turned attention towards him.

"'Tis her husband," whispered the woman of the house, curtseying respectfully to the youth, who, in all the torn disorder of his dress, looked the gentleman; and with that she drew him into an inner room, where upon a low settle lay the pale and scarce breathing form of Lady Kilgoff.

"Don't be afeard, yer Honer, she'll be betther in a minute or two. She has more courage than her father there." And she pointed to the outside room where Lord Kilgoff sat. "Indeed, the first word she spoke was about yerself."

Cashel made a gesture to be silent, and sat down beside the settle, his gaze fixed on the features, which, in their calm loveliness, had never seemed more beautiful.

The stillness that now reigned in the little cabin, only broken by the low whisperings without — the calm tranquillity so suddenly succeeding to the terrible convulsion — the crowd of sensations pressing on the brain, *and, above all,* the immense fatigue he had gone

through, brought on such a sense of stupor, that Cashel fell heavily on the floor, and, with his head leaning against the settle, fell into a sound sleep.

Before evening had closed in most of the party had recovered from their fatigues, and sat grouped in various attitudes around the blazing fire of the cabin. In a deep, old-fashioned straw chair, reclined, rather than sat, Lady Kilgoff; a slightly feverish flush lent a brilliancy to her otherwise pale features, deepening the expression of her full soft eyes, and giving a more animated character to the placid beauty of her face. Her hair, in all the loose freedom of its uncared-for state, fell in great voluptuous masses along her neck and shoulders, while part of a finely-turned arm peeped out beneath the folds of the wide scarlet cloak which the fisherman's wife had lent her in lieu of her own costly "Cashmere."

Next to her sat Roland; and although dressed in the rough jacket of a sailor, his throat encircled by a rude cravat of coloured worsted, he seemed in the very costume to have regained some of his long-lost joyousness, and, notwithstanding the sad event of the night, to be in a very ecstasy of high spirits. Sickleton, too, seemed like one who regarded the whole adventure as a circumstance too common-place for much thought, and busied himself writing letters to various persons at Cashel's dictation, sorely puzzled from time to time to follow out the thread of an intention, which Roland's devotion to the lady at his side more than once interrupted.

The most disconsolate and woe-begone of all was *the poor* Peer, who, propped up by cushions, sat with *unmeaning* gaze steadily riveted on the fire. There

was something so horribly absurd, too, in the costume in which he was clad, that converted all pity into a sense of ridicule. A great wide pea-jacket encircled his shrunken, wasted figure to the knees, where the thin, attenuated legs appeared, clad in blue worsted stockings, whose wide folds fell in a hundred wrinkles around them; a woollen cap of red and orange stripes covered his head, giving a most grotesque expression to the small and fine cut features of his face. If Lady Kilgoff and Cashel had not been too much interested on other topics, they could not have failed to discover, in the occasional stealthy glances that Sickleton cast on the old Lord, that the costume had been a thing of his own devising, and that the rakish air of the nightcap, set sideways on the head, was owing to the sailor's inveterate fondness for a joke, no matter how ill-timed the moment, or ill-suited the subject of it.

Behind them, and in a wider circle, sat the fisherman and his family, the occasional flash of the fire lighting up the gloom where they sat, and showing, as in a Rembrandt, the strong and vigorous lines of features where health and hardship were united, — the whole forming in the light and shadow a perfect subject for a painter.

From the first moment of the mishap, Lord Kilgoff had sunk into a state of almost childlike imbecility, neither remembering where he was, or taking interest in anything, an occasional fractious or impatient remark at some passing inconvenience being all the evidence he gave of thought. It devolved, therefore, upon Cashel to make every arrangement necessary — an assumption on his part which his natural respect and delicacy made no small difficulty. As for Lady Kilgoff,

she appeared implicitly to yield to his judgment on every point; and when Roland suggested that, instead of returning to Dublin and all its inevitable rumours, they should at once proceed to Tubbermore, she assented at once, and most willingly.

It was with this object, then, that Sickleton sat, pen in hand, making notes of Cashel's directions, and from time to time writing at his dictation to various tradesmen whose services he stood in need of. It would certainly have called for a clearer head, and a calmer than Roland's, to have conducted the conversation with the lady and the command to the gentleman, who sat at either side of him. Many a sad blunder did he make, and more than once did the reply intended for her Ladyship find its way into the epistle of the Lieutenant, nor did the mistake appear till a reading of the document announced it. At these, a burst of laughter was sure to break forth, and then my Lord would look up, and, passing his fingers across his temples, seem trying to recal his lost and wandering faculties — efforts that the changeful play of his features showed to be alternately failing and succeeding, as reason, tide-like, ebbed and flowed within his brain.

It was as Sickleton wrote down at Cashel's direction the order for a considerable sum of money to be distributed among the crew of the yacht, that Lord Kilgoff, catching as it were in a momentary lucidness the meaning of the words, said aloud: "This is not munificence, Sir. I tell you this is the wasteful extravagance of the buccaneer, not the generosity of a true gentleman."

The other suddenly started at the words, and while *Lady Kilgoff's* deep flush of passion and Cashel's look

astonishment exhibited their feelings, Sickleton's arty laugh showed the racy enjoyment deficient delicy can always reap from an awkward dilemma.

"But, my Lord, you mistake Mr. Cashel," said ıdy Kilgoff, eagerly, bending forward as she spoke. His noble gift is to compensate these brave fellows r a loss, as well as reward them for an act of devoın. — How silly in me to reason with him! see, Mr. ıshel, his mind is quite shaken by this calamity."

"Your defence compensates a hundred such reoofs," said Cashel, with warmth. "Well, Mr. Sickton," said he, anxious to quit a painful topic, "what this schooner yacht you spoke of a while ago?"

"The handsomest craft that ever swam," said the ieutenant, delighted to discuss a favourite theme. Lord Willingham has married, and they say won't ɜep her any longer. You'll get her for ten thousand, ıd the story is she cost about fourteen."

"But perhaps Mr. Cashel may soon follow her ɔble owner's example," said Lady Kilgoff, smiling, ıd with a subdued look towards Roland.

"Don't give him bad counsel, my Lady."

"It really does seem to me a kind of inveteracy ıus to talk of buying a new yacht within a few hours ter losing one."

"Like a widower looking out for a new wife, I supɔse," said the Lieutenant, laughing.

"No, Sir, I beg to correct you," broke in my Lord, ith a snappishness that made the hearers start; "her adyship is not yet a widow, although her levity might ɜem to imply it."

"My Lord, I must protest against this sarcastic *ımour," said she,* with a mild dignity. "Our terrible

catastrophe may have disturbed your right judgment, but I pray select another theme for misconstruction. Mr. Cashel, I will wish you a good night. In the difficulty in which I am placed, I can only say that my perfect confidence in your counsel satisfies me it will be such as you ought to give and I to follow."

"Yes, Sir, of course; when the lady says follow, I hope you know a gentleman's 'devoir' better than to disobey." These words where uttered by the old man with a sneering impertinence, that augured no absence of mind; but ere the door closed upon Lady Kilgoff his face had again put on its former dull and vacant stare, and it was clear that the momentary intelligence was passed and over.

"Now, Sickleton," said Cashel, as if at length able to give his mind to the details before him, "you will haste to Dublin; send us the carriages with all the speed you can muster; pack off her Ladyship's maid and the wardrobe, and don't forget that dressing-case at Seward's. I should like to have her crest upon it, but there's no time for that — besides, we should only have more scandal in Dublin when it got abroad. Then for Kennyfeck: tell him I have no money, and stand much in need of it; for, as my Lord says, mine are buccaneer's habits; and lastly, run over to Cowes and secure the yacht — we must have her. I'm much mistaken, or our friends here will take a cruise with us among the Greek Islands one of these days."

"Treacherous navigation, too!" said Sickleton, with a dryness that seemed to imply more than the mere words.

"What if it be, man! they say there's nothing *much* worse anywhere than the line of coast here beside us."

"Well, and haven't we suffered enough to make us credit the report?" He paused, and then, dropping his voice to a low and cautious whisper, added, "Not but that I shall call you lucky if all the danger has ended with the loss of the vessel."

"How? what do you mean?" asked Cashel, in a tone of great eagerness.

"Cannot you guess?" said the other, with an imperturbable coolness.

"No, on my honour, I haven't a thought whither your words point."

"Then, faith, the peril is fifty times greater and nearer than I suspected," cried he, warmly. "When a man cracks on all that he can carry, and more than is safe, you at least give him credit for knowing the channel, and understanding its bearings, but when he tells you that he neither knows the course nor the soundings, why you set him down as mad."

"I shall be not very far removed from that condition, if you'll not condescend to explain yourself more clearly," said Cashel, with some irritation of manner. "Where is this danger? and what is it?"

Sickleton looked at him for a second or two — then at the old Peer — and, at last, with a scarcely perceptible movement of his head, motioned towards the door by which Lady Kilgoff had just passed out.

"You surely cannot mean — you do not suppose —"

"No matter what I suppose; all I say is, there are worse breakers ahead of you just now than the *Luciola* had last night; haul your wind, and draw off *while you have time.* Besides, look yonder" — and he *pointed with a jerk* of his thumb to Lord Kilgoff,

who still sat with stolid gaze fixed upon the red embers of the fire — "that would be a victory with but little honour!"

Cashel started to his feet, and, passing his hand over his forehead, seemed, as it were, trying to disabuse his mind of some painful illusion. His features, flushed and animated an instant before, had grown almost livid in pallor; and he stood, with one hand leaning on the chair from which he had risen, like one recovering from a fainting fit. At last, and with a voice husky and hoarse from emotion, he said, "Sickleton, if I had thought this — if, I say, I even believed what you hint at possible —"

"Pooh! pooh!" broke in the other; "why anchor in three fathoms, when you've deep water beside you? You'll not hug a lee-shore, with a fresh breeze on your quarter; and all I ask is, that you'd not risk the loss of that noble craft — merely, that you may spoil the wreck."

Cashel grasped the rough seaman's hand in both his own, and shook it with warmth.

"I can only say this," said the bluff Lieutenant, rising, "if such be the object of your cruises, you must seek another shipmate than Bob Sickleton; and so good night."

"Are you going?" said Cashel, with a sorrowful voice. "I wish you were not about to leave thus."

"I have given you your bearings; that ought to be enough for you. Good night, once more." And with this the honest-hearted Lieutenant threw his boat-cloak around him, and sallied forth to the door, before which *a chaise* was in waiting to convey him to Dublin.

As for Roland, his agitated and excited mind

banished all desire for sleep, and he wandered out upon the beach, where, resolving many a good intention for the future, he walked to and fro, till day was breaking.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old walls have mouths as well as ears.
THE CONVENT: A PLAY.

To us of the present day, who see what Genii are guineas, fairy tales are mere allegories. Your true sorcerer is a credit "on Coutts," and anything may be esteemed within his power who reckons by tens of thousands.

Tom Linton was experimenting on this problem somewhat largely at Tubbermore, where the old, misshapen, ugly house had undergone such a series of transformations inside and out, that the oldest inhabitant might have failed to recognise it. Roman cement and stucco — those cosmetics of architecture — had given to the front a most plausible air, and what with a great flagged terrace beneath and a balustrade parapet above, the whole had put on a wonderful look of solidity and importance. French windows and plate-glass, stuccoed architraves and richly traceried balconies, from which access was had to various terraces and flower-plats, contributed an appearance of lightness to the building, and what was lost in architectural elegance was fully recompensed by convenience and facility of enjoyment.

Within, the arrangements were excellent, and, as regarded the object in view, perfect — various suites of apartments, so separated as to be actually like residences, abounded throughout, so that the guests might either *indulge their soli*tude undisturbed, or mix in the

wide circle of the general company. For the latter, a magnificent suite of rooms led along the entire basement story. Here, considering the shortness of the time and the difficulties encountered, Linton's skill was pre-eminently distinguished. Painting was too slow a process for such an emergency, and accordingly the walls were hung with rich silks and stuffs from the looms of Lyons, draped in a hundred graceful fashions, while the floors, laid down in the rough, were concealed by the massive texture of Persian carpets, the most costly ever brought to this country. The air of comfort and "livableness" — if we may coin a word — depicted on every side, took away the reproach of ostentatious splendour, which perhaps might have been applied to rich decorations and gorgeous details in a mere country-house. And this was managed with no mean skill, and he must have been a stern critic who could have canvassed too rigidly the merit of appliances so manifestly provided for his own enjoyment. Books and pictures — the Penates of domesticity — were there, and everything possible was done to give a semblance of long habitation to that which but a few weeks back had been a dreary ruin.

A critical eye might have detected in many instances the evidences of a more refined taste than Mr. Linton's, and so was it. Miss Leicester had frequently aided him by her advice and suggestion, and every day, when the weather permitted, saw old Mr. Corrigan and his granddaughter repair to Tubbermore, whose progress they watched with a degree of interest only felt by those whose retirement admits few sources of *amusement*. There was a secret cause of pride, too, in *seeing* the old residence of the family — marred as had

een its proportions by frequent and tasteless additions – resume something of its once grandeur. Mary, whose arliest lessons in infancy had been the tales of her owerful ancestors, who lorded over an almost princely act, entered heart and soul into a course which fa-oured so many of fancy's pleasantest fictions. Her reatest delight, however, was in the restoration of one art of the building, which all former innovators had pparently despaired of, and left as a species of store-ouse for every kind of lumber. This was a great quare tower, with an adjoining chapel, the floor of hich was formed by the tombstones of her earliest ncestors. One compartment of a stained-glass window howed "the helmet and torch," the arms of the O'Re-ans, from which the family, by a corruption, took the ame of Corrigan, and various other mementos abounded o prove the high station they had once supported.

Strongly imbued with a knowledge of the tales and ustoms of the period, Mary restored the chapel to all he emblazoned splendour of the sixteenth century. The ich carvings, that modern research has discovered and arried away from the châteaux of the Low Countries, ere adapted to the place, and speedily the interior ut on an air of highly-preserved and cherished anti-uity.

The tower adjoining was also converted into a great hamber of audience — a "Ritter-Saal," hung round ith weapons of the chase and war, while great buffets lisplayed a wealth of antique plate and china, of gem-rought cup and massive flagons, that lent a lustre to ts otherwise too stern appearance. Lighted by a range *f stained windows far* from the ground, the tempered *nlight cast a mellow* glance on every object, and

here, in the silence of the noon, when the workmen had gone to dinner, Mary used to sit alone, some strange spell fascinating her to a spot where echoes had once awoke to the tramp of her own kinsmen's footsteps.

"Tell me, Mr. Linton," said she, as he entered suddenly, and found her seated in her favourite place, "what part of the chapel adjoins the wall we see yonder?"

"That," said Linton, musing for a second — "that, if I mistake not, must be what you styled the crypt; the ——"

"Exactly!" cried she, with animation. "The crypt is somewhat lower than this chamber, two steps or so?"

"About as much."

"How strange, how very strange!" said she, half to herself.

"What is strange?" said Linton, smiling at the intense preoccupation of her features.

"You will laugh outright," said she, "if I tell you. It was a dream I had last night about this chamber."

"Pray, let me hear it," said Linton, seating himself, and affecting a deep interest. "I own to a most implicit confidence in dreams."

"Which is more than I do," said she, laughing. "This has, however, so much of truth about it, as the locality is concerned, and thus far it is curious. Are you certain that you never told me before that the crypt lay outside of that wall?"

"Perfectly; since I only learned as much myself about an hour ago."

"How singular!"

"Come, do not torture my curiosity further. Let *us have* your dream."

as very short. I dreamed that I was sitting
ng and thinking over the lives and fortunes
f those who once dwelt within these walls,
aring their destiny with that of their de-
only admitted, as it were, on sufferance,
denly a door opened slowly there — there,
y midst of that wall — and I could see down
ypt, and the chapel beyond it. On the altar
candles lighted, and I thought the figure of
ossed and recrossed below the steps, as if
d arranging the books and cushions; and, at
rned round, and I perceived that he carried
nds a small and strongly-clasped box, and,
e towards me, he seemed to hold this out for
e; but, as I did not move or stir, he laid it
in the doorway, and, as he did so, the wall
closed up again, and no vestige of the door
seen. Nay, so perfectly unshaken did all
hat I remember remarking a cobweb that
from the frame of a picture, and hung over
where the door seemed to be; and there,"
starting up — "there, Mr. Linton, as I live,
e cobweb!"

h, without doubt, you observed yesterday,"
n, "and in your sleep the vision of our ne-
renewed."

no; I never saw it before. I am confident
r noticed it yesterday. I am sorry I revealed
to you," said she, perceiving that, in spite
tact, incredulity had lent a look of pitying
to his features.

he contrary, I beg of you to believe in all
t for your recital; nay, I'll prove it too."

"How so?" said she, eagerly.

"Simply enough. I'll give orders at once to have a door made here, and then we shall see if the view you describe of the crypt and the chapel can be seen from this point."

"Why don't you add, and of the figure with the casket, too?" said she, smiling; "for I see you regard them all as alike veracious."

"In any case," cried Linton, "if he lay down the treasure — and treasure it must be — here in the doorway, I'll take care that the walls do not swallow it up again; we shall be able to find it in the morning."

"And will you really have this done?"

"I'll give the orders this very day."

"I must not be so silly," said she, after a pause; "the whole is too absurd. No, Mr. Linton, do not, I beg of you, do not take any notice of my folly."

"At all events," said Linton, "your dream is a most happy inspiration; a door here will be a great improvement, and if the vista takes in the chapel, so much the better. Remember, too," added he, in a lower and more feeling voice — "remember what I've told you so often, that whatever we do here has, so to say, no other reward than the pleasure it gives me the doing. Our great patron has about as much gratefulness in his composition as taste. He will neither feel thankful for our exertions, nor sensible of their success, and is just as likely to desecrate yon Ritter-Saal, by making it his smoking room."

"*If I* thought so —" said she, proudly, and then *stopped* suddenly. "But how can it concern me? I

have only to wonder how you can accept of an intimacy so distasteful."

This, in its very abruptness, was a home-thrust, and so much did Linton feel it, that he reddened, at first with shame, and then with anger at his want of composure.

"There are many circumstances in life, Miss Leicester," said he, gravely, "which demand heavy sacrifices of personal feeling, and happy if sometimes the recompense come in seeing that our self-devotion has worked well for others. I may one day explain myself more fully on this head."

Before Mary could answer, a messenger came to say that her grandfather was waiting to return with her to the cottage, and she bid Linton good-by with a degree of interest for him she had never felt before. Linton stood in a window and watched her as she went, nor did his eye quit the graceful form, till it disappeared in the covering of the trees. "Yes," said he to himself, "I have struck the right chord at last! She neither is to be dazzled by the splendour, nor excited by the ambitions of the great world. The key to the mystery of her nature lies in the very fact of her position in life — the indignant struggle against a condition she feels beneath her; — she can sympathise with this. She is just the very girl, too, to awaken Laura's jealousy, so brilliantly handsome, so much of elegance in mien and deportment. Ay! the game will win. I may stake all upon it! Who is that?" said he, starting suddenly, as a door banged behind him, and he saw Tom Keane, who had been a silent listener to *his soliloquy. Linton* well knew that shrewd as the *man was, the words could* have conveyed little or no

thing to his intelligence, and carelessly asked what had the post brought.

"A heap of letters, yer Honer," said he, laying the heavily-loaded bag on the table. "I never see as many come to the town afore."

As Linton unlocked the bag and emptied its contents before him, his face suddenly grew dark and angry, for none of the letters, as he turned them over, were for himself; they were all addressed Roland Cashel, Esq., and marked "private." At last he saw one with his own name, and motioning to Keane to leave him undisturbed, he sat down to read it. It came from his correspondent Mr. Phillis, and was of the briefest.

"Sir, — All has gone wrong. — R. C. sailed last night on a yachting excursion with Lord and Lady K., some say for Wales, others for the Isle of Wight. The truth I cannot ascertain. The persons invited to Tubbermore are all preparing to set out, but eagerly asking where C. is to be found. There has been something like a breach at K.'s, and I fancy it is about Lady Kilgoff's going in the yacht, which, although seeming accident, must have been planned previously. If you had been here the matter might have taken another turn, as C. appears very tired of K.'s agency, and the difficulty of obtaining money from him.

"I have received a few lines from C., dated from 'the Harbour,' to order a 'fourgon' to be got ready; but I shall pretend not to have received the note, and leave this, if you desire it, for Tubbermore on hearing from you.

"Yours, in duty,
"R. Phillis."

Linton crushed the note passionately in his fingers, d with a cheek almost purple, and swollen knotted ins about the forehead and temples, he hastily walked and fro in the apartment. "So, madam," said he, s this, then, the reason of your compliance? Was this e source of that yielding to my wishes, that induced u to come here? And to dare this towards *me!*" A ndish laugh burst from him as he said, "Silly fool, long as you played fair, the advantage was all on ur own side. Try to cheat, and you'll see who's the ctor! And that cub, too," added he, with a hoarse ssion, "who ventures a rivalry with me! Hate has inspiration that never deceives; from the first mo- ent I saw, I felt that for him."

"You say you wanted the masons, Sir," said Keane, ening the door, where he had been endeavouring, but ffectually, to catch the clue of Linton's words.

"Yes, let them come here," said he, with his ordinary mposure. "You are to break a door there," said he, the men entered, "and I wish to have it done with speed. You'll work all night and be doubly paid." he spoke, he sauntered out to muse over the late ings he had received, and plan within himself the ming campaign.

Thus loitering and reflecting, time slipped by and ening drew near.

"We must have a light here," said one of the masons. his room is never very bright, and now it is almost rk as night. But what have we here?" And at the ment his hammer sent forth a ringing sound as if it d struck upon metal.

"What can it be?" said the other; "it seems like a *te of iron.*"

Linton now drew nigh, as he overheard these words, and stationing himself at a small window, beheld the two men as they laboured to detach what seemed a heavy stone in the wall.

"It's not a plate of iron, but a box," cried one.

"Hush," said the other, cautioning silence; "if it's money there's in it, let us consider a bit where we'll hide it."

"It sounds empty, anyhow," said the first, as the metal rang clearly out under the hammer. Meanwhile Linton stood, overwhelmed at the strange connexion between the dream and the discovery. "It is a box, and here's the key fastened to it by a chain," cried the former speaker. He had scarcely succeeded in removing the box from the wall when Linton was standing, unseen and noiseless, behind him.

"We'll share it fair whatever it is," said the second.

"Of course," said the other. "Let us see what there is to share." And so he threw back the lid, and beheld, to his great dismay, nothing but a roll of parchment fastened by a strap of what had been once red leather, but which crumbled away as he touched it.

"'Tis Latin," said the first, who seemed the more intelligent of the two, after a vain effort to decipher the heavily-engrossed line at the top.

"You are right," said Linton; and the two men started with terror on seeing him so near. "It is Latin, boys; it was the custom of the monks to bury their prayers in that way once, and to beg, whoever might discover the document, to say so many masses for the writer's soul; and, Protestant though I be, I do not *think* badly of the practice. Let us find out the name." *And thus* saying, he took up the roll and perused it

steadily. For a long time the evening darkness — the difficulty of the letters — and the style of the record, impeded him, but as he read on, the colour came and went in his cheek, his hand trembled with agitation, and had there been light enough to have noted him well, even the workmen must have perceived the excitement under which he laboured.

"Yes," said he, at last, "it is exactly as I said. It was written by a monk. This was an old convent once, and Father Angelo asks our prayers for his eternal repose, which assuredly he shall have, heretic that I am! Here, boys, here's a pound-note for you; Father Rush will tell you how to use it for the best. Get a light and go on with your work, and if you don't like to spend the money in masses, say nothing about the box, and I'll not betray your secret."

A dry laugh and a significant leer of the eye showed that he had accurately read his hearers' inmost thoughts, and Linton sat down as if to await their return; but no sooner had they left the spot than he hastened with all speed to the Inn, to con over his newly-discovered treasure, and satisfy himself as to its importance and authenticity.

Drawing close the curtains of his windows, and locking the door of his room, like one who would be alone — he again opened the casket, and took out the scroll. With bent-down head and steady gaze he perused it from end to end, and then sat with riveted eyes fixed upon the signature and massive seal which were appended to the foot of the document. "That this should have been revealed in a dream," said he, at length, "is almost enough to shake one's faith in the whole! *Am I myself awake,* and is it real what I see before

me?" He walked the room with uncertain steps — then opened wide the window — then closed it again — once more took up the paper and studied it. In fact, it was clear to see that a sceptical nature, the very habit of doubt, had indisposed him to believe in even that which his very senses corroborated.

"What would I give for some lawyer's craft at this moment!" said he, as the drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his clenched hands were clasped together in strong emotion, — "what would I give for the keenness that could pierce through every line of this, and see it free of flaw, — ay, that is the point! And then, Master Roland," — here his voice grew full and round, — "and then we should see who is the master and who the dependant. If with a word — with one word — I could unmake you, and from the insolence of your sudden wealth bring you down once more to your fitting station! Never did Fortune stand by me like this! Let me, however, not lose the game from overstrength. Caution is needed here. Before Corrigan shall know himself the rightful owner of Tubbermore, he must be satisfied to see Tom Linton his son-in-law. A glorious hit that deals vengeance on every hand. Ay, my Lady, we shall acquit our debt to *you* also!" From the heat of overwhelming passion he again turned to the document which lay open on the table. "What if it were only a copy? But this is scarce possible. The signatures look real, and the seal cannot be counterfeit. Whom could I trust to inspect it? With whom dare I place it for a day, or even an hour? No! I'll never suffer it out of my own *keeping!* I know not if the power to strike is not the *very* acme of revenge!"

As he walked the room in deepest agitation he hanced for an instant to catch a glimpse of Tubberıore, which, in the bright light of a newly-risen moon, ould be seen above the trees.

"So then it may chance that I have not expended ıy labour in vain, and that this same house may be et my own. Mine!" cried he in an ecstasy — "mine ıose swelling woods — that princely park — the high osition which wealth bestows, and the power that I ould speedily accomplish in political life. There may e many who have more ambition to strive for — I'll wear there are few men living have more grudges to ay off."

And with this speech, uttered in an accent of wither-ıg hate and scorn, he again returned to gaze at the pen parchment.

The document, surmounted by the royal arms and ngrossed in a stiff old-fashioned hand, was a free pardon ccorded by His Majesty George the Second to Miles Iardress Corrigan, and a full and unqualified restora-on to his once forfeited estates.

Certain legal formalities were also enjoined to be ıken, and certain oaths to be made, as the recognition f this act of his Sovereign's grace.

Such was the important document on which now e gazed, reading and re-reading it, till every word be-ame riveted on his memory.

CHAPTER IX.

Hark, they come! they come!

An unusual bustle and commotion in the little Inn awoke Linton early on the following morning. These were caused by the arrival of a host of cooks, coachmen, grooms, footmen, and scullions, with a due proportion of the other sex, all engaged in London, and despatched — "as per order" — to form the household of Tubbermore.

As Linton proceeded with his dressing, he overheard the multifarious complaints and lamentations of this town-reared population over the dirt and destitution of their newly-adopted land; criticisms which, as they scrupled not to detail aloud, evoked rejoinders not a whit more complimentary to the Saxon, the hostess of the Goat — being an energetic disciple of that great authority who has pronounced both the land and its people as the paragons of creation — leading the van of the attack, and certainly making up for any deficiencies in her cause by the force of her eloquence.

"Arrah! who wanted ye here at all?" said she, addressing the circle, stunned into silence by her volubility. "Who axed ye? Was it to plaze us, or to fill yer pockets with the goold of ould Ireland, ye kem? Oh, murther! murther — isn't it the sin and the shame to think how the craytures is eatin' us up! Faix! maybe ye'll be sorry enough for it yet. There's more than one amongst you would like to be safe home again, afore long! A set of lazy thieves, no less. The heavens be my bed, but I never thought I'd see the *day they'd* be bringing a 'Naygur' to Ireland to teach *us music!*"

This singular apostrophe, which seemed to fill the ıeasure of her woe, so far attracted Linton's curiosity ı comprehend it, that he opened the window and looked ıt, and at once discovered, by the direction of the eyes ? the circle, the object of the sarcasm. He was a ell-built man, of a dark swarthy complexion and im- ıense beard and moustache, who sat on a stone bench efore the door, occupied in arranging the strings of is guitar. The air of unmoved tranquillity showed ıat he did not suspect himself to be the butt of any ırcasm, and he pursued his task with a composure ıat vouched for his ignorance of the language.

"Who is our friend?" said Linton, addressing the ɔachman, and pointing to the musician.

"We calls him Robinson Crusoe, Sir," replied the ther; "we took him up on the road from Limerick. Ve never see'd him afore."

"So, then, he doesn't belong to our force. I really ad begun to fear that Mr. Gunter had pushed enlist- ıent too far."

Meanwhile the stranger, attracted by the voice, ɔoked up, and seeing Linton, immediately removed his ap, with an air of quiet courtesy that was not lost pon the shrewd observer to whom it was tendered.

"You are a sailor, I perceive?" said Tom, as he ralked out in front of the Inn. The other shook his ead dubiously.

"I was asking," said Linton, changing his language ɔ French, "if you had been a sailor?"

"Yes, Sir," replied he, again removing his cap, "a ailor from Trieste."

"And how came you here?"

"Our *vessel* was lost off the Blasquets, Sir, on

Wednesday night. We were bound for Bristol with fruit from Sicily, and caught in the gale; we struck, and all were lost, except myself and another, now in hospital in the large city yonder."

"Were you a petty officer, or a common seaman?" said Linton, who had been scanning with keen eye the well-knit frame and graceful ease of the speaker.

"A common sailor, Sir," rejoined he, modestly.

"And how comes it that you are a musician, friend?" asked Linton, shrewdly.

"Every one is in my country, Sir — at least, with such humble skill as I possess."

"What good fortune it was to have saved your guitar from ship-wreck," rejoined Linton, with an incredulous twinkle of his grey eyes.

"I did not do so, Sir," said the sailor, who either did not, or would not, notice the sarcasm. "My good friends here" — pointing to the servants — "bought this for me in the last town we came through."

Linton again fixed his eyes upon him; it was evident that he was hesitating between belief and an habitual sense of distrust, that extended to everything and everybody. At last he said:

"And what led you hither, my friend?"

"Chance," said the man, shrugging his shoulders. "I could have no preferences for one road over another — all were strange — all unknown to me. I hoped, with the aid of my guitar, to get some clothes once more together, and then to find some vessel bound for the Adriatic."

"What can you do besides that?" said Linton, "for it strikes me a fellow with thews and sinews like yours was scarcely intended to thrum catgut."

an do most things where a steady eye, and a
and, and a quick foot are needed. I've been
in the forests of Dalmatia — herded the half-
tle on the Campagna at Rome — sailed a fe-
n the worst Levanters of the Gulf — and to
a high sea, or to ride an unbroken horse, I'll
but one man living."

l who may he be?" said Linton, aroused at
hern enthusiasm so suddenly excited.

countryman of mine," said the sailor, senten-
"his name is not known to you."

w sad such gifts as these should have so little
nse in our days," said Linton, with an affected
. "There was a time, in your own country
en a fellow like yourself would not have had
seek for a patron."

Italian's cheek grew deeper in its flush, and
: eyes seemed almost to kindle beneath the
brows; then correcting, as it seemed, the pas-
mpulse, he said: "Ay, true enough, Sir; there
ny who had the gold to squander, who had not
l to strike, and, as you say, fellows like me
;h in the market."

d no great hardship in it, either," said Linton.
is a Justice surer and quicker than the Law,
for one, think right well of."

er not following the import of the speech, or
ıg to concur in it, the Italian did not reply.

ıave a notion that we may find out some em-
t for you here," said Linton. "What name are
ıll you?"

vanni," said the sailor, after a moment's hesi-

tation, which did not escape the shrewdness of his questioner.

"Giovanni be it," said Linton, easily; "as good as another."

"Just so," rejoined the Italian, with a hardihood that seemed to sit easily upon him.

"I think, friend," said Linton, drawing nearer to him — and, although the foreign language in which he spoke effectually prevented the others from understanding what passed, instantly his voice dropped into a lower and more confidential tone — "I think, friend, we shall soon understand each other well. You are in want of a protector; I may yet stand in need of an attached and zealous fellow. I read people quickly, and it seems to me that we are well met. Stay here, then; we shall soon have a large company arriving, and I'll try and find out some exercise for your abilities."

The Italian's dark eyes flashed and twinkled as though his subtle nature had already enlarged upon the shadowy suggestions of the other, and he made a significant gesture of assent.

"Remember, now, in whose service you are," said Linton, taking out his purse, and seeking among its contents for the precise piece of coin he wanted — "remember, that I am not the master here, but one who has to the full as much power, and that I can prove a strong friend, and, some say, a very dangerous enemy. Here is the earnest of our bargain," said he, handing him a guinea in gold; "from this hour I count upon you."

The Italian nodded twice, and pocketing the money with a cool audacity that told that such contracts were *easily* comprehended by him, touched his cap and

ntered away, as though to follow out some path of own choosing. Linton looked after him for a mo- nt, but the next his attention was taken off by seeing t Mr. Corrigan and his granddaughter were advan- g hastily towards him.

"So you have really accepted my suggestion," said ry, with a flush of pleasure on her cheek; "the door been opened, and the vista is exactly as my dream ealed it."

"In all save the chief ingredient," replied Linton, ghing; "we want the monk and the casket."

"Hush," said she, cautiously; "grandpapa is a firm iever in all dreams and visions, and would not hear m spoken of irreverently."

"Assuredly, I never was less in the mind to do so," lied Linton, with a degree of earnestness that made ry smile, little suspecting at the time to what his ech owed its fervour.

"We've come to take a last look at the 'Hall,' Mr. nton," said the old man. "Tom Keane tells me that ir gay company will soon arrive; indeed, rumour 's, that some have already reached Limerick, and l be here to-morrow."

"This is more than I knew of," said Linton; "but e comes the redoubted Tom himself, and with a full er-bag, too." Hastily unlocking the leather sack, m Linton emptied its contents upon a grassy bench, ere the party seated themselves to learn the news. 'here are no secrets here," said Linton, tossing over letters, with nearly all of whose handwriting he s familiar; "help me, Miss Leicester, I beg, to get ough my task. Pray, break some of the seals, and l us *who our near* friends are whose presence is so

soon to charm and enliven us. And will you, too, Sir, bear your part?" Thus invited, old Mr. Corrigan put on his spectacles, and slowly prepared to assist in the labour.

"That's the Dean's hand, Miss Leicester — the Dean of Drumcondera. I hope he's not coming; I'm sure he was never invited."

"He regrets he cannot be with you this week, but will certainly come next, and take the liberty of presenting his distinguished friend, the Hofrath von Dunnersleben, Professor of Oriental Literature at Hochenkanperhausen."

"This is painting the lily with a vengeance; 'colour on colour' is bad heraldry, but what shall we say of the taste that brings 'Bore upon bore?'"

"Mrs. Leicester White has prevailed upon Mr. Howle to defer his departure from Ireland —"

"This is too bad," interrupted Linton; "what fortune have you, Sir? I hope better tidings than Miss Leicester."

"This is a strange kind of scrawl enough," said the old man; "it runs thus: 'Dear Tom, we are starting for your wild regions this evening — two drags and a mail phaeton. I have sent Gipsey and the white fetlocked colt by Hericks, and will bring Tom Edwards with me. The mare looks well, but fleshy; you must look to it that we hav'n't heavy ground —'"

"Oh, I know who that's from," said Linton, hastily taking the letter from Corrigan's hand; "it's Lord Charles Frobisher — a silly fellow, that never thinks of anything but horse-racing and training."

"He would seem to speculate on something of the *kind* here," said Corrigan; "at least, it looks very like premeditation this sending off grooms and racers."

"He does so everywhere he goes," said Linton, affecting to laugh; "a surgeon would no more travel without his lancets, than Charley without some chance of a 'match;' but what's this?

"'DEAR MR. CASHEL,

"'I and my little girl are already ""en route"" for your hospitable castle, too happy to assist in the celebration of your house-warming —'

"Oh, that's Meek," said Linton. "And now for this rugged little hand here.

"'Lady Janet and Sir Andrew MacFarline —'"

"Strange style, — the lady first," interposed Miss Leicester.

"She always is so," said Linton, continuing the perusal — "'will reach Tubbermore by Tuesday, and have only to request that their apartments may not have a north aspect, as Lady J. has still a heavy cold hanging over her. Sir A.'s man, Flint, will arrange the rooms himself, and, with Mr. Cashel's permission, give directions about double doors — if there be none.

"'Sir A. has taken the liberty of mentioning to Gordon that the sherry is far too hot and acrid, and hopes Mr. Cashel will pardon his having ordered some dozens of ""Amontillado"" for trial. Lady J. asks, as a favour, that plants and flowers may be banished from the house during her brief stay, Dr. Grimes positively forbidding all herbaceous odours; and if the cook could make the ""cuisine"" particularly simple, it would also oblige her, as Dr. G. says she ought not to be exposed to the irritation of tempting viands, even to see *them at table.*

"'Lady J. hopes that the society will be cheerful without dissipation, and gay without debauch; above all, stipulates for early hours, and trusts that by eleven, at latest, the house will have retired to rest. Lady Janet has no objection to meeting any one Mr. Cashel may honour with his invitation, but leaves it to Mr. C.'s discretion not to abuse this liberality. Were she to particularise, she should merely suggest, that the Kennyfecks, except perhaps the elder girl, are odious — Mrs. White, a perfect horror — the Meeks, something too atrocious — and that rather than meet the Kilgoffs and their set, Lady J. would almost prefer to relinquish all her much-anticipated pleasure. Mr. Linton can be, and very often is, gentlemanlike and amusing, but ""Lintonism,"" as occasionally practised, is intolerable.

"'Lady Janet has ventured on these remarks, far less for her own convenience, than in the discharge of what she feels to be a duty to a very young and inexperienced man, whose unsuspecting nature will inevitably expose him to the very insidious attacks of selfishness, cunning, and to that species of dictation that sooner or later ends in debasing and degrading him who permits himself to be its subject.

"'JANET MACFARLINE.'"

"What a chaste specimen of disinterestedness her Ladyship's own letter," said Mary. "Is she a near relative, or a very old friend of Mr. Cashel's family?"

"Neither; a mere acquaintance, undistinguished by anything like even a passing preference."

"She is a Lady Janet," interposed old Corrigan, "*and it is* surprising what charms of influence pertain *to those* segments of great families, as they descend a

in society, and live among the untitled of the
d; besides that, whatever they want in power,
'take out' in pretension, and it does quite as well."
'She is 'mauvaise langue,'" said Linton; "and
are few qualities obtain such sway in society.
who comes here in such haste? It is Tom Keane.
l, Tom, what has happened — is the Hall on
"

'No, Sir; but the company's comin' rowlin' in as
as 'pays' down the big avenue, and into the coort;
was three coaches all together, and I see two
near the gate."

'Then we shall leave you to your cares of host,"
Corrigan, rising; "but don't forget that when affairs
ate permit, we shall be delighted to see you at the
ge."

'Oh, by all means, Mr. Linton. I have acquired
most intense curiosity to hear about your fine com-
, and their doings — pray compassionate my in-
itiveness."

'But will you not join us sometimes?" said Linton;
I not persuade you to make part of our little
pany, for I trust we shall be able to have some
ty worth showing you?"

The old man shook his head and made a gesture
fusal.

'Nay," said he, "I am so unfitted for such scenes,
so grown out of the world's ways, that I am going
lay hermit, and be churlish enough to lock the
et that leads down to the cottage during the stay
our visitors — not against *you*, however. You'll
ys find the key at the foot of the holly-tree."

"*Thanks — I'll not* forget it," said Linton; and he

took a cordial leave of his friends, and returned to the house, wondering as he went who were the punctual guests whose coming had anticipated his expectations.

He was not long in doubt upon this point, as he perceived Mr. Phillis, who, standing on the terrace before the chief entrance, was giving directions to the people about, in a tone of no small authority.

"What, Phillis! has your master arrived?" cried Linton, in astonishment.

"Oh, Mr. Linton!" cried the other, obsequiously, as hat in hand he made his approaches, "there has been such a business since I wrote —"

"Is he here? Is he come?" asked Linton, impatiently.

"No, Sir, not yet; nor can he arrive before to-morrow evening. You received my letter, I suppose, about the result of the yachting party and Lady Kilgoff?"

"No! I know not one word about it," said Linton, with a firmness that showed how well he could repress any trace of anxiety or excitement. "Come this way, out of the hearing of these people, and tell me everything from the beginning."

Phillis obeyed, and walked along beside him, eagerly narrating the whole story of Cashel's departure, to the moment when the yacht foundered, and the party were shipwrecked off the coast of Wexford.

"Well, go on," said Linton, as the other came to a full stop. "What then?"

"A few lines came from Mr. Cashel, Sir, with orders for certain things to be sent down to a little village on the coast, and directions for me to proceed at once to Tubbermore and await his arrival."

Linton did not speak for some minutes, and seemed
ally occupied with his own reflections, when by
zard he caught the words "her Ladyship doing
actly as she pleases —"

"With whom?" asked he, sternly.

"With Mr. Cashel, Sir; for it seems that notwith-
nding all the terror and danger of the late mishap,
. Sickleton has been despatched to Cowes to pur-
ase the *Queen of the Harem*, Lord Wellingham's new
cht, and this at Lady Kilgoff's special instigation.
. Sickleton slept one night at our house in town, and
took a look at his papers; there was nothing of any
nsequence, however, except a memorandum about
harts for the Mediterranean,' which looks suspicious."

"I thought, Phillis, I had warned you about the
lgoff intimacy. I thought I had impressed you with
e necessity of keeping them from him."

"So you had, Sir; and, to the very utmost of my
wer, I did so; but here was a mere accident that
led all my care and watchfulness."

"As accidents ever do," muttered Linton, with sup-
ssed passion. "The game of Life, like every other
me, is less to skill than chance! Well, when can
y be here?"

"To-morrow afternoon, Sir, if not delayed by some-
ng unforeseen; though this is not at all unlikely,
ing the difficulty of getting posters. There are from
rty to forty horses engaged at every stage."

"Whom have we here?" cried Linton, as a large
velling-carriage suddenly swept round the drive, and
ered the court.

"Sir Andrew MacFarline's baggage, Sir; I passed
m *at the last change*. One would say, from the

preparations, that they speculate on a somewhat lengthy visit. What rooms are we to assign them, Sir?"

"The four that look north over the billiard-room, and the hall; they are the coldest and most cheerless in the house. Your master will occupy the apartments now mine; see, here is a plan of the house; Lord and Lady Kilgoff have 4, 5, and 6. These that are not marked you may distribute how you will. My quarters are those two, beyond the library."

Linton was here interrupted by the advance of a tall, stiff-looking old fellow, who, carrying his hand to his hat in military guise, stood straight before him, saying, in a very broad accent, "The Gen'ral's mon, Sir, an't please ye."

"Well, friend, and what then?" replied Linton, half testily.

"I've my Leddy's orders, Sir, to tak' up a good position, and a warm ane, in the hoos younder, and if it's no askin' too much, I'd like to speer the premises first."

"Mr. Phillis, look after this, if you please," said Linton, turning away, "and remember my directions."

"Come with me, friend," said Phillis; "your mistress, I suppose, does not like cold apartments?"

"Be ma saul, if she finds them so, she'll mak' the rest of the hoos over warm for the others," said he, with a sardonic grin, that left small doubt of his sincere conviction.

"And your master?" said Phillis, in that interrogatory tone which invites a confidence.

"The Gen'ral's too auld a soldier no to respec dees-*cepline*," said he, drily.

"*Oh*, that's it, Sanders."

"Ma name's Bob Flint, and no Saunders — Gunner ıd Driver i' the Royal Artillery," said the other, rawing himself up proudly; "an' if we are to be mair quaint, it's just as well ye'd mind that same."

As Bob Flint possessed that indescribable something hich would seem, by an instinct, to save its owner om impertinences, Mr. Phillis did not venture upon ıy renewed familiarity, but led the way into the house silence.

"That's a bra' cookin' place ye've got yonder," id Bob, as he stopped for a second at the door of the eat kitchen, where already the cooks were busied in e various preparations; "but I'm no so certain my eddy wad like to see a bra' giggot scooped out in a' fashion just to mak' room for a wheen black potaes inside o' it;" — the operation alluded to so sarstically being the stuffing of a shoulder of mutton ith truffles, in Provençal mode.

"I suppose her Ladyship will be satisfied with iticising what comes to table," said Phillis, "without scending to the kitchen to make objections."

"If she does, then," said Flint, "she's mair ceevil ye here than she was in the last hoos we spent a tnight, whar she discharged twa maids for no making e beds as she taw'd them, forbye getting the coachan turned off, because the carriage-horses held their ls ower high for her fancy."

"We'll scarce put up with that here," said Phillis, th offended dignity.

"I dinna ken," said Bob, thoughtfully; "she made r ain nephew carry a pound o' dips from the chanr's, just, as she said, to scratch his pride a bit. I'd ' *ye mind a wee* ' *hoo* ye please her fancy. Ye're a

bonnie mon, but she'll think leetle aboot sending ye packing."

Mr. Phillis did not deign a reply to this speech, but led the way to the suite destined for her Ladyship's accommodation.

CHAPTER X.

They come — they come! — HAROLD.

LINTON passed the greater part of the night in letter-writing. Combinations were thickening around him, and it demanded all the watchful activity he could command to prevent himself being overtaken by events. To a confidential lawyer he submitted a case respecting Corrigan's title, but, so hypothetically and with such reserve, that it betrayed no knowledge of his secret — for he trusted no man. Mary Leicester's manuscript was his next care, and this he entrusted to a former acquaintance connected with the French press, entreating his influence to obtain it the honour of publication, and, instead of remuneration, asking for some flattering acknowledgment of its merits. His last occupation was to write his address to the constituency of his borough, where high-sounding phrases and generous professions took the place of any awkward avowals of political opinion. This finished, and wearied by the long-sustained exertion, he threw himself on his bed: his head, however, was far too deeply engaged to permit of sleep. The plot was thickening rapidly — events, whose course he hoped to shape at his leisure, were hurrying on, and although few men could summon to *their aid* more of cold calculation in a moment of difficulty, his wonted calm was now disturbed by the ar-

cumstance — this being, as he called it to himself — Laura's treachery. — No men bear breaches of faith so ill as they who practise them with the world. To most persons the yacht voyage would have seemed, too, a chance occurrence, where an accidental intimacy was formed, to wane and die out with the circumstance that created it. Not so did *he* regard it. He read a prearranged plan in every step she had taken — he saw in her game the woman's vanity to wield an influence over one for whom so many contended — he knew, too, how in the great world an "*éclat*" can always cover an "indiscretion" — and that, in the society of that metropolis to which she aspired, the reputation of chaperoning the rich Roland Cashel would be of incalculable service.

If Linton had often foiled deeper snares, here, a deep personal wrong disturbed his powers of judgment, and irritated him beyond all calm prudential thoughts. Revenge upon her, the only one he had ever cared for, was now his uppermost thought, and left little place for any other.

Wearied and worn out, he fell asleep at last, but only to be suddenly awakened by the rattling of wheels and the quick tramp of horses on the gravel beneath his window. The one absorbing idea pervading his mind, he started up, muttering "*She* is here." As he opened his window and looked down, he at once perceived his mistake — Mrs. Kennyfeck's well-known voice was heard, giving directions about her luggage — and Linton closed the casement, half relieved and half disappointed.

For a brief space the house seemed astir. Mrs. Kennyfeck made her way along the corridor in a

mingled commentary on the handsome decorations of the mansion, and Mr. Kennyfeck's stupidity, who had put Archbold's "Criminal Practice" into her bag, instead of Debrett's "Peerage," while Linton could overhear a little quizzing conversation between the daughters, wherein the elder reproached her sister for not having the politeness to bid them "welcome." The slight commotion gradually subsided and all became still, but only for a brief space. Again the same sound of crashing wheels was heard, and once more Linton flung open his window and peered out into the darkness. It was now raining tremendously, and the wind howling in long and dreary cadences.

"What a climate!" exclaimed a voice Linton knew to be Downie Meek's. His plaint ran thus:

"I often said they should pension off the Irish Secretary after three years, as they do the Chief Justice of Gambia."

"It will make the ground very heavy for running, I fear," said the deep full tone of a speaker who assisted a lady to alight.

"How you are always thinking of the turf, Lord Charles!" said she, as he rather carried than aided her to the shelter of the porch.

Linton did not wait for the reply, but shut the window and again lay down.

In that half-waking state where sleep and fatigue contest the ground with watchfulness, Linton continued to hear the sound of several arrivals, and the indistinct impressions became commingled till all were lost in *heavy* slumber. So is it — Childhood itself, in all its *guileless* freedom, enjoys no sounder, deeper sleep, than

he whose head is full of wily schemes and subtle plots, when once exhausted nature gains the victory.

So profound was that dreamless state in which he lay, that he was never once aware that the door by which his chamber communicated with the adjoining one, had been opened, while a select committee were debating about the disposition of the furniture, in total ignorance that he made part of it.

"Why couldn't Sir Andrew take that small room, and leave this for me? I like an alcove vastly," said Lady Janet, as, candle in hand, she took a survey of the chamber.

"Yes, my Leddy," responded Flint, who loaded with cloaks, mantles, and shawls, looked like an ambulating wardrobe.

"You can make him a kind of camp-bed there; he'll do very well."

"Yes, my Leddy."

"And don't suffer that impertinent Mr. Phillis to poke his head in here and interfere with our arrangements. These appear to me to be the best rooms here, and I'll take them."

"Yes, my Leddy."

"Where's Sir Andrew?"

"He's takin' a wee drap warm, my Leddy, in the butler's room; he was ower wat in the 'dickey' behind."

"It rained smartly, but I'm sure the country wanted it," drily observed Lady Janet. — "Well, Sir, *you* were again?" This sharp interrogatory was addressed to Mr. Phillis, who, after a vain search for her Ladyship over *half the house*, at length discovered her.

"*You are not* aware, my Lady," said he, in a tone

of obsequious deference, that nearly cost him an apoplexy, "that these rooms are reserved for my master."

"Well, Sir; and am I to understand that a guest's accommodation is a matter of less importance than a valet's caprice — for as Mr. Cashel never was here himself, and consequently never could have made a choice, I believe I am not wrong in the source of the selection."

"It was Mr. Linton, my Lady, who made the arrangement."

"And who is Mr. Linton, Sir, who ventures to give orders here? — I ask you, who is Mr. Linton?" As there was something excessively puzzling to Mr. Phillis in this brief interrogatory, and as Lady Janet perceived as much, she repeated the phrase in a still louder and more authoritative tone, till, in the fulness of the accents, they fell upon the ears of him who, if not best able to give the answer, was, at least, most interested in its nature.

He started, and sat up; and although, from the position of his bed in a deep alcove he was himself screened from observation, the others were palpable enough to his eyes.

"Yes," cried Lady Janet, for the third time — "I ask, who is Mr. Linton?"

"Upon my life, your Ladyship has almost made me doubt if there be such a person," said Tom, protruding his head between the curtains.

"I vow he's in the bed yonder!" said Lady Janet, starting back. "Flint, I think you are really too bad; this is all your doing, or yours, Sir," turning to Phillis with a face of anger.

"Yes, my Leddy, it's a' his meddlin'."

"Eh, Leddy Janet, what's this?" said Sir Andrew, suddenly joining the party, after a very dangerous excursion along dark corridors and back stairs.

"We've strayed into Mr. Linton's room, I find," said she, gathering up various small articles she had on entering thrown on the table. "I must only reserve my apologies for a more fitting time and place, and wish him good night."

"I've even dune something o' the same wi' Mrs. Kannyfack," said Sir Andrew. "She was in bed, though, and so I made my retreat undiscovered."

"I regret, Lady Janet," said Linton, politely, "that my present toilet does not permit me to show you to your apartment, but if you will allow Mr. Phillis —"

"Dinna get up, man," broke in Sir Andrew, as he half pushed the invading party out of the door; "we'll find it vara weel, I've na doubt." And in a confused hubbub of excuses and grumblings they withdrew, leaving Linton once more to court slumber, if he could.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Phillis, popping in his head the minute after, "but Mr. Downie Meek has taken the rooms you meant for Lady Janet; they've pillaged all the chambers at either side for easy-chairs and cushions to —"

"With all my heart; let them settle the question between them, or leave it to arbitration. Shut the door, pray."

"Mrs. White, too, and a large party are in the library, and I don't know where to show them into."

"Anywhere but here, Phillis. Good night; there's a good man, good night."

"They're all asking for you, Sir; just tell me what to say."

"Merely that I have passed a shocking night, and request I may not be disturbed till late in the afternoon."

Phillis retired with a groan, and soon a confused hum of many voices could be heard along the corridor, in every accent of irritation and remonstrance. Self-reproaches on the mistaken and abused confidence which had led the visitors to journey so many miles to "such a place;" mutual condolences over misfortune; abuse of the whole establishment, and "that insufferable puppy the valet," in particular, went round, till at last, like a storm that had spent its fury, a lull succeeded; one by one the grumblers slipped away, and just as day was breaking the house was buried in the soundest sleep.

About an hour later, when the fresh-risen sun was glistening and glittering among the leaves, lightly tipped with the hoar-frost of an autumnal morning, a handsomely-appointed travelling-carriage, with four posters, drove rapidly up to the door, and an active-looking figure springing from the box, applied himself to the bell with a vigorous hand, and the next minute, flinging open the carriage-door, said, "Welcome — at last, I am able to say — welcome to Tubbermore."

A graceful person, wrapped in a large shawl, emerged, and leaning on his arm entered the house; but in a moment he returned to assist another and a far more helpless traveller, an old and feeble man, who suffered himself to be carried, rather than walked, into the hall.

"This is Tubbermore, my Lord," said the lady, *bending* down, and with a hand slightly touching his *shoulder*, seeming to awake his attention.

— thank you — perfectly well," said he, in
t voice, while a smile of courteous but vacant
stole over his sickly features.
over-fatigued, my Lord?" said Roland, kindly.
Sir — we saw the 'Lightship' quite near us."
thinking of that dreadful night," said her
, as she arranged two braids of her fair brown
becomingly on her forehead; and then turning
comely personage, who performed a series of
like minute guns, at intervals, added, "If you
ıen, we'll retire to our apartment. Your house-
suppose, Mr. Cashel?"
ınclude so," said Roland; "but I am equally a
here with yourself."
Moss, at your service, Sir," said the house-
vith another curtsey.
Moss, then," said Roland, in an under tone,
only to remark, that Lord and Lady Kilgoff
ıt for nothing here."
ıderstand, Sir," said Mrs. Moss; and whether
s, or the look that accompanied them, should
blame, but they certainly made Cashel look
y, half ashamed.
ın good night — or good morrow, I believe it
ɜ," said Lady Kilgoff. "I'm sure, in charity,
l not keep you from your bed a minute longer.
a severe night outside."
ıd night — good night, my Lord," said Cashel;
ıandsome form of the lady moved proudly on,
ɐ servant assisted the poor decrepid husband
ter.
ıd looked after them for an instant, and whether
ıe *curiosity to see* the possessions which called

him master, or that he felt indisposed to sleep, he passed out into the lawn and stood some minutes gazing at the strange and somewhat incongruous pile before him.

Perhaps something of disappointment mingled with his thoughts — perhaps it were only that strange revulsion which succeeds to all long-excited expectation, when the moment of satisfying it has come, and speculation is at an end for ever; but, he was turning away, in half sadness, when he caught sight of a hand waving to him a salute from one of the windows. He had just time to answer the gesture, when the shutter was closed. There was one other saw the motion, and noted well the chamber from whence it came. Linton, awoke by the arrival of the carriage, had watched every step that followed, and now sat, with half-drawn curtains, eagerly marking everything that might minister to his jealous anger.

As for Cashel, he sauntered on into the wood, his mind wandering on themes separated by nearly half the world from where his steps were straying.

CHAPTER XI.

> And while the scene around them smiled,
> With pleasant talk the way beguiled.
>
> HAILE'S RAMBLES.

As Roland Cashel strolled along alone, he could not divest himself of a certain feeling of disappointment, that, up to the present, at least, all his wealth had so little contributed to realise those illusions he had so *often* fancied. The plots, the wiles, and cunning *schemes* by which he had been surrounded, were gradually revealing themselves to his senses, and he was

rapidly nearing the fatal "bourne" which separates credulity from distrust.

If we have passed over the events which succeeded the loss of the yacht with some appearance of scant ceremony to our reader, it is because, though in themselves not totally devoid of interest, they formed a species of episode, which, only in one respect, bore reference to the current of our story. It is not necessary, no more than it would be gratifying, to us to inquire with what precise intentions Lady Kilgoff had sought to distinguish Roland by marks of preference. Enough, if we say that he was neither puppy enough to ascribe the feeling to anything but a caprice, nor was he sufficiently hackneyed in the world's ways to suspect it could mean more.

That he was flattered by the notice, and fascinated by the charms of a very lovely and agreeable woman, whose dependence upon him each day increasing drew closer the ties of intimacy, is neither strange nor uncommon, no more than that she, shrewdly remarking the bounds of respectful deference by which he ever governed his acquaintance, should use greater freedoms and less restricted familiarity with him, than had he been one of those fashionable young men about town with whom the repute of a conquest would be a triumph.

It is very difficult to say on what terms they lived in each other's society. It were easier, perhaps, to describe it by negatives, and say that assuredly, if it were not love, the feeling between them was just as little, that which subsists between brother and sister. There was an almost unbounded confidence — an unlimited *trust — much asking of* advice, and, in fact, as many *of my readers will say,* fully as much peril as need

From her Cashel first learned to see the stratagems and schemes by which his daily life was beset. Too proud to bestow more than a mere passing allusion to the Kennyfecks, she directed the whole force of her attack upon that far more dangerous group, in whose society Roland had lately lived. For a time she abstained altogether from even a chance reference to Linton; but at length, as their intimacy ripened, she avowed her fear of him in all its fulness. When men will build up the edifice of distrust, it is wonderful with what ingenuity they will gather all the scattered materials of doubt, and with what skill arrange and combine them! A hundred little circumstances of a suspicious nature now rushed to Roland's memory, and his own conscience corroborated the history she drew of the possible mode by which Linton acquired an influence over him.

That Linton had been the "evil genius" of many, Cashel had often heard before, but always from the lips of men; and it is astonishing, whether the source be pride, or something less stubborn, but the warning which we reject so cavalierly from our fellows, comes with a wondrous force of conviction from the gentler sex.

For the heavy sums he had lost at play — for all the wasteful outlay of his money, Cashel cared little; but for the humiliating sense of being a "dupe" and "a tool," his outraged pride suffered deeply; and when Lady Kilgoff drew a picture, half real, half imaginary, of the game which his subtle associate was playing, Roland could scarce restrain himself from openly declaring a rupture, and, if need be, a quarrel with him.

It needed all her persuasions to oppose this course, and, indeed, if she had not made use of one unanswer-

able argument, could she have succeeded. This was the inevitable injury Linton could inflict upon *her*, by ascribing the breach to her influence. It would be easy enough from such materials as late events suggested, to compose a history that would ruin her. Lord Kilgoff's lamentable imbecility, the result of that fatal night of danger — Cashel's assiduous care of her — her own most natural dependence upon him — all these, touched on with a woman's tact and delicacy, she urged, and at last obtained his pledge that he would leave to time and opportunity the mode of terminating an intimacy he had begun to think of with abhorrence.

If there be certain minds to whom the very air they breathe is doubt, there are others to whom distrust is absolute misery. Of these latter Cashel was one. Nature had made him frank and free-spoken, and the circumstances of his early life had encouraged the habit. To nourish a grudge would have been as repulsive to his sense of honour, as it would be opposed to all the habits of his buccaneering life. To settle a dispute with the sword was invariably the appeal among his old comrades, and such arbitraments are those which certainly leave the fewest traces of lingering malice behind them. To cherish and store up a secret wrong and wait in patience for the day of reckoning, had something of the Indian about it, that in Roland's eyes augmented its atrocity.

Oppressed with thoughts like these, and associating every vexation he suffered as in some way connected with that wealth whose possession he fancied was to satisfy every wish, and every ambition, he sauntered on, little disposed to derive pleasure from the presence of *those external objects* which fortune had made his own.

"When I was poor," thought he, "I had warm and attached friends, ready to exult in my successes, and sympathise with me in my sorrows. If I had enemies, they were brave fellows, as willing to defend their cause with the sword as myself. None flattered or frowned on him who was richer than the rest. No subtle schemes lay in wait for him whose unsuspecting frankness exposed him to deception; we were 'bons camarades,' at least," said he, aloud, "and from what I have seen of the great world, I've lived to prize the distinction."

From this reverie he was suddenly recalled by observing, directly in front of him, an elderly gentleman, who, in a stooping posture, seemed to seek for something among the dry leaves and branches beside a low wicket.

"This is the first fruit of our gay neighbourhood," said the old man, testily, as he poked the dead leaves with his cane; "we're lucky if they leave us without more serious inconvenience."

"Can I assist you in your search? — have you lost something?" said Cashel, approaching.

"There is a key — the key of the wicket, hid somewhere hereabouts, young man," said the other, who, scarcely bestowing a look upon Roland, continued his investigation as busily as before.

Cashel, undaunted by the somewhat ungracious reception, now aided him in his search, while the other continued: "I've known this path for nigh forty years, and never remember this wicket to have been locked *before*. But so it is. My old friend is afraid of the *invasion* of this noisy neighbourhood, and has taken to

ıd key to keep them out. The key he promised
at the foot of this tree."
ıd here it is," said Cashel, as he unlocked the
and flung it wide.
any thanks for your help, but you have a better
than my gratitude, in eyes some five-and-thirty
ounger," said the old man, with the same half-
oice as before. "Perhaps you'd like to see the
s here yourself; come along. The place is small,
: better kept than the great demesne, I assure
ıst as many a humble household is more orderly
any a proud retinue."
land was rather pleased by the quaint oddity of
r companion, of whom he thought, but could not
ɔer where, he had seen the features before.
ou are a stranger in these parts, I conclude?"
e old man.
es. I only arrived here about an hour ago, and
ɔen nothing save the path from the Hall to this

here's little more worth the seeing on yonder
the paling, Sir. A great bleak expanse, with
trees and a tasteless mansion, full of, I take it,
ubious company; but perhaps you are one of
,

confess as much," said Roland, laughing; "but
ıve not seen them, don't be afraid I'll take up
lgels for my associates."
abour lost if you did," said the other, bluntly.
r know of them what the newspapers tell us, but
ames are enough."
re they all in the same category, then?" asked
, *smiling.*

the cows of the country have strayed through the one, and all the beggars through the other, I don't know what's to come of it."

"I suppose the great house is filling?" said Mary, to withdraw him from a grumbling theme; "we heard the noise of several arrivals this morning early."

"This gentleman can inform you best upon all that," said Tiernay; "he himself is one of the company."

"But I am ignorant of everything," said Cashel; "I only arrived here a little after daybreak, and not caring to sleep, I strolled out, when my good fortune threw me into your way."

"Your friends are likely to have fine weather, and I am glad of it," said Corrigan. "This country, pretty enough in sunshine, looks bleak and dreary when the sky is louring; but I've no doubt *you'd* rather have

A southerly wind, and a cloudy sky,

as the song says, than the brightest morning that ever welcomed a lark. Are you fond of hunting?"

"I like every kind of sport, where horse, or gun, or hound can enter; but I've seen most of such pastimes in distant countries, where the game is different from here, and the character of the people just as unlike."

"I have hunted the wild boar myself," said old Corrigan, proudly, "in the royal forests at Meudon and Fontainebleau."

"I speak of the antelope and the jaguar — the dark leopard of Guiana, or the brown bison of the Andes."

"*That* is, indeed, a manly pastime," said Mary, *enthusiastically*.

"It is so," said Cashel, warmed by the encouragement of her remark; "more even for the endurance and ersevering energy it demands than for its peril. The ng days of toil in search of game, the nights of aking watchfulness, and then the strange characters d adventures among which you are thrown, all make a kind of life so unlike the daily world."

"There is, as you say, something highly exciting all that," said Corrigan; "but to my thinking, hunting is a royal pastime, and loses half of its prestige hen deprived of the pomp and circumstance of its urtly following. When I think of the old forest hoing to the tantarara of the *cor de chasse*, the scarlet-ad 'piqueurs' with lance and cutlass, the train of urtiers mounted on their high-mettled steeds, disaying all the address of the *salon*, and all the skill the chase, to him who was the centre of the group - the King himself —"

"Are you not forgetting the fairest part of the ageant, papa?" broke in Mary.

"No, my dear, that group usually waited to join as we returned. Then, when the '*Retour de la asse*' rung out from every horn, and the whole wood echoed with the triumphant sounds, then might be en the Queen and her ladies advancing to meet us. think I see her yet, the fair-haired Queen, the noblest d most beautiful in all that lovely circle, mounted on r spotted Arabian, who bore himself proudly beneath s precious burden. Ah! too truly did Burke say 'the ge of Chivalry was past,' or never had such sorrows ne unavenged.

"Young gentleman, I know not whether you have ready *conccived strong* opinions upon politics, and

whether you incline to one or other of the great parties that divide the kingdom, but one thing I would beseech you — be a Monarchist. There is a steadfast perseverance in clinging to the legitimate Sovereign. Like the very observance of truth itself, shake the conviction once, and there is no limit to scepticism."

"Humph!" muttered Tiernay, half aloud. "Considering how royalty treated your ancestors, your ardour in their favour might be cooled a little."

"What's Tiernay saying?" said the old man.

"Grumbling, as usual, papa," said Mary, laughing, and not willing to repeat the remark.

"Trying to give a man a bias in politics," said the Doctor, sarcastically, "is absurd, except you accompany the advice with a place. A man's political opinions are born with him, and he has as much to do with the choice of his own Christian name, as whether he'll be a Whig or a Tory."

"Never mind him, Sir," said Corrigan to Cashel; "one might travestie the well-known epigram, and say of him that he never said a kind thing, or did a rude one, in his life."

"The greater fool he then," muttered Tiernay, "for the world likes him best who does the exact opposite; and here comes one to illustrate my theory. There, I see him yonder; so I'll step into the library and look over the newspaper."

"He cannot endure a very agreeable neighbour of ours — a Mr. Linton," said Corrigan, as the Doctor retired; "and makes so little secret of his dislike, that I am always glad when they avoid a meeting."

"Mr. Linton is certainly more generous," said Mary,

"for he enjoys the Doctor's eccentricity without taking offence at his rude humour."

"Good breeding can be almost a virtue," said the old man, with a smile.

"It has this disadvantage, however," said Cashel; "it deceives men, who, like myself, have little knowledge of life, to expect far more from politeness than it is ever meant to imply; just as on the Lima shore, when we carried off a gold Madonna, we were never satisfied if we missed the diamond eyes of the image."

The old man and his granddaughter almost started at the strange illustration; but their attention was now called off by the approach of Linton, whom they met as he reached the porch.

"Come here a moment, Sir," said the Doctor, addressing Cashel from the little boudoir; "here are some weapons of very old date found among the ruins beside where we stand." And Roland had just time to quit the breakfast-room before Linton entered it.

"The menagerie fills fast," said Linton, as he advanced gaily into the apartment; "some of our principal lions have come; more are expected; and all the small cages have got their occupants."

"I am dying of curiosity," said Mary. "Tell us everything about everybody. Who have arrived?"

"We have everything of a household save the host. He is absent; and, stranger than all, no one knows where."

"How singular!" exclaimed Corrigan.

"Is it not? He arrived this morning with the Kilgoffs, and has not since been heard of. I left his amiable guests at the breakfast table conversing on his absence, *and endeavouring* to account for it under every

ties are now at breakfast together at his house, and how ready they are, when no other game offers, to make him the object of all their spite and scandal."

"But why?" said Mary. "Is not his hospitality as princely as it is generously offered; can they cavil with anything in either the reception itself or the manner of it?".

"As that part of the entertainment entered into *my* functions, Miss Leicester, I should say, certainly not. The whole has been well 'got up.' I can answer for everything save Cashel himself, — as Curran said, 'I can elevate all save the host.' He is irreclaimably 'en arrière' — half dandy, half Delaware, affecting the man of fashion, but, at heart, a prairie hunter."

"Hold, Sir!" cried Cashel, entering suddenly, his face crimson with passion. "By what right do you presume to speak of me in this wise?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" broke out Linton, as he fell into a chair in a burst of admirably feigned laughter. "I told you, Miss Leicester, how it would be; did I not say I should unearth the fox? Ah! Roland, confess it; you were completely taken in."

Cashel stared around for an explanation, and in the astonishment of each countenance he fancied he read a condemnation of his conduct. All his impulses were quick as thought, and so he blushed deeply for his passionate outbreak, as he said:

"I ask pardon of you, Sir, and this lady, for my unseemly anger. This gentleman certainly deserves no apology from me. Confound it, Master Tom, but assuredly you don't fire blank cartridge to startle your game."

"*No* use to tickle lions with straws," said Linton; and the insinuated flattery succeeded.

me now bid you welcome to my cottage, Mr.
said Corrigan; "although this *incognito* visit
ccident, I feel happy to see you here."
nk you, thank you," replied Cashel. "I shall
nore grateful still if you permit me to join in
›etition, and occasionally escape from the noisy
of the Hall and come here."
› Corrigan and Cashel continued to interchange
surances of esteem and regard, Linton walked
ow with Miss Leicester.
had no conception that our guest was Mr.
said Mary; "he met Dr. Tiernay accidentally
rk, and came along with him to breakfast."
did not the Doctor remember him?" asked
ırewdly.
no; he may probably recollect something of
et him before, three weeks hence; but he is so

›ught Roland would have taken the quizzing
aid Linton, thoughtfully. "There's no know-
man, or — woman either. *You* perceived
as at, certainly."
indeed. I was as much deceived as Mr.
thought, to be sure, that you were unusually
ıt I never suspected the object."
droll. Well, I am a better actor than I
said Linton, laughing; then added, in a lower
ot that the lesson should be lost upon him;
›er earnest, there was much truth in it."
were greatly pleased with him," said Mary;
, knowing who he is, and what temptations
›ung man has to over-estimate himself, are
› struck *by his* unassuming quietude."

Linton only smiled, but it was a smile of most compassionate pity.

"I conclude that you mean to show yourself to your company, then, Mr. Cashel?" said he, turning suddenly about.

"I'm ready," said Roland. "I'd go, however, with an easier conscience, if Mr. Corrigan would only promise me to come and see us there sometimes."

"I'm a very old fellow, Mr. Cashel, and have almost outlived the habits of society; but if any one's invitation shall bring me beyond these walls, it shall be yours."

"I must be content with that," said Roland, as he shook the proffered hand; and then, with a cordial farewell to Miss Leicester, took Linton's arm, and retired.

CHAPTER XIII.

If you show him in Hyde Park — Lauk! how they will stare!
Though a very smart figure in Bloomsbury-square.

THE SNOB.

CASHEL'S was not a nature to dwell upon a grievance, and he would have, at once and for ever, forgotten the late scene with Linton if it were not coupled in his mind with suspicions derived from various different sources. This made him silent and reserved as he walked along, and so palpably inattentive to all his companion's efforts at agreeability, that Linton at last said, "Well, Cashel, if you can dispense with sleep, you certainly seem to take the compensation in dreaming. Here have I been retailing for you the *choicest* bits of gossip and small-talk, not only without

the slightest gratitude, but even without common attention on your part!"

"Very true," said Cashel; "the reproach is quite just, and no man can be more agreeable at the expense of his friends than yourself."

"Still harping on my daughter — eh?" cried Linton. "I never thought you the man to misconstrue a jest, but if you really are offended with my folly —"

"If I really were offended," said Cashel, almost sternly, "I should not leave it to be inferred from my manner."

"That I am sure of," cried Linton, assuming an air of frankness; "and now, since all that silly affair is forgotten —"

"I did not say so much," interrupted Cashel. "I cannot forget it, and that is the very reason I am annoyed with myself, with you, and with all the world."

"Pooh! nonsense, man. You were not used to be so thin-skinned. Let us talk of something else. Here are all our gay friends assembled — how are we to occupy and amuse them?"

Cashel made no reply, but walked on, seemingly lost in thought.

"By the way," said Linton, "you've told me nothing of your adventures. Haven't you had something very like a shipwreck?"

"The yacht is lost," said Cashel, drily.

"Actually lost!" echoed the other, with well-assumed astonishment. "How fortunate not to have had the Kennyfeck party on board, as I believe you expected."

"*I had the Kilgoffs*, however," rejoined Roland.

"The Kilgoffs! you amaze me. How did my Lord ever consent to trust his most precious self on such an enterprise?"

Cashel shrugged his shoulders, without uttering a word in reply.

"But come, do condescend to be a little more communicative. How, and when, and where did the mishap occur?"

"She foundered on the southern coast some time after midnight on the 15th. The crew and passengers escaped by the boats, and the craft went to pieces."

"And the Kilgoffs, how did they behave in the moment of peril?"

"My Lord seemed insensible to all around. Lady Kilgoff with a dignified courage quite admirable."

"Indeed!" said Linton, slowly, while he fixed his eyes on Cashel's face, where an expression of increased animation now displayed itself.

"She has a fine generous nature," continued Cashel, not heeding the remark. "It is one of the saddest things to think of, how she has been mated."

"She is a Peeress," said Linton, curtly.

"And what of that? Do your aristocratic distinctions close the heart against every high and noble sentiment, or can they compensate for the absence of every tie that attaches one to life? Is not some poor Indian girl who follows her wild Ranchero husband through the dark valleys of Guiana, not only a happier, but a better wife than your proud Peeress?"

Linton shook his head and smiled, but did not reply.

"I see how my old prejudices shock you," said Cashel. "I only grieve to think how many of them

have left me, for I am sick — sick at heart — of your gay and polished world. I am weary of its double-dealing, and tired of its gilded falsehood. Since I have been a rich man, I have seen nothing but the servile flattery of sycophancy, or the insidious snares of deeper iniquity. There is no equality for one like myself. The high-born wealthy would treat me as a *parvenu*, the vulgar rich only reflect back my own errors in broader deformity. I have known no other use of wealth than to squander it to please others; I have played high, and lost deeply; I have purchased a hundred things simply because some others wished to sell them; I have entertained and sat among my company, waiting to catch and resent the covert insult that men pass upon such as me; and will you tell me — you, who know the world well — that such a life repays one?"

"Now, let me write the credit side of the account," said Linton, laughing, and affecting a manner of easy jocularity. "You are young, healthy, and high-spirited, with courage for anything, and more money than even recklessness can get rid of. You are the most popular fellow among men, and the greatest favourite of the other sex, going. You get credit for everything you do, and a hundred others that men know you could, but have not done. You have warm, attached friends; I can answer for one, at least, who'll lay down his life for you." He paused, expecting some recognition, but Cashel made no sign, and he resumed. "You have only to propose some object to your ambition, whether it be rank, place, or a high alliance, to feel that you are a favourite with fortune."

"*And is it by knowing* beforehand that one is

sure to win that gambling fascinates?" said Roland, slowly.

"If you only knew how the dark presage of failure deters the unlucky man, Roland, you'd scarce ask the question!" rejoined Linton, with an accent of sorrow, by which he hoped to awaken sympathy. The stroke failed, however, for Cashel took no notice of it.

"There goes one whose philosophy of life is simple enough," said Linton, as he stopped at a break in the holly hedge, beside which they were walking, and pointed to Lord Charles, who, mounted on a blood-horse, was leading the way for a lady, equally well carried, over some sporting-looking fences.

"I say, Jim," cried Frobisher, "let her go a little free at them; she's always too hot when you hold her back."

"You don't know, perhaps, that Jim is the lady," whispered Linton, and withdrawing for secrecy behind the cover of the hedge. "Jim," continued Linton, "is the familiar for Jemima. She's Meek's daughter, and the wildest romp —"

"By Jove! how well she cleared it. Here she comes back again," cried Cashel, in all the excitement of a favourite sport.

"That's all very pretty, Jim," called out Frobisher, "but let me observe it's a very Brummagem style of thing after all. I want you to ride up to your fence with your mare in hand. Touch her lightly on the flank, and pop her over quietly."

"She is too fiery for all that," said the girl, as she held in the mettlesome animal, and endeavoured to *calm* her by patting her neck.

"How gracefully she sits her saddle," muttered

Cashel; and the praise might have been forgiven from even a less ardent admirer of equestrianism, for she was a young, fresh-looking girl, with large hazel eyes, and a profusion of bright auburn hair, which floated and flaunted in every graceful wave around her neck and shoulders. She possessed, besides, that inestimable advantage as a rider which perfect fearlessness supplies, and seemed to be inspired with every eager impulse of the bounding animal beneath her.

As Cashel continued to look, she had taken the mare a canter round a large grass-field, and was evidently endeavouring, by a light hand and a soothing, caressing voice, to calm down her temper; stooping, as she went, in the saddle to pat the animal's shoulder, and almost bending her own auburn curls to the counter.

"She is perfect!" cried Roland, in a very ecstasy; "see that, Linton! Mark how she sways herself in her saddle."

"That comes of wearing no stays," said Linton, drily, as he proceeded to light a cigar.

"Now she's at it. Here she comes!" cried Cashel, almost breathless with anxiety; for the mare, chafed by the delay, no sooner was turned towards the fence once more, than she stretched out and dashed wildly at it.

It was a moment of intense interest, for the speed was far too great to clear a high leap with safety; the fear was, however, but momentary, for, with a tremendous bound, the mare cleared the fence, and after a couple of minutes' cantering, stood with heaving flanks and *swelling nostril beside* the other horse.

"You see my misfortune, I suppose?" said the girl, addressing Frobisher.

"No. She's not cut about the legs?" said he, as he bent down in his saddle and took a most searching survey of the animal.

"No, the hack is all right. But don't you perceive that bit of blue cloth flaunting yonder on the hedge? — that is part of my habit. See what a tremendous rent is here — I declare, Charley, it is scarcely decent." And to illustrate the remark, she wheeled her horse round so as to show the fringed and jagged end of her riding-habit, beneath which a very finely-turned ankle and foot were now seen.

"Then why don't you wear trousers, like everybody else?" said Frobisher, gruffly, and scarce bestowing even a passing glance at the well-arched instep.

"Because I never get time to dress like any one else. You order me out like one of your Newmarket boys," replied she, pettishly.

"By Jove! I wish any one of them had got your hand."

"To say nothing of the foot, Charley," said she, roguishly, and endeavouring to arrange her torn drapery to the best advantage.

"No. That may do to astonish our friend Cashel, and make 'my Lady' jealous. By the way, Jim, I don't see why you shouldn't 'enter for the plate' as well as the Kennyfeck girls."

"I like *you* better, Charley," said she, curveting her horse and passaging him alternately from side to side.

"This is the second time to-day I have played the *eavesdropper* unconsciously," said Roland, in a whisper,

"and with the proverbial fortune of the listener in both cases." And with these words he moved on, leaving Linton still standing opposite the opening of the hedge.

Cashel had not advanced many paces beneath the shelter of the tall hollies, when Frobisher accidentally caught sight of Linton, and called out, "Ha, Tom — found you at last. Where have you been hiding the whole morning — you that should, at least, represent our host here?"

Linton muttered something, while, by a gesture, he endeavoured to caution Frobisher, and apprise him of Cashel's vicinity. The fretful motion of his horse, however, prevented his seeing the signal, and he resumed:

"One of my people tells me that Cashel came with the Kilgoffs this morning. I say, Tom, you'll have to look sharp in that quarter. Soh, there — quiet, Gustave — gently, man."

"He's too fat, I think. You always have your cattle too heavy," said Linton, hoping to change the topic.

"He carries flesh well. But what is it I had to tell you? Oh, I remember now — about the Yacht Club. I have just got a letter from Derwent, in which he says the thing is impossible. His remark is more true than courteous. He says, 'It's all very well in such a place as Ireland to know such people, but that it won't do in England — besides that, if Cashel does wish to get among men of the world, he ought to join some light cavalry corps for a year or so, and stand plucking by Stanhope, and Dashfield, and the rest of them. They'll *bring him out if he'll* only pay handsomely.' Soh,

there, man — do be quiet, will you? The end of it is, that Derwent will not put his name up. I must say it's a disappointment to me, but, as a younger brother, I have only to smile and submit."

While Lord Charles was retailing this piece of information in no very measured tone, and only interrupted by the occasional impatience of his horse, Linton's eyes were fixed on Cashel, who, at the first mention of his own name, increased his speed, so as to suggest the fond hope that some, at least, of this unwelcome intelligence might have escaped him.

"You'll have to break the thing to him, Tom," resumed Lord Charles. "You know him better than any of us, and how the matter can be best touched upon."

"Not the slightest necessity for that, *now*," said Linton, with a low, deliberate voice.

"Why so?"

"Because you have just done so yourself. If you had only paid the least attention to my signal, you'd have seen that Cashel was only a few yards in front of me during the entire of your agreeable revelations."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frobisher, as his head dropped forward in overwhelming confusion. "What is to be done?"

"Rather difficult to say, if he heard all," said Linton, coolly.

"You'd say it was a quiz, Tom. *You'd* pretend that you saw him all the while, and only did the thing for joke sake — eh?"

"Possibly enough *I* might," replied Linton; "but *you* couldn't."

"How very awkward, to be sure!" exclaimed

Frobisher. "I say, Jim, I wish you'd make up to Cashel a bit, and get us out of this scrape. There's Tom ready to aid and abet you, if only to take him out of the Kilgoffs' way."

"There never was a more propitious moment, Miss Meek," said Linton, passing through the hedge, and approaching close to her. "He's a great prize — the best estate in Ireland."

"The nicest stable of horses in the whole country," echoed Frobisher.

"A good-looking fellow, too; only wanting a little training to make presentable anywhere."

"That white barb, with the flea-bitten flank, would carry you to perfection, Jim."

"He'll be a Peer one of these days, if he is only patient enough not to commit himself in politics."

"And such a hunting-country for *you*," said Frobisher, in ecstasy.

"I tell you I don't care for him; I never did," said the girl, as a flush of half-angry meaning coloured her almost childish features.

"But don't you care to be mistress of fifteen thousand a year, and the finest stud in Ireland?"

"Mayhap a Countess," said Linton, quietly. "Your papa would soon manage that."

"I'd rather be mistress of myself, and this brown mare, 'Joan,' here, that's all I know; and I'll have nothing to do with any of your plots and schemes," said she, in a voice whose utterance was that of emotion.

"That's it," said Frobisher, in a low tone to Linton; "there's no getting them, at that age, with a particle *of brains.*"

"They make up surprisingly for it afterwards," replied Linton, drily.

"So you'll not consent, Jim?" said Frobisher, in a half-coaxing manner to the young girl, who, with averted head, sat in mingled sorrow and displeasure. "Well, don't be pettish about it; I'm sure I thought it very generous in me, considering —"

She looked round at this moment, and her large eyes were bent upon him with a look which their very tears made passionately meaning.

"Considering what a neat finger you have on a young horse," said he; and she turned abruptly away, and, as if to hide her emotion, spurred her mare into a bounding canter.

"Take care, Charley; take care what you're doing," said Linton, with a look of consummate shrewdness.

Frobisher looked after her for a minute or two, and then seemed to drop into a reverie, for he made no reply whatever.

"Let the matter stop where it is," said Linton, quietly, as if replying to some acknowledgment of the other; "let it stop there, I say, and one of these days, when she marries — as she unquestionably will do, through Papa Downie's means, somebody of influence, she'll be a steadfast warm friend, never forgetting — nor ever wishing to forget her childhood's companion. Go a little further, however, and you'll just have an equally determined enemy. I know a little of both sides of the question," added he, meditatively, "and it needs slight reflection which to prefer."

"How are you going to amuse us here, Mr. Linton?" said she, cantering up at this moment, "for it seems to *me*, as old Lord Kilgoff says, that we are like to have

a very dull house. People are ordering dinner for their own small parties as unsocially as though they were at the Crown Inn, at Brighton."

"Yes, by-the-by," said Frobisher, "I want to ask you about that. Don't you think it were better to dash a little bit of 'communism' through your administration?"

"I intend to send in my resignation as Premier, now that the head of the state has arrived," said Linton, smiling dubiously.

"I perceive," said Frobisher, shrewdly, "you expect that the government will go to pieces, if you leave it."

"The truth is, Charley," said he, dropping his voice to a low whisper, and leaning his hand on the horse's mane, "our friend Roland is rather too far in the category 'Savage' for long endurance. He grows capricious and self-opinionated. The thin plating comes off and shows the Buccaneer at every slight abrasion."

"What of that?" said Frobisher, languidly. "His book on Coutts's is unexceptionable. Come, Tom, you are the only man here who has a head for these things. Do exert yourself and set something a-going."

"Well, what shall it be?" said he, gaily. "Shall we get the country-people together, and have hack races? — shall we assemble the squires, and have a ball? — shall we start private theatricals? What says Miss Meek?"

"I vote for all three. Pray do, Mr. Linton, you, who are so clever, and can do everything, make us gay. If we only go on, as we have begun, the house will be like a model prison — on the separate and silent system."

"*As you wish it,*" said Linton, bowing with as-

sumed gallantry; "and now to work at once." So saying, he turned towards the house, the others riding at either side of him.

"What shall we do about Derwent's letter, Tom?" asked Frobisher.

"Never speak of it; the chances are that he has heard enough to satisfy the most gluttonous curiosity. Besides, he has lost his yacht." Here he dropped his voice to a low muttering, as he said, "And, may soon have a heavier loss!"

"Is his pace too fast?" said Frobisher, who caught up the meaning, although not the words.

Linton made no reply, for his thoughts were on another track; then suddenly catching himself, he said, "Come, and let us have a look at the stables. I've not seen our stud yet." And they turned off from the main approach and entered the wood once more.

CHAPTER XIV.

> And at last they find out to their greatest surprise,
> That 'tis easier far to be "merry than wise."
>
> BELL'S IMAGES.

"HERE is Mr. Cashel; here he is!" exclaimed a number of voices, as Roland, with a heart full of indignant anger, ascended the terrace upon which the great drawing-room opened, and at every window of which stood groups of his gay company. Cashel looked up, and beheld the crowd of pleased faces wreathed into smiles of gracious welcome, and then he suddenly remembered that it was *he* who had invited *all that* brilliant assemblage; that, for *him*, all those *winning* graces were assumed; and that *his* gloomy

thoughts, and gloomier looks, were but a sorry reception to offer them.

With a bold effort, then, to shake off the load that oppressed him, he approached one of the windows, where Mrs. Kennyfeck and her two daughters were standing, with a considerable sprinkling of young dragoons around them.

"We are not to let you in, Mr. Cashel," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, from within. "There has been a vote of the house against your admission."

"Not, surely, to condemn me unheard," said Roland; "I might even say, unaccused."

"How so?" cried Miss Kennyfeck; "is not your present position your accusation? Why are you there, while we are here?"

"I went out for a walk, and lost myself in the woods."

"What does he say, my dear," said Aunt Fanny, fearful of losing a word of the dialogue.

"That he lost himself, Madam," said one of the dragoons, drily.

"So, indeed, we heard, Sir," said the maiden lady, piteously; "but I may say I foresaw it all."

"You are an old fool, and, worse still, every one sees it," whispered Mrs. Kennyfeck, in an accent that there was no mistaking, although only a whisper.

"We considered that you had abdicated, Mr. Cashel," said Mrs. White, who having in vain waited for Roland to approach the window she occupied, was fain at last to join the others, "and we were debating on what form of Government to adopt — a Presidency, with Mr. Linton —"

"*I see you are no* Legitimist," slily remarked Miss

Kennyfeck. But the other went on, "Or an open Democracy."

"I'm for that," said a jolly-looking cavalry Captain. "Pray, Miss Olivia Kennyfeck, vote for it too. I should like nothing so much as a little fraternising."

"I have a better suggestion than either," said Roland, gaily; "but you must admit me ere I make it."

"A device of the enemy," called out Mrs. White; "he wants to secure his own return to power."

"Nay, on honour," said he, solemnly; "I shall descend to the rank of the humblest citizen, if my advice be acceded to, — to the humblest subject of the realm."

"Ye maunna open the window. Leddy Janet has the rheumatics a' dandering aboot her back a' the morning," said Sir Andrew, approaching the group; and then turning to Cashel, said,

"Glad to see ye, Sir; very glad, indeed; tho' like Prince Charlie, you're on the wrang side o' the wa'."

"Dear me!" sighed Meek, lifting his eyes from the newspaper, and assuming that softly compassionate tone in which he always delivered the most common-place sentiments, "how shocking, to keep you out of your own house, and the air quite damp! Do pray be careful and change your clothes before you come in here." Then he finished in a whisper to Lady Janet, "One never gets through a country visit without a cold."

"Upon my word, I'll let him in," said Aunt Fanny, with a native richness of accent that made her fair nieces blush.

"At last!" said Cashel, as he entered the room, and proceeded to salute the company, with many of *whom he* had but the very slightest acquaintance — of *some he did* not even remember the names.

The genial warmth of his character soon compelled n to feel heartily what he had begun by feigning, d he bade them welcome with a cordiality that spread kindly influence over all.

"I see," said he, after some minutes, "Lady Kilgoff s not joined us; but her fatigue has been very great."

"They say my Lord's clean daft," said Sir Andrew.

"Oh, no, Sir Andrew," rejoined Roland; "our mis-tune has shaken his nerves a good deal, but a few ys' rest and quiet will restore him."

"He was na ower wise at the best, puir man," shed the veteran, as he moved away.

"Her Ladyship was quite a heroine — isn't that ?" said Lady Janet, tartly.

"She held the rudder, or did something with the mpass, I heard," simpered a young lady in long xen ringlets.

Cashel smiled, but made no answer.

"Oh dear," sighed Meek, "and there was a dog at swam — or was it you that swam ashore with a pe in your mouth?"

"I grieve to say, neither man nor dog performed e achievement."

"And it would appear that the horrid wretch — hat's his name?" asked Mrs. White of her friend Howle.

"Whose name, Madam?"

"The man — the dreadful man, who planned it all. ck — Sickamore — no, not Sickamore —"

"Sickleton, perhaps," said Cashel, strangely puzzled make out what was coming.

"Yes, Sickleton had actually done the very same ing *twice before, just* to get possession of the rich *te and all the things* on board."

"This is too bad," cried Cashel, indignantly; "really, Madam, you must pardon my warmth, if it even verges on rudeness; but the gentleman whose name you have associated with such iniquitous suspicions saved all our lives."

"That's what I like in him better than all," whispered Aunt Fanny to Olivia; "he stands by his friends like a trump."

"You have compelled me," resumed Cashel, "to speak of what really I had much rather forget; but I shall insist upon your patience now for a few minutes, simply to rectify any error which may prevail upon this affair."

With this brief prelude, Cashel commenced a narrative of the voyage from the evening of the departure from Kingstown to the moment of the vessel's sinking off the south coast.

If most of his auditors only listened as to an interesting anecdote, to others the story had a deeper meaning. The Kennyfecks were longing to learn how the excursion originated, and whether Lady Kilgoff's presence had been a prearranged plan, or a mere accidental occurrence.

"All's not lost yet, Livy," whispered Miss Kennyfeck in her sister's ear. "I give you joy;" while a significant nod from Aunt Fanny seemed to divine the sentiment and agree with it.

"And I suppose ye had na the vessel insured?" said Sir Andrew, at the close of the narrative; "what a sair thing to think o'."

"Oh dear, yes, to be sure!" ejaculated Meek, piteously; "and the cold, and the wetting, and the rest of

it! for of course you must have met few comforts in that miserable fishing-hut."

"How picturesque it must have been," interposed Mrs. White; "and what a pity you had no means of having a drawing made of it. The scene at the moment of the yacht striking — the despair-struck seamen —"

"Pardon me, Madam, for destroying even a particle of so ingenious a fancy; but the men evinced nothing of the kind; they behaved well, and with the calmest steadiness."

"It is scarcely too late yet," resumed the lady, unabashed; "if you would just describe it all carefully to Mr. Howle, he could make a sketch in oils one would swear was taken on the spot."

"Quite impossible — out of the question," said Howle, who was always ashamed at the absurdities which compromised himself, although keenly alive to those which involved his neighbours.

"We have heard much of Lady Kilgoff's courage and presence of mind," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, returning to a theme by which she calculated on exploring into Cashel's sentiments toward that lady. "Were they indeed so conspicuous?"

"Can you doubt it, Madam?" said Lady Janet, tartly; "she gave the most unequivocal proof of both — she remembered her husband!"

The tartness of this impertinent speech was infinitely increased by the voice and manner of the speaker, and a half-suppressed titter ran through the room, Cashel alone, of all, feeling annoyed and angry. Aunt Fanny, always less occupied with herself than her neighbours, quickly saw his irritation, and resolved

to change a topic which more than once had verged on danger.

"And now, Mr. Cashel," said she, "let us not forget the pledge on which we admitted you."

"Quite right," exclaimed Roland; "I promised a suggestion; here it is —"

"Pardon me for interrupting," said Miss Kennyfeck; "but in what capacity do you make this suggestion? Are you still King, or have you abdicated?"

"Abdicated in all form," replied Roland, bowing with well-assumed humility; "as simple citizen I propose that we elect a 'Queen,' to rule despotically in all things; uncontrolled and irresponsible."

"Oh, delightful! admirable!" exclaimed a number of voices, among which all the men and the younger ladies might be heard: Lady Janet and Mrs. Kennyfeck, and a few others "of the senior service," as Mr. Linton would have called them, seeming to canvass the motion with more cautious reserve.

"As it is to be an elective monarchy, Sir," said Lady Janet, with a shrewd glance over all the possible candidates, "how do you propose the choice is to be made?"

"That is to be for after consideration," replied Roland; "we may have universal suffrage and the ballot."

"No, no, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Harvey Upton; "we must not enter upon our new reign by a rebellion. Let only the men vote."

"How gallant!" said Miss Kennyfeck, sneeringly; while a chorus of "How unfair!" "How ungenerous!" went through the room.

"What say ye to the plan they hae wi' the Pope?" said Sir Andrew, grinning maliciously; "tak' the auldest o' the company."

This suggestion caused a laugh, in which certain parties did not join over-heartily. Just at this moment the door opened, and Lord Kilgoff, leaning on the arm of two servants, entered. He was deathly pale, and seemed several years older; but his face had acquired something of its wonted expression; and it was with a sad, but courteous smile, he returned the salutations of the company.

"Glad to see you amongst us, my Lord," said Cashel, as he placed an arm-chair, and assisted the old man to his seat. "I have just been telling my friends that our country air and quiet will speedily restore you."

"Thank you very much, Sir," said he, taking Cashel's hand. "We are both greatly indebted to your kindness, nor can we indeed ever hope to repay it."

"Make him a receiver on the estate, then," whispered Lady Janet in Miss Kennyfeck's ear, "and he'll soon pay himself."

"Tell my Lord about our newly intended government, Mr. Cashel," said Mrs. Kennyfeck; "I'm sure it will amuse him." And Cashel, more in obedience to the request, than from any conviction of its prudence, proceeded to obey. One word only, however, seemed to fix itself on the old man's memory. "Queen! Queen!" repeated he several times to himself.

"Oh, indeed, you expect her Majesty will honour you with a visit, Sir?"

Cashel endeavoured to correct the misconception, but to no purpose, the feeble intelligence could not relinquish its grasp so easily, and he went on in a low uttering tone,

"*Lady Kilgoff is* the only Peeress here, Sir, re-

member that; you should speak to her about it, Mr. Cashel."

"I hope we are soon to have the pleasure of seeing Lady Kilgoff, my Lord," whispered Cashel, half to concur with, half to turn the course of conversation.

"She will be here presently," said he, somewhat stiffly, as if some unpleasant recollection was passing through his mind; and Cashel turned away to speak with the others, who eagerly awaited to resume the interrupted conversation.

"Your plan, Mr. Cashel; we are dying to hear it," cried one.

"Oh, by all means; how are we to elect the Queen?" said another.

"What say you to a lottery?" said he, "or something equally the upshot of chance. For instance, let the first lady who enters the room be Queen."

"Very good, indeed," said Lady Janet, aloud; then added in a whisper, "I see that old Mrs. Malone with her husband toddling up the avenue this instant."

"Olivia, my love," whispered Mrs. Kennyfeck to her daughter, "fetch me my work here, and don't be a moment away, child. He's so amusing!" And the young lady glided unseen from the room at her Mamma's bidding. After a short but animated conversation, it was decided that this mode of choice should be adopted; and now all stood in anxious expectancy to see who first should enter. At last footsteps were heard approaching, and the interest rose higher.

"Leddy Janet was right," said Sir Andrew, with a grin; "ye'll hae Mrs. Malone for your Sovereign, I *ken* her step weel."

"By Jove!" cried Upton, "I'll dispute the succession; that would never do."

"That's a lighter tread and a faster," said Cashel, listening.

"There are two coming," cried Mrs. White; "I hear voices; how are we then to decide?"

There was no time to canvass this knotty point, when a hand was heard upon the door-handle; it turned, and just as the door moved, a sound of feet upon the terrace without — running at full speed — turned every eye in that direction, and the same instant Miss Meek sprang into the room through the window, while Lord Charles and Linton hurried after her, at the same moment that Lady Kilgoff, followed by Olivia Kennyfeck, entered by the door.

Miss Meek's appearance might have astonished the company, had even her *entrée* been more ceremonious, for she was without hat, her hair falling in long dishevelled masses about her shoulders, and her riding-habit, torn and ragged, was carried over one arm, with a freedom much more in accordance with speed than grace.

"Beat by two lengths, Charley," cried she, in a joyous, merry laugh; "beat in a canter — Mr. Linton nowhere."

"Oh dear me, what is all this, Jemima love?" softly sighed her bland Papa; "you've not been riding, I hope?"

"Schooling a bit with Carley, Pa, and as we left the nags at the stable, they challenged me to a race home; I don't think they'll do it again. Do look how they're blown."

Some of the company laughed good-humouredly at

the girlish gaiety of the scene. Others, among whom, it is sad to say, were many of the younger ladies, made significant signs of being shocked by the indecorum, and gathered in groups to canvass the papa's indifference and the daughter's indelicacy. Meanwhile Cashel had been completely occupied with Lady Kilgoff, making the usual inquiries regarding fatigue and rest, but in a manner that bespoke all his interest in a favoured guest.

"Are you aware to what high destiny the Fates have called you?" said he, laughing. "Some attain fortune by being first to seek her — *you*, on the contrary, win by dallying. We had decided, a few moments before you came in, that the first lady who entered should be the Queen of our party — this lot is yours."

"I beg to correct you, Mr. Cashel," cried Lady Janet, smartly; "Miss Meek entered before her Ladyship."

"Oh, yes! Certainly! Without a doubt!" resounded from the whole company, who were not sorry to confer their suffrages on the madcap girl rather than on the fashionable beauty.

"How distressing!" sighed Mr. Meek. "Oh, dear! I hope this is not so — nay, I'm sure, Matilda, it cannot be the case."

"You're thinking of George Colman, Meek — I see you are," cried Linton.

"No, indeed — no, upon my honour — what was it about Colman?"

"The story is everybody's story. The Prince insisted once that George was his senior, and George *only* corrected him of his mistake by saying that 'He

could not possibly have had the rudeness to enter the world before his Royal Highness.'"

"Ah! yes — very true — so it was," sighed Meek, who affected not to perceive the covert sneer at his assumed courtesy.

While, therefore, the party gathered around Cashel, with eager assurance of Miss Meek's precedence, Lady Kilgoff, rising, crossed the room to where that young lady was standing, and gracefully arranging her loose-flowing ringlets into a knot at the back of the head, fastened them by a splendid comb which she took from her own, and whose top was fashioned into a handsome coronet of gold, saying, "The question of legitimacy is solved for ever — the Pretender yields her crown to the true Sovereign."

The gracefulness and tact of this sudden movement called forth the warmest acknowledgments of all, save Lady Janet, who whispered: "Miss Kennyfeck, it is pretty clear, I fancy, who is to pay for the crown jewels!"

"Am I really the Queen?" cried the young girl, half wild with delight.

"Most assuredly, Madam," said Linton, kissing her hand in deep reverence. "I beg to be first to tender my homage."

"That's so like him!" cried she, laughing; "but you shall be no officer of mine. Where's Charley? I want to make him Master of the Buckhounds, if there be buckhounds."

"Will you not appoint your ladies first, Madam?" said Lady Janet; "or, are your preferences for the other sex to leave us quite forgotten?"

"*Be all of you, everything you please*," rejoined

the childish merry voice, "with Charley Frobisher for Master of the Horse."

"Linton for Master of the Revels," said some one.

"Agreed," said she.

"Mr. Cashel had better be First Lord of the Treasury, I suspect," said Lady Janet, snappishly, "if the Administration is to last."

"And if ye a'ways wear drapery o' this fashion," said Sir Andrew, taking up the torn fragment of her riding-habit as he spoke, "I maun say, that the Mistress of the Robes will na be a sinecure."

"Will any one tell me what are my powers?" said she, sitting down with an air of mock dignity.

"Will any one dare to say what they are not?" responded Cashel.

"Have I unlimited command in everything?"

"In everything, Madam; I, and all mine, are at your orders."

"That's what the farce will end in," whispered Lady Janet to Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"Well, then, to begin. The Court will dine with us to-day — to-morrow we will hunt in our royal forest — our private band — have we a private band, Mr. Linton?"

"Certainly, your Majesty; so private as to be almost undiscoverable."

"Then our private band will perform in the evening; perhaps, too, we shall dance. Remember, my Lords and Ladies, we are a young Sovereign, who loves pleasure, and that a sad face, or a mournful one, is *treason* to our person; come forward now, and let us *name* our household."

While the group gathered around the wild and

high-spirited girl, in whose merry mood even the least disposed were drawn to participate, Linton approached Lady Kilgoff, who had seated herself near a window, and was affecting to arrange a frame of embroidery, on which she rarely bestowed a moment's labour.

CHAPTER XV.

I'll make her brew the beverage herself,
With her own fingers stir the cup,
And know 'tis poison as she drinks it.

HAROLD.

HAD Linton been about to renew an acquaintance with one he had scarcely known before, and who might possibly have ceased to remember him, his manner could not have been more studiously diffident and respectful.

"I rejoice to see your Ladyship here," said he, in a low, deliberate voice; "where, on the last time we spoke together, you seemed uncertain of coming."

"Very true, Mr. Linton," said she, not looking up from her work; "my Lord had not fully made up his mind."

"Say, rather, your Ladyship had changed yours," said he, with a cold smile; "a privilege you are not wont to deny yourself."

"I might have exercised it oftener in life with advantage," replied she, still holding her head bent over the embroidery frame.

"Don't you think that your Ladyship and I are old friends enough to speak without inuendo?"

"If we speak at all," said she, with a low but calm accent.

"True, that is to be thought of," rejoined he, with an unmoved quietude of voice. "Being in a manner prepared for a change in your Ladyship's sentiments towards me —"

"Sir!" said she, interrupting, and as suddenly raising her face, which was now covered with a deep blush.

"I trust I have said nothing to provoke reproof," said Linton, coldly. "Your Ladyship is well aware if my words be not true. I repeat it, then — your sentiments *are* changed towards me, or — the alteration is not of *my* choosing — I was deceived in the expression of them, when last we met."

"It may suit your purpose, Sir, but it can scarcely conform to the generosity of a gentleman, to taunt me with acceding to your request for a meeting. If any other weakness can be alleged against me, pray let me hear it."

"When we last met," said Linton, in a voice of lower and deeper meaning than before, "we did so that *I* might speak, and *you* hear, the avowal of a passion which for years has filled my heart — against which I have struggled and fought in vain — to stifle which I have plunged into dissipations that I detested, and followed ambitions I despised — to obliterate all memory of which, I would stoop to crime itself, rather than suffer on in the hopeless misery I must do."

"I will hear no more of this," said she, pushing back the work-table, and preparing to rise.

"You must, and you shall hear me, Madam," said he, replacing the table and affecting to arrange it for her. "I conclude you do not wish this amiable company to arbitrate between us."

ı, Sir! is it thus you threaten me?"
ıu should say promise, Madam. There can be
at where a common ruin impends on all con-

› what end all this, Mr. Linton?" said she. "You
:annot expect from me any return to a feeling
if it once existed, you yourself were the means
›ting for ever. Even *you* could scarcely be un-
s enough to persecute one for whose misery
/e done already too much."
ill you accept my arm for half an hour?" cried
:rrupting. "I pledge myself it shall be the last
either make such a request, or even allude to
›ic between us. On the pretence of showing
› house, I may be able — if not to justify my-
nay, I see how little you care for that — well,
: to assure you that I have no other wish, no
›pe, than to see you happy."
cannot trust you," said she, in a tone of agi-
"already we are remarked."
I perceive," said he, in an under tone; then
in a voice audible enough to be heard by the
am too vain of my architectural merits to leave
scovery to chance, and as you are good enough
/ou would like to see the house, pray will your
ip accept my arm, while I perform the Cicerone
elf?"
: "coup" succeeded; and, to avoid the difficulty
barrassment a refusal would have created, Lady
arose, and prepared to accompany him.
, what — what is't, my Lady?" said Lord
suddenly awaking from a kind of lethargic
, *as she whispered* some words in his ear.

"Her Ladyship is telling you not to be jealous, my Lord, while she is making the tour of the house with Mr. Linton," said Lady Janet, with a malicious sparkle of her green eyes.

"Why not make it a royal progress?" said Sir Harvey; "her Majesty the Queen might like it well."

"Her Majesty likes everything that promises amusement," said the wild romp; "come, Charley, give us your arm."

"No, I've got a letter or two to write," said he, rudely; "there's Upton or Jennings quite ready for any foolery."

"This is too bad!" cried she; and through all the pantomime of mock royalty, a real tear rose to her eyes, and rolled heavily down her cheek; then, with a sudden change of humour, she said, "Mr. Cashel, will *you* take me?"

The request was too late, for already he had given his arm to Lady Janet; an act of devotion he was performing with the expression of a saint under martyrdom.

"Sir Harvey — there's no help for it — we are reduced to *you*."

But Sir Harvey was leaving the room with Olivia Kennyfeck. In fact, couples paired off in every direction; the only disengaged cavalier being Sir Andrew MacFarline, who, with a sardonic grin on his features, came hobbling forward, as he said,

"Ye maunna tak' sich long strides, Missy, if ye ga wi' *me*, for I've got a couple o' ounces of Langredge shot in my left knee — forbye the gout in both ankles."

"I say, Jim," called out Lord Charles, as she moved *away*, "if you like to ride Princepino this afternoon, *he's* ready for you."

"Are *you* going?" said she, turning her head.

"Yes."

"Then *I'll* not go." And so saying, she left the om.

When Linton, accompanied by Lady Kilgoff, issued om the drawing-room, instead of proceeding through e billiard-room, towards the suite which formed the show" part of the mansion, he turned abruptly to his ft, and passing through a narrow corridor, came out on a terrace, at the end of which stood a large con-rvatory, opening into the garden.

"I ask pardon," said he, "if I reverse the order of ur geography, and show you the frontiers of the realm efore we visit the capital, but otherwise we shall only e the advance-guard of that interesting company, who ave nothing more at heart than to overhear us."

Lady Kilgoff walked along without speaking, at his de, having relinquished the support of his arm with a iff, frigid courtesy. Had any one been there to mark ie two figures, as side by side they went, each deep i thought, and not even venturing a glance at the ther, he might well have wondered what strange link ould connect them. It was thus they entered the con-rvatory, where two rows of orange-trees formed a ine of foliage almost impenetrable to the eye.

"As this may be the last time we shall ever speak gether in secret —"

"You have promised as much, Sir," said she, inter-upting; and the very rapidity of her utterance betrayed ie eagerness of her wish.

"Be it so, Madam," replied he, coldly, and with a one of sternness very different from that he had used t *first*. "*I have* ever preferred your wishes to my

own. I shall never prove false to that allegiance. As we are now about to speak on terms which never can be resumed, let us at least be frank. Let us use candour with each other. Even unpleasing truth is better, at such a moment, than smooth-tongued insincerity."

"This preamble does not promise well," said Lady Kilgoff, with a cold smile.

"Not, perhaps, for the agreeability of our interview, but it may save us both much time and much temper. I have said that you are changed towards me."

"Oh, Sir! if I had suspected that this was to be the theme —" She stopped, and seemed uncertain, when he finished the speech for her.

"You would never have accorded me this meeting. Do, be frank, Madam, and spare me the pain of self-inflicted severity. Well, I will not impose upon your kindness, nor indeed was such my intention, if you had but heard me out. Yes, Madam, I should have told you, that while I deplore that alteration, I no more make you chargeable with it, than *you* can call *me* to account for cherishing a passion without a hope. Both one and the other are independent of us. That one should forget, and the other remember, is beyond mere volition."

He waited for some token of assent — some slight evidence of concurrence — but none came, and he resumed:

"When first I had the happiness of being distinguished by some slight show of your preference, there were many others who sought with eagerness for that position I was supposed to occupy in your favour. It *was the* first access of vanity in my heart, and it cost *me dearly*. Some, envied me — some, scoffed — some,

that my triumph would be a brief one — some,
enough to say that I was only placed like a
show the passage, and that I should lie fast
while others sailed on with prosperous gale
ring fortune. You, Madam, best know which
vere right. I see that I weary you. I can
how distasteful all these memories must be,
d I evoke them without absolute necessity.
ef, then, you are now about to play over with
e very game by which you once deceived me.
caprice to sacrifice another to your vanity;
Madam, the liberties which the world smiled
s Gardiner, will be keenly criticised in the
;off. In the former case, the most malevolent
hint at a mésalliance; in the latter, evil
n take a wider latitude. To be sure, the fasci-
ılities of the suitor, his wealth, his enviable
vill plead with some; my Lord's age and de-
will weigh with others; but even these cha-
rsons will not spare *you*. Your own sex are
ermerciful in their judgments. Men are un-
enough to hint that there was no secret in
·; some will go further, and affect to say that
selves were not unfavourably looked on."
you give me a chair, Sir," said she, in a
h, though barely above a whisper, vibrated
se passion. Linton hastened to fetch a seat,
features glowing with the elation of his
. This passed rapidly away, and as he
chair for her to sit down, his face had re-
former cold, almost melancholy expression.
ıe you are not ill?" said he, with an air of

A glance of the most ineffable scorn was her only reply.

"It is with sincere sorrow that I inflict this pain upon you; indeed, when I heard of that unhappy yacht excursion, my mind was made up to see Lord Kilgoff the very moment of his arrival, and, on any pretence, to induce him to leave this. This hope, however, was taken from me, when I beheld the sad state into which he had fallen, leaving me no other alternative than to address yourself. I will not hurt your ears by repeating the inventions, each full of falsehood, that heralded your arrival here. The insulting discussions how you should be met — whether your conduct had already precluded your acceptance amongst the circle of your equals — or, that you were only a subject of avoidance to mothers of marriageable daughters, and maiden ladies of excessive virtue. You have mixed in the world, and therefore can well imagine every ingenious turn of this peculiar eloquence. How was I — I who have known — I who — nay, Madam, not a word shall pass my lips in reference to that theme — I would only ask, could I hear these things, could I see your foot nearing the cliff and not cry out, Stop? — Another step and you are lost! There are women who can play this dangerous game with cool heads and cooler hearts; schooled in all the frigid indifference that would seem the birthright of a certain class, the secrets of their affections die with them — but you are not one of these. Born in what they would call a humbler, but I should call a far higher, sphere, where the feelings are fresher and the emotions purer, *you* might chance to — fall in *love*!"

A faint smile, so faint that it conveyed no expres-

sion to her eyes, was Lady Kilgoff's acknowledgment of these last words.

"Have you finished, Sir?" said she, as after a pause of some seconds he stood still.

"Not yet, Madam," replied he, drily.

"In that case, Sir, would it not be as well to tell the man who is lingering yonder to leave this? except, perhaps, it may be your desire to have a witness to your words."

Linton started, and grew deadly pale; for he now perceived that the man must have been in the conservatory during the entire interview. Hastening round to where he stood, his fears were at once dispelled; for it was the Italian sailor, Giovanni, who, in the multiplicity of his accomplishments, was now assisting the gardener among the plants.

"It is of no consequence, Madam," said he, returning. "The man is an Italian, who understands nothing of English."

"*You* are always fortunate, Mr. Linton," said she, with a deep emphasis on the pronoun.

"I have ceased to boast of my good luck, for many a day."

"Having, doubtless, so many other qualities to be proud of," said she, with a malicious sparkle of her dark eyes.

"The question is now, Madam, of one far more interesting than *me*."

"Can that be possible, Sir? Is any one's welfare of such moment to his friends — to the world at large — as the high-minded, the honourable, the open-hearted Mr. Linton, who condescends, for the sake of a warning to his *young friends, to* turn gambler, and ruin them;

while he has the daring courage to single out a poor unprotected woman, without one who could rightfully defend her, and, under the miserable mask of interest, to insult her?"

"Is it thus you read my conduct, Madam?" said he, with an air at once sad and reproachful.

"Not altogether, Mr. Linton. Beside the ineffable pleasure of giving pain, I perceive that you are acquitting a debt — the debt of hate you owe me; because — but I cannot descend to occupy the same level with you in this business. My reply to you is a very short one. Your insult to me must go unpunished; for, as you well know, I have not one to resent it. You have, however, introduced another name in this discussion; to that gentleman I will reveal all that you have said this day. The consequences may be what they will, I care not; I never provoked them. You best know, Sir, how the reckoning will fare with you."

Linton grew pale, almost lividly so, while he bit his lip till the very blood came; then, suddenly recovering himself, he said: "I am not aware of having mentioned a name. I think your Ladyship must have been mistaken; but" — and here he laughed slightly— "you will scarce succeed in sowing discord between me and my old friend, Lord Charles Frobisher."

"Lord Charles Frobisher!" echoed she, almost stunned with the effrontery.

"You seem surprised, Madam. I trust your Ladyship meant no other." The insolence of his manner, as he said this, left her unable for some minutes to reply, and when she did speak, it was with evident effort.

"I trust now, Sir, that we have spoken for the last

time together. I own — and it is, indeed, humiliation enough to own it — your words have deeply insulted me. I cannot deny you the satisfaction of knowing this; and yet, with all these things before me, I do not hate — I only despise you."

So saying, she moved toward the door, but Linton stepped forward, and said, "One instant, Madam. You seem to forget that we are pledged to walk through the rooms; our amiable friends are doubtless looking for us."

"I will ask Mr. Cashel to be my chaperon another time," said she, carelessly; and drawing her shawl around her, passed out, leaving Linton alone in the conservatory.

"Ay, by St. Paul! the work goes bravely on," cried he, as soon as she had disappeared. "If she ruin not him and herself to boot, now, I am sore mistaken. The game is full of interest, and, if I had not so much in hand, would delight me!"

With this brief soliloquy, he turned to where the Italian was standing, pruning an orange-tree.

"Have you learned any English yet, Giovanni?"

A slight, but significant gesture of one finger gave the negative.

"No matter, your own soft vowels are in more request here. The dress I told you of, is now come; my servant will give it to you; so, be ready with your guitar, if the ladies wish for it, this evening."

Giovanni bowed respectfully, and went on with his work, and soon after Linton strolled into the garden to muse over the late scene.

Had any one been there to mark the signs of triumphant elation on his features, they would have

while he has the daring courage t..s bold, bad heart. unprotected woman, without ..ng well the proud na- defend her, and, under th..nted woman, thoroughly to insult her?"

..patient temper and haughty

"Is it thus you foresaw, that to tell her she had with an air at ..ject of a calumny, was to rouse her

"Not a ..ront it openly. To whisper that the world pleasure.. admit of this or that, was to make her brave quitti.. world, or sink under the effort.

cs ..

To sting her to such resistance was his wily game, and who knew better how to play it? The insinuated sneers at the class to which she had once belonged, as one not "patented" to assume the vices of their betters, was a deep and most telling hit; and he saw, when they separated, that her mind was made up, at any cost and every risk, to live down the slander by utter contempt of it. Linton asked for no more. "Let her," said he to himself, "but enter the lists with the world for an adversary! I'll give her all the benefit of the best motives — as much purity of heart, and so forth, as she cares for — but, 'I'll name the winner' after all."

Too true. The worthy people, who fancy that an innate honesty of purpose can compensate for all the breaches of conventional use, are like the volunteers of an army who refuse to wear its uniform, and are as often picked down by their allies as by their enemies.

CHAPTER XVI.

Such a concourse ne'er was seen
Of coaches, noddies, cars, and jingles,
"Char-à-bancs" — to hold sixteen,
And "Sulkies" meant to carry singles.
THE PIC-NIC: A LAY.

IT is an old remark, that nothing is so stupid as love-letters; and, pretty much in the same spirit, we may affirm that there are few duller topics than festivities. The scenes in which the actor is most interested are, out of compensation, perhaps, those least worthy to record; the very inability of description to render them is disheartening too. One must eternally resort to the effects produced, as evidences of the cause, just as, when we would characterise a climate, we find ourselves obliged to fall back upon the vegetable productions, the fruits and flowers of the seasons, to convey even anything of what we desire. So is it Pleasure has its own atmosphere — we may breathe, but hardly chronicle it.

These prosings of ours have reference to the gaieties of Tubbermore, which certainly were all that a merry party and an unbounded expenditure could compass. The style of living was princely in its splendour; luxuries fetched from every land — the rarest wines of every country, the most exquisite flowers — all that taste can suggest, and gold can buy, were there; and while the order of each day was maintained with undiminished splendour, every little fancy of the guests was studied with a watchful politeness that marks the highest delicacy of hospitality.

If a bachelor's house be wanting in the gracefulness *which is the charm* of a family reception, there is a

freedom, a degree of liberty in all the movements of the guests, which some would accept as a fair compromise; for, while the men assume a full equality with their host, the ladies are supreme in all such establishments. Roland Cashel was, indeed, not the man to dislike this kind of democracy; it spared him trouble; it inflicted no tiresome routine of attentions; he was free as the others to follow the bent of his humour, and he asked for no more.

It was without one particle of vulgar pride of wealth that he delighted in the pleasure he saw around him; it was the mere buoyancy of a high-spirited nature. The cost no more entered into his calculations in a personal than a pecuniary sense. A consciousness that he was the source of all that splendid festivity — that his will was the motive-power of all that complex machinery of pleasure — increased, but did not constitute, his enjoyment. To see his guests happy, in the various modes they preferred, was his great delight, and, for once, he felt inclined to think that wealth had great privileges.

The display of all, which gratified him most, was that which usually took place each day after luncheon; when the great space before the house was thronged with equipages of various kinds and degrees, with saddle-horses and mounted grooms, and amid all the bustle of discussing where to, and with whom, the party issued forth to spend the hours before dinner.

A looker-on would have been amused to watch all the little devices in request, to join this party, to avoid that, to secure a seat in a certain carriage, or to escape from some other, Linton's chief amusement being to thwart as many of these plans as he could, and while

he packed a sleepy Chief Justice into the same barouche with the gay Kennyfeck girls, to commit Lady Janet to the care of some dashing dragoon, who did not dare decline the wife of a "Commander of the Forces."

Cashel always joined the party on horseback, so long as Lady Kilgoff kept the house, which she did for the first week of her stay; but when she announced her intention of driving out, he offered his services to accompany her. By the merest accident it chanced that the very day she fixed on for her first excursion was that on which Cashel had determined to try a new and most splendid equipage, which had just arrived. It was a phaeton, built in all the costly splendour of the "Regency of the Duke of Orleans;" one of those gorgeous toys which even a voluptuous age gazed at with wonder. Two jet-black Arabians, of perfect symmetry, drew it, the whole forming a most beautiful equipage.

Exclamations of astonishment and admiration broke from the whole party as the carriage drove up to the door, where all were now standing.

"Whose can it be? — Where did it come from? — What a magnificent phaeton! — Mr. Cashel, pray tell us all about it. — Do, Mr. Linton, give us its history."

"It has none as yet, my dear Mrs. White; that it may have, one of these days, is quite possible."

Lady Janet heard the speech, and nodded significantly in assent.

"Mr. Linton, you are coming with us, a'n't you?" said a lady's voice from a britschka close by.

"I really don't know how the arrangement is; Cashel said something about my driving Lady Kilgoff."

Lady Kilgoff pressed her lips close, and gathered her mantle together as if by some sudden impulse of

temper, but never spoke a word. At the same instant Cashel made his appearance from the house.

"Are you to drive me, Mr. Cashel?" said she, calmly.

"If you will honour me so far," replied he, bowing.

"I fancied you said something to me about being her Ladyship's charioteer," said Linton.

"You must have been dreaming, man," cried Cashel, laughing.

"Will you allow my Lady to choose?" rejoined Linton, jokingly, while he stole at her a look of insolent malice.

Cashel stood uncertain what to say or do in the emergency, when, with a firm and determined voice, Lady Kilgoff said:

"I must own I have no confidence in Mr. Linton's guidance."

"There, Tom," said Cashel, gaily, "I'm glad your vanity came in for that."

"I have only to hope that you are in safer conduct, my Lady," said Linton; and he bowed with uncovered head, and then stood gazing after the swift carriage as it hastened down the avenue.

"Is it all true about these Kennyfeck girls having so much 'tin?'" said Captain Jennings, as he stroked down his moustache complacently.

"They say five-and-twenty thousand each," said Linton, "and I rather credit the rumour."

"Eh, aw! one might do worse," yawned the hussar, languidly; "I wish they hadn't that confounded accent!" And so he moved off to join the party on horseback.

"*You* are coming with me, Jemima," said Mr. *Downie* Meek to his daughter; "I want to pay a visit

to those works at Killaloe. We have so much Committee talk in the House on inland navigation. Oh, dear! it is very tiresome."

"Charley says I'm to go with him, Pa; he's about to try Smasher as a leader, and wants me, if anything goes wrong."

"Oh, dear! — quite impossible."

"Yes, yes, Jim, I insist," said Frobisher, in a half-whisper; "never mind the Governor."

"Here comes the drag, Pa. Oh, how beautiful it looks! There they go, all together; and Smasher, how neatly he carries himself. I say, Charley, he has no fancy for that splinter-bar so near him, — it touches his near hock every instant; wouldn't it be better to let his trace a hole looser?"

"So it would," said Frobisher; "but get up and hold the ribbons till I have got my gloves on. I say, Linton, keep Downie in chat one moment, until we're off."

This kindly office was, however, anticipated by Lady Janet MacFarline, who, in her brief transit from the door to the carriage, always contrived to drop each of the twenty things she loaded herself with at starting, and thus to press into the service as many of the by-standers as possible, who followed, one with a muff, another with a smelling-bottle, a third with a book, a fourth with her knitting, and so on; while Flint brought up the rear with more air-cushions and hot-water apparatus than ever were seen before for the accommodation of two persons. In fact, if the atmosphere of our dear island, instead of being the mere innocent thing of fog it is, had been surcharged with all the pestilential *vapours of the mistrale* and the tiphoon together, she

could not have armed herself with stronger precautions against it, while even Sir Andrew, with the constitution of a Russian bear, was compelled to wear blue spectacles in sunshine and a respirator when it loured; leaving him, as he said, to the "domnable alternative o' being blind or dumb."

"I maun say," muttered he, behind his barrier of mouth-plate, "that Mesther Cashel has his ain notions aboot amusin' his company when he leaves ane o' his guests to drive aboot wi' his ain wife. Ech, Sir, it is a pleasure I need na hae come so far to enjoy!"

"Where's Sir Harvey Upton, Sir Andrew?" said my Lady, tartly; "he has never been near me to-day. I hope he's not making a fool of himself with those Kennyfeck minxes."

"I dinna ken, and I dinna care," growled Sir Andrew; and then, to himself, he added, "An' if he be, it's aye better fooling wi' young lassies than doited auld women!"

"A place for *you*, Mr. Linton!" said Mrs. White, as she seated herself in a low droski, where her companion, Mr. Howle, sat, surrounded with all the details for a sketching excursion.

"Thanks, but I have nothing so agreeable in prospect."

"Why, what are you about to do?"

"Alas! I must set out on a canvassing expedition, to court the sweet voices of my interesting constituency. You know that I am a candidate for the borough."

"That must be very disagreeable."

"It is; but I could not get off; Cashel is incurably *lazy, and I* never know how 'to say no.'"

"Well, good-by, and all fortune to you," said she; nd they drove away.

Mr. Kennyfeck and the Chief Justice, mounted on hat are called sure-footed ponies, and a few others, till lingered about the door, but Linton took no notice f them, but at once re-entered the house.

For some time previous, he had remarked that Lord ilgoff seemed, as it were, struggling to emerge from ie mist that had shrouded his faculties; his perceptions ach day grew quicker and clearer, and even when lent, Linton observed that a shrewd expression of the ye would betoken a degree of apprehension few would ave given him credit for. With the keenness of a lose observer, too, Linton perceived that he more than nce made use of his favourite expression, "It appears) *me*," and slight as the remark might seem, there is o more certain evidence of the return to thought and eason than the resumption of any habitual mode of xpression.

Resolved to profit by this gleam of coming intelgence, by showing the old Peer an attention he knew ould be acceptable, Linton sent up a message to ask If his Lordship would like a visit from him?" A most ordial acceptance was returned; and, a few moments fter, Linton entered the room where he sat, with all iat delicate caution so becoming a sick chamber.

Motioning his visitor to sit down, by a slight gesture f the finger, while he made a faint effort to smile, in eturn for the other's salutation, the old man sat, ropped up by pillows, and enveloped in shawls, pale, id, and careworn.

"I was hesitating for two entire days, my Lord," aid *Linton, lowering his* voice to suit the character of

the occasion, "whether I might propose to come and sit an hour with you, and I have only to beg that you will not permit me to trespass a moment longer than you feel disposed to endure me."

"Very kind of you — most considerate, Sir," said the old Peer, bowing with an air of haughty courtesy.

"You seem to gain strength every day, my Lord," resumed Linton, who well knew that there is nothing like a personal topic to awaken a sick man's interest.

"There is something here," said the old man, slowly, as he placed the tip of his finger on the centre of his forehead.

"Mere debility; nervous debility, my Lord. You are paying the heavy debt an over-worked intellect must always acquit; but rest and repose will soon restore you."

"Yes, Sir," muttered the other, with a weak smile, as though, without fathoming the sentiment, he felt that something agreeable to his feelings had been spoken.

"I have been impatient for your recovery, my Lord, I will confess to you, on personal grounds; I feel now how much I have been indebted to your Lordship's counsel and advice all through life; by the very incertitude that tracks me. In fact, I can resolve on nothing, determine nothing, without your sanction."

The old man nodded assentingly; the assurance had his most sincere conviction.

"It would seem, my Lord, that I must — whether I will or no — stand for this borough, here; there is no alternative, for you are aware that Cashel is quite unfit for public business. Each day he exhibits more *and* more of those qualities, which bespeak far more *goodness* of heart than intellectual training or culture.

[is waywardness and eccentricity might seriously damage is own party — could he even be taught that he had ne — and become terrible weapons in the hands of ıe enemy. I was speaking of Cashel, my Lord," said inton, as it were answering the look of inquiry in the ld man's face.

"I hate him, Sir," said the old Peer, with a bitteress of voice and look that well suited the words.

"I really cannot wonder at it," said Linton, with a eep sigh; "such duplicity is too shocking — far too hocking — to contemplate."

"Eh! — what? What did you say, Sir?" cried the ld man, impatiently.

"I was remarking, my Lord, that I have no condence in his sincerity — that he strikes me as capable f playing a double part."

A look of disappointment succeeded to the excited xpression of the old man's face — he had evidently xpected some revelation — and now his features beame clouded and gloomy.

"We may be unjust, my Lord," said Linton. "It ıay be a prejudice on our part; others would seem to ave a different estimate of that gentleman. Meek inks highly of him."

"Who, Sir; I didn't hear you?" asked he, snappishly.

"Meek — Downie Meek, my Lord."

"Pshaw!" said the old man, with a shrewd twinkle f the eye, that made Linton fear the mind behind it ras clearer than he suspected.

"I know, my Lord," said he, hastily, "that you lways held the worthy Secretary cheap; but you eighed him in a balance too nice for the majority of *eople* —"

"What does that old woman say? Tell me *her* opinion of Cashel," said Lord Kilgoff, rallying into something like his accustomed manner. "You know whom I mean!" cried he, impatient at Linton's delay in answering; "the old woman one sees everywhere; she married that Scotch sergeant —"

"Lady Janet MacFarline —?"

"Exactly, Sir."

"She thinks precisely with your Lordship."

"I'm sure of it; I told my Lady so," muttered he to himself.

Linton caught the words with eagerness, and his dark eyes kindled; for at last were they nearing the territory he wanted to occupy.

"Lady Kilgoff," said he, slowly, "does not need any aid to appreciate him; she reads him thoroughly, the heartless, selfish, unprincipled spendthrift that he is."

"She does not, Sir," rejoined the old man, with a loud voice, and a stroke of his cane upon the floor, that echoed through the room. "You never were more mistaken in your life. His insufferable puppyism, his reckless effrontery, his underbred familiarity, are precisely the very qualities she is pleased with. 'They are so different,' as she says, 'from the tiresome routine of fashionable manners.'"

"Unquestionably they are, my Lord," said Linton, with a smile.

"Exactly, Sir; they differ, as do her Ladyship's own habits from those of every Lady in the Peerage. I told her so. I begged to set her right on that subject, at least."

"Your Lordship's refinement is a most severe *standard*," said Linton, bowing low.

"It should be an example, Sir, as well as a chastisement. Indeed, I believe few would have failed to profit by it." The air of insolent pride in which he spoke, seemed for an instant to have brought back the wonted look to his features, and he sat up, with his lips compressed, and his chin protruded, as in his days of yore.

"I would entreat your Lordship to remember," said Linton, "how few have studied in the same school you have; how few have enjoyed the intimacy of 'the most perfect gentleman of all Europe;' and of that small circle, who is there could have derived the same advantage from the privilege?"

"Your remark is very just, Sir. I owe much, very much, to his Royal Highness."

The tone of humility in which he said this was a high treat to the sardonic spirit of his listener.

"And what a penance to you must be a visit in such a house as this?" said Linton, with a sigh.

"True, Sir; but who induced me to make it? Answer me that."

Linton started with amazement, for he was very far from supposing that his Lordship's memory was clear enough to retain the events of an interview that occurred some months before.

"I never anticipated that it would cost you so dearly, my Lord," said he, cautiously, and prepared to give his words any turn events might warrant. For once, however, the ingenuity was wasted. Lord Kilgoff, wearied and exhausted by the increased effort of his intellect, had fallen back in his chair, and with drooping lips and fallen jaw, sat, the very picture of helpless infantuity.

"*So, then,*" *said Linton,* as on tiptoe he stole noise-

lessly away, "if your memory was inopportune, it was, at least, very short-lived. And now, adieu, my Lord, till we want you for another act of the drama."

CHAPTER XVII.

We'll have you at our merry-making, too.
HONEYMOON.

If we should appear, of late, to have forgotten some of those friends with whom we first made our readers acquainted in this veracious history, we beg to plead against any charge of caprice or neglect. The cause is simply this: a story, like a stream, has one main current; and he who would follow the broad river, must eschew being led away by every rivulet, which may separate from the great flood to follow its own vagrant fancy elsewhere. Now, the Kennyfecks had been meandering after this fashion for some time back. The elder had commenced a very vigorous flirtation with the dashing Captain Jennings, while the younger sister was coyly dallying under the attentions of his brother hussar — less, be it remembered, with any direct intention of surrender, than with the faint hope, that Cashel, perceiving the siege, should think fit to rescue the fortress; "Aunt Fanny" hovering near, as "an army of observation," and ready, like the Prussians in the last war, to take part with the victorious side, whichever that might be.

And now, we ask in shame and sorrow, is it not humiliating to think, that of a party of some thirty or more, met together to enjoy in careless freedom the *hospitality* of a country house, all should have been animated with the same spirit of intrigue — each, bent

on his own deep game, and, in some one guise or other of deceitfulness, each following out some scheme of selfish advantage?

Some may say, these things are forced and unnatural; that Pleasure proclaims a truce in the great war of life, where combatants lay down their weapons, and mix like friends and allies. We fear this is not the case. Our own brief experiences would certainly tend to a different conclusion. Less a player than a looker-on in the great game, we have seen, through all the excitements of dissipation, all the fascinating pleasures of the most brilliant circles, the steady onward pursuit of self-interest; and, instead of the occasions of social enjoyment being like the palm-shaded wells in the desert, where men meet to taste the peacefulness of perfect rest, they are rather the arena where, in all the glitter of the most splendid armour, the combatants have come to tilt, with more than life upon the issue.

For this, the beauty wreathes herself in all the winning smiles of loveliness; for this, the courtier puts forth his most captivating address and his most seductive manner; for this, the wit sharpens the keen edge of his fancy, and the statesman matures the deep resolve of his judgment. The diamond coronets that deck the hair and add lustre to the eyes — the war-won medals that glitter on the coat of some hardy veteran — the proud insignia of merit that a Sovereign's favour grants — all are worn to this end! Each brings to the game whatever he may possess of superiority, for the contest is ever a severe one.

And now to go back to our company. From Lady Janet, intent upon everything which might minister to her own *comfort or* mortify her neighbour, to the

smooth and soft-voiced Downie Meek — with the kindest of wishes and the coldest of hearts — they were, we grieve to own it, far more imposing to look at full dressed, at dinner, than to investigate by the searching anatomy that discloses the vices and foibles of humanity; and it is, therefore, with less regret we turn from the great house, in all the pomp of its splendour, to the humble cottage, where Mr. Corrigan dwelt with his granddaughter.

In wide contrast to the magnificence and profusion of the costly household, where each seemed bent on giving way to every caprice that extravagance could suggest, was the simple quietude of that unpretending family. The efforts by which Corrigan had overcome his difficulties, not only cost him all the little capital he possessed in the world, but had also necessitated a mode of living more restricted than he had ever known before. The little luxuries that his station, as well as his age and long use, had made necessaries — the refinements that adorn even the very simplest lives — had all to be, one by one, surrendered. Some of these he gave up manfully, others cost him deeply; and when the day came that he had to take leave of his old grey pony, the faithful companion of so many a lonely ramble, the creature he had reared and petted like a dog, the struggle was almost too much for him.

He walked along beside the man who led the beast to the gate, telling him to be sure and seek out some one who would treat her kindly: "Some there are would do so for my sake; but she deserves it better for her own. — Yes, Nora, I'm speaking of you," said he, caressing her, as she laid her nose over his arm. "I'm *sure* I never thought we'd have to part."

"She's good as goold this minit," said the man; "an' it'll go hard but I'll get six pounds for her, any way."

"Tell whoever buys her, that Mr. Corrigan will give him a crownpiece every Christmas-day that he sees her looking well and in good heart. To be sure, it's no great bribe, we're both so old," said he, smiling; "but my blessing goes with the man that's a friend to her." He sat down as he said this, and held his hand over his face till she was gone. "God forgive me if I set my heart too much on such things, but it's like parting with an old friend. — Poor Mary's harp must go next; but here comes Tiernay. Well, Doctor, what news?"

The Doctor shook his head twice or thrice despondingly, but said nothing; at last he muttered, in a grumbling voice:

"I was twice at the Hall, but there's no seeing Cashel himself; an insolent puppy of a valet turned away contemptuously as I asked for him, and said:

"Mr. Linton, perhaps, might hear what you have to say."

"Is Kennyfeck to be found?"

"Yes, I saw him for a few minutes; but he's like the rest of them; the old fool fancies he's a man of fashion here, and told me he had left 'the Attorney' behind, in Merrion-square. He half confessed to me, however, what I feared. Cashel has either given a promise to give this farm of yours to Linton —"

"Well, the new landlord will not be less kind than the old one."

"You think so," said Tiernay, sternly. "Is your knowledge of life no better than this? Have you lived

till now without being able to read that man? Come, come, Corrigan, don't treat this as a prejudice of mine. I have watched him closely, and he sees it. I tell you again, the fellow is a villain."

"Ay, ay," said Corrigan, laughing; "your doctor's craft has made you always on the look-out for some hidden mischief."

"My doctor's craft has taught me to know that symptoms are never without a meaning. But enough of him; the question is simply this: we cannot be supposed cognisant of any arrangement between Cashel and this man; we have, then, merely to propose to Cashel the purchase of your interest in the cottage, on which you will cede the possession."

"Yes; and give up, besides, all claim at law, for you know we are supported by the highest opinions."

"Pooh — nonsense, man; don't embarrass the case by a pretension they're sure to sneer at. The cottage and the little fields behind it are tangible and palpable; don't weaken your case by a plea you could not press."

"Have your own way, then," said the old man, mildly.

"It is an annuity, you say, you'd wish?"

"On Mary's life, not on mine, Doctor."

"It will be a poor thing," said Tiernay, with a sigh.

"They say we could live in some of the towns in Flanders very cheaply," said Corrigan, cheerfully.

"You don't know how to live cheaply," rejoined Tiernay, crankily. "You think, if you don't see a man in black behind your chair, and that you eat off delf instead of silver, that you are a miracle of simplicity.

I saw you last Sunday put by the decanter with half a glass of sherry at the bottom of it, and you were as proud of your thrift as if you had reformed your whole household."

"Everything is not learned in a moment, Tiernay," said Corrigan, mildly.

"You are too old to begin, Con Corrigan," said the other, gravely; "such men as you, who have not been educated to narrow fortunes, never learn thrift; they can endure great privations well enough, but it is the little, petty, dropping ones that break down the spirit — these, they cannot meet."

"A good conscience and a strong will can do a great deal, Tiernay. One thing is certain, that we shall escape persecution from *him*. *He* will scarcely discover us in our humble retreat."

"I've thought of that, too," said Tiernay. "It is the greatest advantage the plan possesses. Now, the next point is, how to see this same Cashel; from all that I can learn, his life is one of dissipation from morning till night. Those fashionable sharpers by whom he is surrounded are making him pay dearly for his admission into the honourable guild."

"The greater the pity," sighed Corrigan; "he appeared to me deserving of a different fate. An easy, complying temper —"

"The devil a worse fault I'd wish my enemy," broke in Tiernay, passionately. "A field without a fence — a house without a door to it! And there, if I am not mistaken, I hear his voice; yes, he's coming along the path, and some one with him, too."

"I'll leave you to talk to him, Tiernay, for you seem in '*the vein.*'" And with these words the old

man turned into a by-path, just as Cashel, with Lady Kilgoff on his arm, advanced up the avenue.

Nothing is more remarkable than the unconscious homage tendered to female beauty and elegance, by men whose mould of mind, as well as habit, would seem to render them insensible to such fascinations, nor is their instinctive admiration a tribute which beauty ever despises.

The change which came over the rough Doctor's expression as the party came nearer exemplified this truth strongly. The look of stern determination with which he was preparing to meet Cashel changed to one of astonishment, and, at last to undisguised admiration, as he surveyed the graceful mien and brilliant beauty before him. They had left the phaeton at the little wicket, and the exercise on foot had slightly coloured her cheek, and added animation to her features — the only aid necessary to make her loveliness perfect.

"I have taken a great liberty with my neighbour, Doctor Tiernay," said Cashel, as he came near. "Let me present you, however, first — Doctor Tiernay, Lady Kilgoff. I had been telling her Ladyship that the only picturesque portion of this country lies within this holly enclosure, and is the property of my friend Mr. Corrigan, who, although he will not visit me, will not, I'm sure, deny me the pleasure of showing his tasteful grounds to my friends."

"My old friend would be but too proud of such a visitor," said Tiernay, bowing low to Lady Kilgoff.

"Mr. Cashel has not confessed all our object, Mr. Tiernay," said she, assuming her most gracious manner. "*Our* visit has in prospect the hope of making Miss

Leicester's acquaintance; as I know you are the intimate friend of the family, will you kindly say if this be a suitable hour, or, indeed, if our presence here at all would not be deemed an intrusion?"

The Doctor coloured deeply, and his eye sparkled with pleasure, for, strange enough as it may appear, while sneering at the dissipations of the great house, he felt a degree of indignant anger at the thought of Mary sitting alone and neglected, with gaieties around her on every side.

"It was a most thoughtful kindness of your Ladyship," replied he, "for my friend is too old and too infirm to seek society, and, so, the poor child has no other companionship than two old men, only fit to weary each other."

"You make me hope that our mission will succeed, Sir," said Lady Kilgoff, still employing her most fascinating look and voice; "we may reckon you as an ally, I trust."

"I am your Ladyship's most devoted," said the old man, courteously; "how can I be of service?"

"Our object is to induce Miss Leicester to pass some days with us," said she; "we are plotting various amusements that might interest her — private theatricals among the rest."

"Here she comes, my Lady," said Tiernay, with animation; "I am proud to be the means of introducing her."

Just at this instant Mary Leicester had caught sight of the party, and uncertain whether to advance or retire, was standing for a moment undecided, when Tiernay called out,

and my old friend, this would be doubtless the readiest and the best solution of the difficulty," said Tiernay; "but what would be said if we consented to such an arrangement? What would not be said? Ay, faith, there's not a scandalous rumour that malice could forge would not be rife upon us."

"And do you think such calumnies have any terror for *me?*" cried Cashel.

"When you've lived to *my* age, Sir, you'll reason differently."

"It shall be all as you wish, then," said Cashel. "But stay!" cried he, after a moment's thought; "there is a difficulty I had almost forgotten. I must look that it may not interfere with our plans. When can I see you again? Would it suit you to come and breakfast with me to-morrow? I'll have my man of business, and we'll arrange everything."

"Agreed, Sir; I'll not fail. I like your promptitude. A favour is a double benefit when speedily granted."

"Now I shall ask one from you, Doctor. If I can persuade my kind friends here to visit us, will you, too, be of the party sometimes?"

"Not a bit of it. Why should I, Sir, expose you to the insolent criticism my unpolished manners and rude address would bring upon you — or myself to the disdain that fashionable folk would show me? I am proud — too proud, perhaps, at the confidence you would repose in my honour — I don't wish to blush for my breeding by way of recompense. There, Sir! there is one yonder in every way worthy all the distinction rank and wealth can give her. I feel happy *to think* that she is to move amongst those who, if they

cannot prize her worth, will at least appreciate her fascinations."

"Will Mr. Corrigan consent?"

"He must — he shall," broke in Tiernay. "I'll insist upon it; but come along with me into the cottage, while the ladies are cementing their acquaintance; we'll see him, and talk him over."

So saying, he led Cashel into the little library, where, deep sunk in his thoughts, the old man was seated, with an open book before him, but of which he had not read a line.

"Con!" cried Tiernay, "Mr. Cashel has come to bring you and Miss Mary up to the Hall, to dinner. There, Sir, look at the face he puts on; an excuse in every wrinkle of it."

"But, my dear friend — my worthy Doctor — you know perfectly —"

"I'll know perfectly that you must go — no help for it. I have told Mr. Cashel that you'd make fifty apologies — pretend age — ill-health — want of habit, and so on; the valid reason being that you think his company a set of raffs, and —"

"Oh, Tiernay, I beg you'll not ascribe such sentiments to *me*."

"Well, I thought so myself, t'other day — ay, half an hour ago; but there is a lady yonder, walking up and down the grass-plot, has made me change my mind; come out and see her, man, and then say as many 'No's' as you please." And, half-dragging, half-leading the old man out, Tiernay went on —

"You'll see, Mr. Cashel, how polite he'll grow when he sees the bright eyes and the fair cheek. You'll not *hear of any more* refusals then, I promise you."

Meanwhile, so far had Lady Kilgoff advanced in the favourable opinion of Miss Leicester, that the young girl was already eager to accept the proffered invitation. Old Mr. Corrigan, however, could not be induced to leave his home, and so it was arranged that Lady Kilgoff should drive over on the following day to fetch her; with which understanding they parted, each looking forward with pleasure to their next meeting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gone! and in secret, too!

Amid all the plans for pleasure which engaged the attention of the great house, two objects now divided the interest between them. One was the expected arrival of the beautiful Miss Leicester — "Mr. Cashel's babe in the wood," as Lady Janet called her, — the other, the reading of a little one-act piece, which Mr. Linton had written for the company. Although both were in their several ways "events," the degree of interest they excited was very disproportioned to their intrinsic consequence, and can only be explained by dwelling on the various intrigues and schemes by which that little world was agitated.

Lady Janet, whose natural spitefulness was a most catholic feeling, began to fear that Lady Kilgoff had acquired such an influence over Cashel, that she could mould him to any course she pleased — even a marriage. She suspected, therefore, that this rustic beauty had been selected by her Ladyship, as one very unlikely to compete with herself in Roland's *regard*, and that she was thus securing a lasting ascen*dancy* over him.

Mrs. Leicester White, who saw, or believed she saw, herself neglected by Roland, took an indignant view of the matter, and threw out dubious and shadowy suspicions about "who this young lady might be, who seemed so opportunely to have sprung up in the neighbourhood," and expressed, in confidence, her great surprise, "how Lady Kilgoff could lend herself to such an arrangement."

Mrs. Kennyfeck was outraged at the entrance of a new competitor into the field, where her daughter was no longer a "favourite." In fact, the new visitor's arrival was heralded by no signs of welcome, save from the young men of the party, who naturally were pleased to hear that a very handsome and attractive girl was expected.

As for Aunt Fanny, her indignation knew no bounds; indeed, ever since she had set foot in the house her state had been one little short of insanity. In her own very graphic phrase — "She was fit to be tied, at all she saw." Now, when an elderly maiden lady thus comprehensively sums up the cause of her anger, without descending to "a bill of particulars," the chances are, that some personal wrong — real or imaginary — is more in fault than anything reprehensible in the case she is so severe upon. So was it here: Aunt Fanny literally saw nothing, although she heard a great deal. Daily, hourly, were the accusations of the whole Kennyfeck family directed against her for the loss of Cashel. But for her, and her absurd credulity on the statement of an anonymous letter, and there had been no yacht voyage with Lady Kilgoff — no shipwreck — no life in a cabin on the coast — no — *In a word, all these* events had either not hap-

pened at all, or only occurred with Livy Kennyfeck for their heroine.

Roland's cold, almost distant politeness to the young ladies, was marked enough to appear intentional; nor could all the little by-play of flirtation with others excite in him the slightest evidence of displeasure. If the family were outraged at this change, poor Livy herself bore up admirably; and while playing a hundred little attractive devices for Cashel, succeeded in making a very deep impression on the well-whiskered Sir Harvey Upton, of the —th. Indeed, as Linton, who saw everything, shrewdly remarked — "She may not pocket the ball she intended, but rely on't, she'll make a 'hazard' somewhere."

Of all that great company, but one alone found no place in her heart for some secret wile; this was Miss Meek, who, sadly disappointed at the little influence of her royalty, had ceased to care much for in-door affairs, and spent her mornings "schooling" with Charley, and her evenings listening to sporting talk whenever two or three "fast men" got together in the drawing-room.

The evening that preceded Miss Leicester's intended arrival had been fixed for the reading of Mr. Linton's comedy — a little dramatic piece, which, whether he had stolen wholesale from the French, or only borrowed in part, none knew; but various were the rumours that it would turn out to be a very satirical composition, with allusions to many of those who were to sit in judgment over it. How this supposition originated, or with whom, there is no saying, nor if well founded in any respect, for Linton had never shown his sketch to any one, nor alluded to it, save in the most vague manner.

Each, however, looked to see his neighbour "shown up;" and while one said, "What a character could be made of old Sir Andrew, with his vulgarity, his deafness, and his gluttony!" another thought that Downie Meek, in his oily smoothness, his sighings, and his "dear me's," would be admirable — all the ladies averring that Lady Kilgoff would be a perfect embodiment of Lady Teazle, as "Sir Peter" suspected, and "Joseph" intended her to be.

Fears for individual safety were merged in hopes of seeing others assailed, and it was in something like a flutter of expectancy that the party assembled in the drawing-room before dinner. Great was their surprise to find that Mr. Linton did not make his appearance. The dinner was announced, but he never came, and his place vacant at the foot of the table was the continual suggester of every possible reason for his abscence. If Lady Kilgoff could not divest herself of a certain terror — vague and meaningless, it is true — the dread she felt proceeded from knowing him to be one, whose every act had some deep purpose; while others were then canvassing his absence in easy freedom, she took the first opportunity of asking Cashel whether he were in the secret, or if it were really true that Linton had not communicated, even with him, about his departure.

"I am no better informed than my friends here," said Roland; "and, to say truth, I have given myself little thought about the matter. We have not, as you are aware, of late seen so much of each other as we used *once; he has himself* rather drawn off me, and I *have left the interval* between us to widen, without *much regret.*"

"Remember, however, what I told you; he can be a terrible enemy."

Cashel smiled calmly as he said, "I have consorted with men whose vengeance never took longer to acquit than the time occupied in drawing a knife from the sleeve or a pistol from the girdle. I care very little for him whose weapon is mere subtlety."

"It is this over-confidence makes me fear for you," said she, anxiously; "for, I say again, you do not know him."

"I wish I never had," said Cashel, with an earnestness of voice and accent. "He has involved me in a hundred pursuits, for which I feel neither taste nor enjoyment. To him I owe it that pleasure is ever associated in my mind with mere debauch; and the only generosity he has taught me, has been the spendthrift waste of the gaming-table."

"Could you not find out something of him — when he went, and in what direction?" said she, anxiously. "I cannot tell you why, but my heart misgives me about his departure."

More in compliance with her scruples, than that he deemed the matter worth a thought, Cashel left the room, to make inquiries from the servants; but all he could learn was, that Mr. Linton arose before daybreak, and had left the house on foot; his own servant not knowing in what direction, nor having heard anything of his master's previous intention.

His intimacy with the family at the cottage left it possible that they might know something of his movements, and Cashel accordingly despatched a messenger thither to ask; but with the same fruitless result as every previous inquiry.

While Cashel was following up this search, with a egree of interest that increased as the difficulty aug- ıented, he little knew how watchfully his every word nd gesture was noted down by one who stood at his ide. This was Mr. Phillis, who, while seeming to articipate in his master's astonishment, threw out from me to time certain strange, vague hints, less suggestive f his own opinions, than as baits, to attract those of is master.

"Very odd, indeed, Sir — very strange — so re- ular a gentleman, too — always rising at the same our. His man says he's like the clock. To be sure," dded he, after a pause, "his manner is changed of ate."

"How do you mean?" asked Cashel, hurriedly.

"He seems anxious, Sir — uneasy, as one might ay."

"I have not perceived it."

"His man says —"

"What care I for that," said Cashel, impatiently. It is not to pry into Mr. Linton's habits that I am ere; it is to assure myself that no accident has hap- ened to him, and that, if he stand in need of my ssistance, I shall not be neglecting him. Tell two of he grooms to take horses, and ride down to Killaloe nd Dunkeeran, and ask at the Inns there if he has een seen. Let them make inquiry, too, along the oad." With these directions, hastily given, he re- urned to the drawing-room; his mind far more interested n the event than he knew how to account for.

"No *tidings of Tom?*" said Lord Charles Frobisher, *unging carelessly in* a well-cushioned chair.

Cashel made a sign in the negative.

"Well, it's always a satisfaction to his friends to know that he'll not come to harm," said he, with an ambiguous smile.

"The country is much disturbed at this moment, said the Chief Justice; "the calendar was a very heavy one last Assize. I trust no marauding party may have laid hold of him."

"Ah, yes; that would be very sad indeed," sighed Meek, mistaking him for a spy.

"No great blunder, after all," said Lady Janet, almost loud enough for other ears than her next neighbour's.

"If the night were moonlight," said Miss Meek, as she opened a shutter and peeped out into the darkness, "I'd say he was trying those fences we have laid out for the hurdle-race."

"By Jove, Jim, that is a shrewd thought!" said Lord Charles, forgetting that he was addressing her by a familiar soubriquet he never used before company.

"You have a bet with him, Charley?" said Upton.

"Yes, we have all manner of bets on the race, and I'll have one with you, if you like it — an even fifty that Tom turns up 'all right and no accident,' after this bolt."

"Ah, my Lord, you're in the secret, then!" said Aunt Fanny, whose experience of sporting transactions derived from "the West," induced her to suspect that a wager contained a trap-fall.

A very cool stare was the only acknowledgment he deigned to return to this speech, while Mrs. Kennyfeck looked unutterable reproaches at her unhappy relative.

"I call the present company to witness," said Sir Harvey Upton, "that if Tom has come to an untimely

end, he has bequeathed to me his brown cob pony, 'Batter.'"

"I protest against the gift," said Miss Kennyfeck. "Mr. Linton told me, if he were killed in the steeplechase on Tuesday next, I should have 'Batter.'"

"That was a special reservation, Miss Kennyfeck," said the Chief Justice; "so that if his death did not occur in the manner specified, the deed or gift became null and void."

"I only know," said Miss Meek, "that Mr. Linton said, as we came back from the hurdle-field — 'Remember, ""Batter"" is yours, if — if —'" She hesitated and grew red, and then stopped speaking, in evident shame and confusion.

"If what? tell us the condition; you are bound to be candid," said several voices together.

"I'll tell *you*, but I'll not tell any one else," said the young girl, turning to Lady Kilgoff; and at the same instant she whispered in her ear, "If I were to be married to Mr. Cashel."

"Well," said her Ladyship, laughing, "and was the bribe sufficient?"

"I should think not!" replied she, with a scornful toss of the head, as she walked back to her seat.

"I winna say," said Sir Andrew, "but I ha' a bit claim mysel to that bonnie snuff-box he ca'd a Louis-Quatorze; if ye mind, Leddies, I asked him to mak' me a present o' it, and he replied — 'In my weell, Sir Andrew; I'll leave it ye in my weell.'"

"*I foresee there will be abundance of litigation,*" *said the Chief Justice*; "for the claims are both numerous and conflicting."

"You'll not be troubled with the next of kin, I believe," said Lady Janet, in her most spiteful of voices.

"I say, my Lord Chief Justice," said Frobisher, "let me have a travelling opinion from you, on a legal point. Wouldn't Linton's heirs, or representatives, or whatever they're called, be bound to 'book up' if Ramskin is beaten in the handicap?"

"The law expressly declares such transactions without its pale, my Lord," said the Judge, rebukingly.

"Well, I can only say," interrupted Upton, "that when we were in cantonments at Sickmabund, Jack Faris 'of ours' had a heavy stake in a game of piquet with the Major; and just as he was going to count his point, he gave a tremendous yell, and jumped up from the table. It was a cobra capella had bitten him in the calf of the leg. Everything was done for him at once, but all in vain; he swelled up to the size of four, and died in about two hours. It was rather hard on old Cox, the Major, who had two hundred pounds on it, and a capital hand; and so he made a representation to the Mess, showing that he had seven cards to his point, with a quint in hearts; that, taking in the ace of clubs, he should count a quatorze, and, therefore, unquestionably win the game. The thing was clear as day, and so they awarded him the stakes. Cox behaved very handsomely, too; for he said, 'If Faris's widow likes to play the game out, I'll give her the opportunity when we get back to England, and back myself, two to one.'"

"The Chevalier Bayard himself could not have *done* more," said Miss Kennyfeck, with admirable *gravity*.

"I must say," resumed the dragoon, "we thought

it handsome, for old Cox was always hard up for money."

"And what is to become of our theatricals, if Mr. Linton should have been so ill-natured as to drown himself?" said Mrs. White, in a most disconsolate tone; for she had already made terrible havoc in her wardrobe to accomplish a Turkish costume.

"Such a disappointment as it will be," sighed Olivia Kennyfeck, who had speculated on a last effort upon Cashel in a Mexican dress, where, certes, superfluity should not be the fault.

"You can always make some compensation for the disappointment," said Lady Kilgoff, "by a fancy ball."

"Oh, delightful! the very thing!" exclaimed several together. "When shall it be, Mr. Cashel?"

"I am entirely at your orders," said he, bowing courteously.

"Shall we say Tuesday, then?"

"Not Tuesday; we have the race on that morning," said Frobisher; "and some of us, at least, will be too tired for a ball afterwards."

"Well, Wednesday; is Wednesday open?"

"Wednesday was fixed for a boat excursion to Holy Island," said Cashel.

"You can't have Thursday, then," exclaimed Lady Janet; "that is the only evening we ever have our rubber. I'll not give you Thursday."

"Friday we are to have some people at dinner," said Cashel; "and Saturday was to have been some piece *of electioneering* festivity for Linton's *constituents.*"

"*What matter now,*" said Mrs. White; "perhaps th

poor dear man is in a better place; a very sad thought," sighed she, "but such things are happening every day."

"Ah, yes, very sad," responded Meek, who never failed to perform echo to any one's lamentation.

"Ah, indeed!" chimed in Aunt Fanny, "cut off like a daisy." And she wiped her eyes and looked solemn, for she believed she was quoting Scripture.

At last it was decided that the ball should come off on the earliest evening possible, irrespective of all other arrangements; and now, the company formed in a great circle, discussing dresses and characters and costumes with an eager interest, that showed how little Linton's fate had thrown a shadow over the bright picture of anticipated pleasure.

CHAPTER XIX.

He could outrogue a lawyer.

OLDHAM.

REVEALING so freely as we do the hidden wiles of our characters for the reader's pleasure, it would ill become us to affect any reserve or mystery regarding their actions. We shall not make, therefore, any secret of Mr. Linton's absence, nor ask of our patient reader to partake of the mystification that prevailed among the company at Tubbermore.

It so chanced, that on the evening preceding his departure he saw in a newspaper paragraph the arrival of a very distinguished lawyer at Limerick on his way to Dublin, and the thought at once occurred to him, that the opportunity was most favourable for obtaining an opinion respecting the "Corrigan Pardon," without incurring either suspicion or any lengthened absence.

Another object, inferior, but not devoid of interest, also suggested itself. It was this: profiting by a secret passage which led from the theatre to Cashel's bedroom, it was Linton's custom to visit this chamber every day, ransacking the letters and papers which, in his careless indolence, Roland left loose upon the tables, and thus possessing himself of the minutest knowledge of Cashel's affairs. In his very last visit to this room, he perceived a cumbrous document, of which the seal on the envelope was broken, but apparently the contents unlooked at. It was enough that he read the endorsement, "Deed of Conveyance of the Cottage and Lands of Tubber-beg."

Feeling how far he himself was interested in the paper, and well knowing the forgetful habits of Cashel, who would never detect its removal, he coolly folded it up and carried it away.

At first, his intention was simply to peruse the paper at his ease, and, if need were, to show it in confidence to Corrigan, and thus establish for himself that degree of influence over the old man which the character of his landlord might convey. But another and a bolder expedient soon suggested itself to his mind — nor was he one to shrink from an enterprise merely on account of its hazard — and this was no less than to forge Cashel's signature to the deed — for, as yet, it was wanting in that most essential particular.

That Roland would never remember anything of the matter, and that he would always incline to believe *his own memory* defective, than suppose such a falsification possible, Linton was well convinced. There was *but one difficulty*: how should he manage for the w

nesses, whose names were to be appended, as actually present at the moment of signing. Here was a stumbling-block — since he could scarcely hope to find others as short of memory as was Roland Cashel. It was while still canvassing the question in his mind that he came upon the intelligence in the newspaper of the lawyer's arrival at Limerick, and suddenly it struck him that he could easily in that city find out two persons, who, for a sufficient consideration, would append their signatures to the deed. A litte further reflection devised even an easier plan, which was to take along with him the Italian sailor Giovanni, and make him represent Cashel, whose appearance was quite unknown. By Giovanni's personation of Roland, Linton escaped all the hazard of letting others into his confidence, while the sailor himself, in a few days more, would leave the country — never to return.

It was with the calm assurance of a man who could put a price upon any action required of him, that Giovanni found himself, an hour after midnight, summoned to Linton's dressing-room.

"I told you some time back, Giovanni, that we might be serviceable to each other. The hour has come a little earlier than I looked for; and now the question is, are you of the same mind as you then were?"

"I know nothing of the laws of this country, Signor, but if there be life on the issue —"

"No, no, nothing like that, my worthy fellow. In the present case, all I ask for, is your silence and your secrecy."

"Oh, that is easily had — go on, Signor."

"Well, I wish to go over to-morrow by daybreak

to Limerick. I desire, too, that you should accompany me — as my companion, however, and my equal. We are about the same height and size, so take that suit there, dress yourself, and wait for me at the cross-roads below the village."

The Italian took the parcel without speaking, and was about to retire, when Linton said:

"You can write, I suppose?"

The other nodded.

"I shall want you to sign a document in presence of witnesses — not your own name, but another, which I'll tell you."

The Italian's dark eyes flashed with a keen and subtle meaning, and leaning forward, he said in a low, distinct tone,

"His Excellency means that I should forge a name?"

"It is scarcely deserving so grave a phrase," replied Linton affecting an easy smile; "but what I ask amounts pretty much to that. Have you scruples about it?"

"My scruples are not easily alarmed, Signor; only let us understand each other. I'll do *anything*" — and he laid a deep emphasis on the word — "when I see my way clear before me, nothing, when I'm blindfolded."

"A man after my own heart!" cried Linton; "and now good night. Be true to the time and place." And with this they parted.

The grey mist of a winter morning was just clearing away as Linton, accompanied by Giovanni, drove up to the principal Hotel of Limerick, where Mr Hammond, the eminent barrister, was then stopping

Having ascertained that he was still in the house, Linton at once sent up his name, with a request to be admitted to an interview with him. The position he had so long enjoyed among the officials of the Viceroy, had made Linton a person of considerable importance in a city where the "plated article" so often passes for silver; and no sooner had the lawyer read the name, than he immediately returned a polite answer, saying, that he was perfectly at Mr. Linton's orders.

The few inquiries which Mr. Linton had meanwhile made at the bar of the Hotel, informed him that Mr. Hammond was making all haste to England, where he was about to appear in a case before the House of Lords; that horses had been already ordered for him along the whole line of road, and his presence in London was imperative. Armed with these facts, Linton entered the room, where, surrounded with deeds, drafts, and Acts of Parliament, the Learned Counsel was sitting at his breakfast.

"It was but last night late, Mr. Hammond," said he, advancing with his very frankest manner, "that we caught sight of your name as having arrived here, and you see I have lost no time in profiting by the intelligence. I have come thirty Irish miles this day to catch and carry you off with me to Mr. Cashel's, at Tubbermore."

"Most kind, indeed — very flattering — I am really overpowered," said the lawyer, actually reddening with pleasure; and he said the exact truth, he was "overpowered" by a compliment so little expected. For, although high in his profession, and in considerable repute among his brethren, he had never be-

admitted into that peculiar class which calls itself the first society of the metropolis.

"I assure you," resumed Linton, "it was by a vote of the whole house I undertook my mission. The Kilgoffs, the MacFarlines, the Chief Justice, Meek, and — in fact, all your friends are there — and we only want *you* to make the party complete."

"I cannot express the regret — the very deep regret — I feel at being obliged to decline such an honour; one which, I am free to confess, actually takes me by surprise. But, my dear Mr. Linton, you see these weighty papers — that formidable heap yonder —"

"Meek said so," said Linton, interrupting, and at the same time assuming a look of deep despondency. "'Hammond will refuse,' said he. 'There's no man at the Irish Bar has the same amount of business; he cannot give his friends even one hour from his clients.'"

"I'm sure I scarcely suspected the Right Honourable Secretary knew of me," said Hammond, blushing between pleasure and shame.

"Downie not know of you! — not know Mr. Hammond! — come, come — this may do for a bit of quiz in those Irish newspapers that are always affecting to charge English officials with ignorance of the distinguished men here; but I cannot permit Mr. Hammond himself to throw out the aspersion, nor, indeed, can I suffer Meek, one of my oldest friends, to lie under the obloquy. I need not tell one so much more capable of appreciating these things than myself, how every administration comes into office with a host of followers far *more eager for place*, and infinitely more confident *of their high deservings*, than the truly capable men of

the party. These 'locusts' eat up the first harvest, but, happily for humanity, they rarely live for a second."

Linton leaned back in his chair, and appeared to be taking counsel with himself, and at length, as if having formed his resolve, said,

"Of course frankness with such a man is never a mistaken policy." And with this muttered soliloquy again became silent.

CHAPTER XX.

It was not "Flattery," he sold, but "Hope."

BELL.

We left Mr. Linton and Mr. Hammond seated opposite each other. The former lost in seeming reflection, the latter awaiting with eager expectancy for something which might explain the few strange words he had just listened to.

"May I venture on a bit of confidence, Mr. Hammond," said Linton, clearing his brow as he spoke; "you'll never betray me?"

"Never — on my honour."

"Never, willingly, I well know; but I mean, will you strictly keep what I shall tell you — for yourself alone — because, as I am the only depositary of the fact, it would be inevitable ruin to me if it got about?"

"I give you my solemn pledge — I promise."

"Quite enough — well —" Here he leaned on the other's shoulder, and putting his lips close to his ear, said: "Malone will retire — Repton will be Chief — *and*" — here he prodded the listener with his finger — "Attorney-General."

"You mean me, Sir — do you mean that I am to be Attor —"

"Hush!" said Linton, in a long low note; "do not breathe it, even in your sleep! If I know these things, it is because I am trusted in quarters where men of far more influence are hoodwinked. Were I once to be suspected of even this much, it would be 'up' with me for ever."

"My dear friend — will you pardon me for calling you so? — I'd suffer the torture of the rack before I'd divulge one syllable of it. I own to you, my family, and my friends in general, have not been patient under what they deemed the Government neglect of me."

"And with too good reason, Sir," said Linton, assuming the look and air of a moraliser. "And do you know why you have been passed over, Mr. Hammond? I'll tell you, Sir; because your talents were too brilliant, and your integrity too spotless, for promotion, in times, when inferior capacities and more convenient consciences were easier tools to handle! — Because you are not a man who, once placed in a conspicuous position, can be consigned to darkness and neglect when his capabilities have been proved to the world! — Because your knowledge, Sir — your deep insight into the political condition of this country, would soon have placed you above the heads of the very men who appointed you. But times are changed — capable men — zealous men — ay, Sir, and I will say, great men, are in request now. The Public *will* have them, and Ministers can no longer either overlook their claim, nor ignore their merit. You may rely upon it — I see something of what goes on behind the scenes of *the great state drama* — and be assured, that a new

era is about to dawn on the really able men of this country."

"Your words have given me a degree of encouragement, Mr. Linton, that I was very far from ever expecting to receive. I have often deplored — not on my own account, I pledge my honour — but I have grieved for others, whom I have seen here, unnoticed and undistinguished by successive Governments."

"Well, there is an end of the system now, and it was time!" said Linton, solemnly. "But to come back. Is there no chance of stealing you away, even for a couple of days?"

"Impossible, my dear Mr. Linton. The voluminous mass of evidence yonder relates to an appeal case, in which I am to appear before 'the Lords.' It is a most important suit; and I am at this very moment on my way to London, to attend a consultation with the Solicitor-General."

"How unfortunate! — for *us*, I mean — for, indeed, your client cannot join in the 'plaint. By the way, your mention of 'the Lords,' reminds me of a very curious circumstance. You are aware of the manner in which my friend Cashel succeeded to this great estate here?"

"Yes. I was consulted on a point of law in it, and was present at the two trials."

"Well, a most singular discovery has been made within the last few days. I suppose you remember that the property had been part of a confiscated estate, belonging to an old Irish family, named Corrigan?"

"I remember perfectly — a very fine old man, *that used* to be well known at Daly's Club, long ago."

"The same. Well, this old gentleman has been

lways under the impression, that shortly after the ccession of George III. the Act of Confiscation was epealed, and a full pardon granted to his ancestors or the part they had taken in the events of the time."

"I never knew the descendants of one of those confiscated' families who had not some such hallucination," said Hammond, laughing; "they cling to the straw, like the drowning man."

"Exactly," said Linton. "I quite agree with you. n the present case, however, the support is better than a straw; for there is an actual *bonâ fide* document extant, urporting to be the very pardon in question, signed y the King, and bearing the royal seal."

"Where is this? In whose possession?" said Iammond, eagerly.

Linton did not heed the question, but continued:

"By a very singular coincidence, the discovery is ot of so much moment as it might be; because, as ashel is about to marry the old man's granddaughter — his sole heiress — no change in the destination of he estate would ensue, even supposing Corrigan's title o be all that he ever conceived it. However, Cashel s really anxious on the point: he feels scruples about aking settlements and so forth, with the consciousness hat he may be actually disposing of what he has no eal claim to. He is a sensitive fellow; and yet he reads, on the other side, the kind of exposure that ould ensue in the event of this discovery becoming nown. The fact is, his own ancestors were little etter than bailiffs on the estate; and the inference from is new-found paper would lead one to say, not over-onest stewards *besides*."

"But if this document be authentic, Mr. Linton, Cashel's title is not worth sixpence."

"That is exactly what I'm coming to," said Linton; who, the reader may have already perceived, was merely inventing a case regarding a marriage, the better to learn from the counsel the precise position the estate would stand in towards Mary Leicester's husband. "If this document be authentic, Cashel's title is invalid. Now, what would constitute its authenticity?"

"Several circumstances: the registry of the pardon in the State Paper Office — the document itself, bearing the unmistakable evidences of its origin — the signature and seal — in fact, it could not admit of much doubt when submitted to examination."

"I told Cashel so," said Linton. "I said to him, 'My opinion unquestionably is that the pardon is genuine; but,' said I, 'when we have Hammond here, he shall see it, and decide the question.'"

"Ah! that is impossible —"

"So I perceive," broke in Linton; "we then hoped otherwise."

"Why didn't you bring it over with you?"

"So I did," said Linton; "here it is." And, opening a carefully-folded envelope, he placed the important document in the lawyer's hands.

Hammond spread it out upon the table, and sat down to read it over carefully, while Linton, to afford the more time to the scrutiny, took the opportunity of descending to his breakfast.

He stopped as he passed the bar to say a few words to the landlord — one of those easy speeches *he knew* so well how to make about the "state of *trade*," "what travellers were passing," and "how the

rospect looked for the coming season" — and then, hen turning away, as if suddenly recollecting himself, aid:

"By the way, Swindon, you're a cautious fellow, iat a man may trust with a secret — you know who ie gentleman is that came with me?"

"No, Sir; never saw him before. Indeed, I did ot remark him closely."

"All the better, Swindon. He does not fancy anyiing like scrutiny. He is Mr. Roland Cashel."

"Of Tubbermore, Sir?"

"The same. Hush, man — be cautious! He has ome up here about a little law business on which he esired to consult Mr. Hammond, and now we have a ocument for signature, if you could only find us nother person equally discreet with yourself to be the itness, for these kind of things, when they get about i the world, are misrepresented in a thousand ways.)o you happen to have any confidential man here ould suit us?"

"If my head-waiter, Sir, Mr. Nipkin, would do; he rites an excellent hand, and is a most reserved, cauous young man."

"Perfectly, Swindon; he'll do perfectly. Will you)in us up-stairs, where my friend is in waiting? Pray, lso, give Nipkin a hint not to bestow any undue ttention on Mr. Cashel, who wants to be *incog.* so ir as may be; as for yourself, Swindon, no hint is ecessary."

A graceful bow from the landlord acknowledged the ompliment, and he hastened to give the necessary rders, while Linton continued his way to the apartient *where the Italian* awaited him.

"Impatient for breakfast, I suppose, Giovanni?" said Linton, gaily, as he entered. "Well, sit down, and let us begin. Already I have done more than half the business which brought me here, and we may be on our way back within an hour."

Giovanni seated himself at the table without any of that constraint a sense of inferiority enforces, and began his breakfast in silence.

"You understand," said Linton, "that when you have written the name 'Roland Cashel,' and are asked if that be your act and deed, you have simply to say 'Yes;' a bow — a mere nod, indeed — is sufficient."

"I understand," said he, thoughtfully, as if reflecting over the matter with himself. "I conclude, then," added he, after a pause, "that the sooner I leave the country afterwards, the better — I mean the safer — for me."

"As to any positive danger," said Linton, affecting an easy carelessness, "there is none. The document is merely a copy of one already signed by Mr. Cashel, but which I have mislaid, and I am so ashamed of my negligence I cannot bring myself to confess it."

This tame explanation Linton was unable to finish without faltering, for the Italian's keen and piercing dark eyes seemed to penetrate into him as he was speaking.

"With this I have nothing to do," said he, abruptly. "It is quite clear, however, that Giovanni Santini is not Roland Cashel; nor, if there be a penalty on what I have done, am I so certain that he whose name I shall have forged will undergo it in my place."

"You talk of forgery and penalties as if we were about to commit a felony," said Linton, laughing. "Pray

give me the cream. There is really no such peril in the case, and if there were, it would be all mine."

"I know nothing of your laws here — I desire to know nothing of them," said the Italian, haughtily; "but if it should be my lot to be arraigned, let it be for something more worthy of manhood. I'll sign the paper, but I shall leave the country at once."

No words could have been more grateful to Linton's ears than these. He was, even at that very moment, considering in his own mind in what way to disembarrass himself of his "friend" when this service should have been effected.

"As you please, Giovanni," said he, gravely. "I regret to part company so soon with one whose frankness so well accords with my own humour."

The Italian's lips parted slightly, and a smile of cold and dubious meaning flitted across his dark features.

"We part here, then," said he, rising from the table. "There is a vessel leaves this for Bristol at noon to-day. It is already past eleven o'clock."

"I'll not delay," said Linton, rising and ringing the bell; "send Mr. Swindon here," said he to the waiter, while he opened a parchment document upon the table, and after hastily glancing over it, folded it carefully again, leaving uppermost the margin, where certain pencil marks indicated the places of signature. "This is yours, Giovanni," said he, placing a weighty purse in the Italian's hand, who took it with all the easy indifference of one whose feelings of shame were not too acute. "Remember what I have —"

There was no time to finish, for already a light tap was heard at the door, and the landlord, followed by the head-waiter, entered.

"We are pressed for time, Swindon," said Linton, as he examined the pens, which, like all Hotel ones, seemed invented for ruling music paper, "and have sent for you to witness the signature to this document. Here, Cashel, you are to sign here," said he, turning to Giovanni, who had just lighted a cigar, and was smoking away with all imaginable coolness. The Italian took the pen, and with a bold and steady hand wrote the words "Roland Cashel."

"Mr. Swindon at this side; Mr. Nipkin's name comes underneath."

"You acknowledge this for your hand and seal, Sir?" said Swindon, turning towards Giovanni.

"I do," said the Italian, in an accent which did not betray the slightest emotion, nor any trace of foreign pronunciation.

"All right; thank you, Swindon — thanks, Mr. Nipkin," said Linton, as, with an elation of countenance all his efforts could not suppress, he folded up the parchment; "and now, will you order my horses at once?"

The landlord and the waiter left the room, and Linton found himself once more alone with Giovanni; the only consolation he felt, being, that it was for the last time. There was a pause, in which each gazed steadily at the other without a word. At last, with a long-drawn sigh, Giovanni exclaimed:

"Perdio! but it is hard to do." And with this he pressed his hat upon his brows, and waving a careless farewell with his hand, walked out, leaving Linton in a state of amazement not altogether unmingled with *fear*. Tom watched the tall and stalwart figure of the *foreigner* as he moved through the crowd that filled

the quay, and it was with a sense of relief, he could not explain to himself, that he saw him cross the plank that led to the steamer, on whose deck numerous passengers were already assembled. The bell rang out in warning of her approaching departure, and Linton kept his eyes intently fixed upon the one figure, which towered above the others around him. Already the scene of bustle portended the moment of starting, and some were hastening on board, as others, with not less eagerness, were endeavouring to get on shore; when, just at that instant, the landlord's voice was heard.

"Mr. Hammond is just going off, Sir; he wants to say one word to you before he goes."

Mr. Hammond had just taken his seat in his carriage, and sat with one hand upon the door, awaiting Linton's coming.

"I am run sharp for time, Mr. Linton," cried he, "and have not a second to lose. I wish sincerely I could have given a little more time to that document — not indeed that any feature of difficulty exists in forming an opinion, only that I believe I could have put your friend on the safe road as to his future course."

"You regard it then as authentic — as a good and valid instrument?" said Linton, in a low but eager voice.

"So much so," said Hammond, lowering his tone to a mere whisper, "that if he does not marry the young lady in question, I would not give him twenty shillings for his title."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Linton, leaning his head on the door of the carriage, as if to conceal his chagrin, but in reality to hide the exuberance of his joy; "and this is your candid opinion of the case?"

"I *am willing* to stake my fame as a lawyer on

the issue; for, remember, the whole history of the suit is familiar to me; I recollect well the flaws in the course of proofs adduced, and I see how this discovery reconciles each discrepancy, and supplies every missing link of the chain."

"Poor fellow — it will be a sad blow for him," said Linton, with admirably-feigned emotion.

"But it need not, Mr. Linton. The church can tie a knot not even an equity suit can open. Let him marry."

"Ay, if he will."

"Tell him he must; tell him what I now tell you, that this girl is the greatest heiress in the land, and that he is a beggar. Plain speaking, Mr. Linton, but time is short. Good-by."

"One word more. Is the document of such a nature that leaves him no case whatever? Is all the ground cut away beneath his feet?"

"Every inch of it. Once more, good-by. Here is your parchment; keep it safely; there are few men in this city hold in their hands a paper of such moment."

"I'll take good care of it," said Linton, sententiously; "and so good-by, and a safe journey to you. I'll not forget our conversation of this morning. Meek shall hear of it before I sleep to-night. Adieu."

"The richest heiress in the land, and Cashel a beggar," repeated Linton, slowly, to himself, as the carriage drove off. "Charley Frobisher would say, 'Hedge on the double event,' but I'll keep my book." And, with this slang reflection, he sauntered into the Inn to wait for his horses.

CHAPTER XXI.

—— His counsel, like his physic,
If hard to take, was good when taken.
VILLAGE WORTHIES.

LONG before the guests of Tubbermore were astir, Cashel sat in his library awaiting the arrival of Doctor Tiernay. In obedience to Roland's request, Mr. Kennyfeck was present, and affected to look over books or out of windows — to scan over prints or inspect maps — anything, in short, which should pass the time and shorten the interval of waiting — doubly awkward from being the first moment he had been alone with Cashel since his arrival.

Cashel was silent and absorbed, and, more intent upon following out the train of his own thoughts, never noticed the various arts by which Kennyfeck affected to interest himself. The Solicitor, too, bent from time to time a stealthy look on the young man, on whose features he had rarely seen the same traces of deep reflection.

At last, with a half start, as if suddenly awaking, Cashel sat up in his chair, and said:

"Have I explained to you what Doctor Tiernay's business is here, this morning? It is to make a proposition from Mr. Corrigan for the sale of his interest in Tubber-beg. He wishes to leave the country and go abroad."

"His interest, Sir," replied Kennyfeck, calmly, "although more valuable to you than to any one else, must be a matter of small amount; for years back, he has done little more than vegetate on the property, *without capital or skill* to improve it."

"I'm not asking you to appraise it just yet," said Roland, snappishly; "I was simply informing you of the object of the gentleman's visit. It is the advantage of this purchase that I wished you to consider, not its cost."

"The cost will define the advantage, Sir," rejoined Kennyfeck, "particularly as the demand may be high, and the payment inconvenient."

"How do you mean, inconvenient?"

Kennyfeck hesitated. There was something in the hurried abruptness of the question, as well as in the excited expression of the questioner's face, that confused him; so that Cashel had time to repeat the words before he could reply.

"Is it that I am straitened for money?" said he, passionately.

"Not quite — that — Sir," replied Kennyfeck, stopping between every word. "You have resources — very great resources — untouched, and you have considerable sums in foreign securities, intact —"

"Never mind these," broke in Roland, hurriedly. "How do we stand with those London fellows?"

Kennyfeck shook his head gravely, but without speaking.

"I pray you, Sir," said Roland, in a voice of hardly-suppressed passion, "keep pantomime for another moment, or a keener interpreter of it, and condescend, in plain English, to answer me my last question."

"There is no difficulty with Bigger and Swain, Sir," said Kennyfeck, as his cheek grew slightly red. "They will neither be pressing for a settlement, nor exacting *when* making it; besides, you have not overdrawn *very heavily* after all."

"Overdrawn, said you? — did you say overdrawn, Mr. Kennyfeck?"

"Yes, Sir. In the account last forwarded, your debit was eleven thousand four hundred and forty pounds; since that you have drawn — but not for any large amount."

"Overdrawn!" repeated Cashel, as though his thoughts had never wandered beyond the first shock of that fact; then rallying into something like his habitual easy humour, he said, "I am, I need not tell you, the stupidest man of business that ever breathed, so pray forgive me if I ask you once more, if I understood you aright that I have not only expended all the money I owned in these people's hands, but actually had contracted a debt to them?"

"That is the case, Sir," said Kennyfeck, gravely.

A deep groan broke from Cashel, and he sat silent and still.

"I would wish to observe, Sir," said Kennyfeck, who was shocked at the alteration a few moments had made in the young man's countenance — "I would wish to observe, Sir, that if you desire a sum of money for any purpose —"

"Stay — let me interrupt you here," said Cashel, laying his hand on Kennyfeck's arm, and using a tone whose earnest distinctness thrilled through his hearer's heart; "I should deceive you, were you to suppose that it is the want of money gives me the pain I am now suffering. That I had believed myself rich a few moments back, and now found myself a beggar, could not give one-thousandeth part of that suffering which I feel here. I have braved poverty in every form, and I *could brave it again*; but I'll tell you what it is that

now cuts me to the soul, and lowers me to myself. It is that, in a senseless, heartless career, I should have squandered the wealth by which I once imagined I was to bless and succour hundreds. It is to think, that of all the gold I have wasted, not one memory has been purchased of a sick-bed consoled, a suffering lessened, a sinking spirit encouraged — I have done nothing, actually nothing, save pamper vice and sensual heartlessness. I came to this kingdom a few months back, my very dreams filled with schemes of benevolence. I felt as if this wealth were given to me that I might show the world how much of good may be done by one who, having experienced narrow fortune, should best know how to relieve it in others; and now, here am I, the wealth and the high aspirations alike departed, with no tradition to carry away, save of a life passed in debauch, the friendship of worthless, the pitying contempt of good men! Hear me out. I was nurtured in no school of sentiment; I belonged to a class who had too little time or taste to indulge scruples. We were reckless, passionate — cruel, if you will — but we were not bad in cold blood; we seldom hated long; we never could turn on a benefactor. These are not the lessons I've lived to learn here! It is over, however — it is past now! I'll go back to the old haunts, and the old comrades. It will go hard with me if I quarrel with their rude speech and rough demeanour. I'll think of *gentlemen!* and be grateful."

The rapid utterance in which he poured forth these words, and the fervid excitement of his manner, abashed Kennyfeck, and deterred him from reply. Cashel was *the first* to speak.

"This arrangement, however, must be provided for;

whatever Mr. Corrigan's interest be worth — or rather, whatever he will accept in lieu of it — I insist upon his having. But I see Doctor Tiernay coming up to the door; we can talk of these things at another time."

When Tiernay entered the library he was heated with his walk, and his face betrayed unmistakable signs of recent irritation; indeed, he did not long conceal the reason.

"Is it true, Mr. Cashel, that Mr. Linton is your nominee for the borough of Derraheeny?"

"Yes; what of that?"

"Why, that he canvasses the constituency in a fashion we have not yet been accustomed to; at least *your* tenants, of whom I am one, are told that our votes are the condition on which our leases will receive renewal; that you will not brook opposition in any one who holds under you. Are these your sentiments, Mr. Cashel, or only his?"

"Not mine, assuredly," replied Cashel, gravely.

"I said as much. I told several of my neighbours that if this mode of canvass had your sanction, it was from not knowing the privileges of an elector."

"I neither sanctioned nor knew of it," rejoined Cashel, eagerly.

"So much the better — at least for me," said Tiernay, seating himself at the breakfast-table, "for I shall not lose a good breakfast, as I should have been forced to do had these been your intentions."

"I would observe, Doctor Tiernay," interposed Kennyfeck, mildly, "that the borough, being entirely the property of Mr. Cashel, its charities maintained by his *bounty, and its* schools supported at his cost, that

he has a fair claim on the gratitude of those who benefit by his benevolence."

"Let him stand himself for the borough, and we'll not deny the debt," said Tiernay, roughly; "but if for every ten he should expend a hundred, ay, Sir, or a thousand on the village, I'd not vote for Mr. Linton."

"Most certainly, Doctor; I'd never seek to coerce you," said Cashel, smiling.

"Labour lost, Sir. I am your tenant for a holding of twenty-two pounds a year. I have never been in arrear; you, consequently, have not granted me any favour, save that of extending your acquaintance to me. Now, Sir, except that you are a rich man and I a poor one, how is even that condescension on your part a favour? and how could *you* purpose upon it, to ask me to surrender my right of judgment on an important point, to you, who, from your high station, your rank and influence, have a thousand prerogatives, while *I* have but this one?"

"I never heard the just influence of the landed proprietor disputed before," said Kennyfeck, who felt outraged at the Doctor's hardihood.

"It is only *just* influence, Sir," said Tiernay, "when he who wields it is an example, as much by his life, as by the exercise of an ability that commands respect. Show me a man at the head of a large property, extending the happiness of his tenantry, succouring the sick, assisting the needy, spreading the blessings of his own knowledge among those who have neither leisure nor opportunity to acquire it for themselves. Let *me see him*, while enjoying to the fullest the bounteous *gifts that* are but the portion of few in this world, not

forgetful of those whose life is toil, and whose struggle is for mere existence. Let me not know the landlord only by his liveries and his equipage, his fox-hounds, his plate, his racers, and his sycophants."

"Hard hitting, Doctor!" cried Cashel, interrupting.

"Not if you can take it so good-humouredly," said Tiernay; "not if it only lose me the honour of ever entering here, and teach you to reflect on these things."

"You mistake me much," said Cashel, "if you judge me so narrowly."

"I did not think thus meanly of you; nor, if I did, would it have stopped me. I often promised myself, that if I could but eat of a rich man's salt, I'd tell him my mind, while under the protection of his hospitality. I have paid my debt now; and so, no more of it. Kennyfeck could tell you better than I, if it be not, in part at least, deserved. All this splendour that dazzles our eyes — all this luxury, that makes the contrast of our poverty the colder — all this reckless waste, that is like an unfeeling jest upon our small thrift, is hard to bear when we see it, not the pastime of an idle hour, but the business of a life. You can do far better things than these, and be happier as well as better for doing them! And now, Sir, are you in the mood to discuss my friend's project?"

"Perfectly so, Doctor; you have only to speak your sentiments on the matter before Mr. Kennyfeck; my concurrence is already with you."

"We want you to buy our interest in Tubber-beg," said the Doctor, drawing his chair in front of Kennyfeck; "and though you tell us that flower-plots and *hollies, laurestinas* and geraniums, are not wealth, we'll

insist on your remunerating us for some share of the cost. The spot is a sweet one, and will improve your demesne. Now, what's it worth?"

"There are difficulties which may preclude any arrangement," said Kennyfeck, gravely. "There was a deed of gift of this very property made out, and only awaiting Mr. Cashel's signature."

"To whom?" said Tiernay, gasping with anxiety.

"To Mr. Linton."

"The very thing I feared," said the old man, dropping his head, sorrowfully.

"It is easily remedied, I fancy," said Cashel. "It was a hasty promise given to afford him qualification for Parliament. I'll give him something of larger value. I know he'll not stand in our way here."

"How you talk of giving, Sir! You should have been the Good Fairy of a nursery tale, and not a mere man of acres and bank-notes. But have your own way. It's only anticipating the crash a month or so; ruined you must be!"

"Is that so certain," said Cashel, half smiling, half seriously.

"Ask Mr. Kennyfeck, there, whose highest ambition half a year ago was to be your agent, and now he'd scarcely take you for a son in-law! Don't look so angry, man; what I said is but an illustration. It will be with your property as it was with your pleasure-boat t'other day; you'll never know you've struck till you're sinking."

"You affect to have a very intimate knowledge of Mr. Cashel's affairs, Sir," said Kennyfeck, who was *driven* beyond all further endurance.

"Somewhat more than you possess, Mr. Kenny-

feck; for I know his tenantry. Not as you know them, from answering to their names at rent-day, but from seeing them in seasons of distress and famine, — from hearing their half-uttered hopes, that better days were coming when the new landlord himself was about to visit them, — from listening to their sanguine expectations of benefits, — and now, within some few days, from hearing the low mutterings of their discontent — the prelude of worse than that."

"I have seen nothing else than the same scenes for forty years, but I never remember the people more regular in their payments," said the Attorney.

"Well, don't venture among the Drumcoologhan boys alone; that, at least, I would recommend you," said the Doctor, menacingly.

"Why not? — Who are they? — Where are these fellows?" cried Cashel, for danger was a theme that never failed to stir his heart.

"It's a bad barony, Sir," said Kennyfeck, solemnly.

"A district that has supplied the gallows and the convict-ship for many a year; but we are wandering away from the theme we ought to discuss," interposed Tiernay, "and the question narrows itself to this: if this property is still yours — if you have not already consigned it to another — what is my friend's interest worth?"

"That will require calculation and reflection."

"Neither, Mr. Kennyfeck," broke in Cashel. "Learn Mr. Corrigan's expectations, and see that they are complied with."

"My friend desired a small annuity on the life of his granddaughter."

"*Be it an annuity*, then," replied Cashel.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Tiernay, as if he could not restrain the impulse that worked within him, "you are a fine-hearted fellow. Here, Sir," said he, taking a paper from his pocket — "here is a document, which my poor friend sat up half the night to write, but which I'd half made up my mind never to give you. You'd never guess what it is, nor your keen friend either, but I'll spare you the trouble of spelling it over. It's a renunciation of Cornelius Corrigan, Esq., for himself and his heirs for ever, of all right, direct or contingent, to the estate of Tubbermore, once the family property of his ancestors for eleven generations. You never heard of such a claim," said Tiernay, turning to Cashel, "but Mr. Kennyfeck did; he knows well the importance of that piece of paper he affects to treat with such indifference."

"And do you suppose, Sir, that if this claim you speak of be a good and valid one, that I could, as a man of honour, maintain a possession to which I had no right? No; let Mr. Corrigan take back that paper; let him try his right, as the laws enable him. If I stand not here as the just owner of this house, I am ready to leave it at this instant; but I am neither to be intimidated by a threat, nor conciliated by a compromise."

"Mr. Corrigan's claim has nothing to go upon, I assure you," broke in Kennyfeck. "If we accept the paper, it is by a courtesy to show that we respect the feeling that suggested it — nothing more."

While these words were addressed to Tiernay, Cashel, who had walked towards one of the windows, *did* not hear them.

"Well," cried Tiernay, after an awkward pause,

"the devil a worse negotiator ever accepted a mission than myself! When I desire to be frank, the only truths that occur to me are sure to be offensive, and I never am so certain to insult as when I fancy I'm doing a favour. Good-by, Sir; pardon the liberties of an old man, whose profession has taught him to believe that remedies are seldom painless, and who, although a poor man, would rather any day lose the fee than the patient! You'll not treat Con Corrigan the less kindly because he has an imprudent friend. I'm sorry to think that I leave an unfavourable impression behind me; but I'm glad, heartily glad, I came here to breakfast, for I go away convinced of two things, that I was far from believing so certain when I entered —"

He paused for a second or two, and then said:

"That a spendthrift could have an unblemished sense of honour, and that an attorney could appreciate it!"

With these words he departed, while Cashel, after staring for a few moments at Kennyfeck, threw himself back in his chair, and laughed long and heartily.

"An original, Sir — quite an original!" said Kennyfeck, who, not exactly knowing whether to accept the Doctor's parting speech as a compliment, or the reverse, contented himself with this very vague expression.

"He's a fine old fellow, although he does lay on his salve in Indian fashion, with a scalping-knife; but I wish he'd not have said anything of that confounded paper."

"Pardon me, Sir," interposed Kennyfeck, taking it from his pocket, "but it might prove of inestimable value, in the event of any future litigation."

"*What! you kept it*, then?" cried Cashel.

"Of course I did, Sir. It is a document scarce inferior to a deed of title; for although Mr. Corrigan has nothing to substantiate a claim at law, it is incontestable that his family were the original owners of this estate."

Cashel took the paper from Kennyfeck's hand, and seemed to peruse it for some minutes, and then approaching the fire he threw it into the blaze, and pressed it down with the poker till it was consumed; while Kennyfeck, too much consternated to utter a word, stood the personification of terror-struck astonishment.

"You have burnt it, Sir!" said he at last, in a whisper.

"Why not, Sir?" cried Cashel, rudely. "Should I have made use of it against the man who wrote it, or against his heirs, if by chance they should seek one day to dispute my right?"

A deep sigh was all the reply Kennyfeck could make.

"I understand your compassion well," said Cashel, scornfully. "You are right, Sir. It was the buccaneer, not the gentleman spoke there; but I'm sick of masquerading, and I long for a little reality."

Without waiting for a reply, Roland left the room, and wandered out into the Park.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Like Dido's self," she said, "I'm free!
Trojan or Tyrian, are alike to me."

THERE was but one species of tyranny Mr. Kennyfeck ever attempted in his family: this was, to shroud

with a solemn mystery every little event in his professional career which he saw excited any curiosity with his wife and daughters. It was true, that, on such occasions, he became a mark for most sneering insinuations and derisive commentaries; but he rose with the dignity of a martyr above all their taunts; and doubtless felt in his heart the supporting energy of a high-priest standing watch over the gate of the Temple.

The few pencilled lines by Cashel, which had summoned him to the meeting recorded in the last chapter, he threw into the fire as soon as he had read, and then arising from the breakfast-table, drily observed,

"Don't wait breakfast, Mrs. Kennyfeck, I shall not be back for some time."

"Another secret, Mr. Kennyfeck," said his wife, scoffingly.

He only smiled in reply.

"It ought to be a duel, at least, Pa," said his eldest daughter, "from the urgent haste of your departure."

"Or a runaway couple, who wish to have the settlements —"

"Is that all you know of the matter, Livy?" said her sister, laughing heartily; "why, child, your Gretna Green folks never have settlements — never think of them till six months later, when they are wanting to separate."

"Is there any occasion for mystery in this case?" rejoined Mrs. Kennyfeck, haughtily.

"To be sure there may, my dear," broke in Aunt Fanny; "there's many a dirty thing the lawyers have to do, they'd be ashamed to own before their families."

Even this did not move Mr. Kennyfeck, although from the way he nestled his chin behind the folds o

his white cravat, and a certain scarcely perceptible shake of the head, it was clear he longed to refute the foul aspersion.

"I suppose you will appear at dinner, Sir?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, with her grandest air.

"I hope so, Mrs. Kennyfeck," was the mild answer.

"Without you should take it into your head, Pa, to enter into rivalry with Mr. Linton, and stay away, Heaven knows where or how long," said Miss Kennyfeck.

Mr. Kennyfeck did not wait for more, but left the room with an air whose solemnity well suited any amount of secrecy.

"Is there a carriage at the door?" said Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"No, Mamma; there are three saddle-horses — one with a side-saddle. That odious Miss Meek!" exclaimed Miss Kennyfeck; "what Lord Charles can see in her I cannot conceive. To be sure, she saves a stableboy the more, and that to him is something."

"Has your father gone out by the back terrace?" resumed Mrs. Kennyfeck, one only theme occupying her thoughts.

Olivia retired into an adjoining room, and soon returned, saying,

"No, Ma; there's no one there, except Sir Andrew and Lady Janet, taking their morning walk."

"Their run, rather, my dear," chimed in Miss Kennyfeck, "for she chases the poor old man up and down with a cup of camomile tea, which either scalds or sets him a-coughing. I'm sure that tiresome old couple have awoke me every day the last week with *their* squabbling."

"Step down into the library, my love," said Mrs.

Kennyfeck to her younger daughter, "and bring me up the *Post* or the *St. James's Chronicle*."

"And if you meet Phillis, just ask if he saw your father, for he forgot his gloves." And, suiting the action to the word, Aunt Fanny dived into a cavern of an apron-pocket, and drew out a pair of knitted things without fingers, which she offered to Olivia.

"Do no such thing, Miss Olivia Kennyfeck," said her Mamma, with an air of imposing grandeur.

"Ma wants the newspaper, Olivia, and is not thinking of Papa," said Miss Kennyfeck; and her eyes sparkled with a malicious fun she well knew how to enjoy.

As Miss Olivia Kennyfeck left the room, her sister approached the fireplace, where a small charred portion of the note thrown down by her father was yet lying. She took it, and walking toward the window examined it carefully.

And while we leave her thus occupied, let us, for the reader's information — albeit he may deem the matter trivial — give the contents as Cashel wrote them:

"Dear Mr. Kennyfeck, — Make my excuses to Mrs. Kennyfeck and the Demoiselles Cary and Olivia, if I deprive them of your society this morning at breakfast, for I shall want your counsel and assistance in the settlement of some difficult affairs. I have been shamefully backward in paying my respectful addresses to the ladies of your family; but to-day, if they will permit, I intend to afford myself that pleasure. It is as a friend, and not as my counsel learned in law, I ask your presence with me in my library at ten o'clock. Till then,

"Believe me yours,

"R. C."

Now, of this very common-place document, a few blackened, crumpled, frail fragments were all that remained; and these, even to the searching dark eyes of Miss Kennyfeck, revealed very little. Indeed, had they not been written in Cashel's hand, she would have thrown them away at once, as unworthy of further thought. This fact, and the word "Olivia," which she discovered after much scrutiny, however, excited all her zeal, and she laboured now like an antiquarian, who believes he has gained the clue to some mysterious inscription. She gathered up the two or three filmy black bits of paper which yet lay within the fender, and placing them before her, studied them long and carefully. The word "settlement" was clear as print.

"'Olivia' and 'settlement' in the same paper," thought she; "what can this mean?"

"Come here, Mamma — Aunt Fanny — look at this for a moment," said she, eagerly; and the two ladies approached at her bidding.

"What is that word?" said she to Mrs. Kennyfeck. "Is it not 'Olivia?' Don't you see the end of the 'l' has been burned away, but the rest is quite plain?"

"So it is — upon my life! — and in Cashel's hand, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"And what is that?" asked Miss Kennyfeck, triumphantly, pointing to another word.

Aunt Fanny, with her spectacles on, bent down, and examined it long.

"'Battlement. That is 'battlement' as clear as day," said she.

"What nonsense, aunt. It is 'settlement.' Look at *what* you call a 'b' — it is an 's.'"

"Cary's quite right. The word is 'settlement,'" said Mrs. Kennyfeck, in a voice tremulous with joy.

"And there! — I hope you can read!" exclaimed Miss Kennyfeck, "even without your spectacles — 'paying' — 'addresses.'"

"Show it to *me*, Cary," said her mother, eagerly. "I declare I can read it perfectly. Is it possible! — can this be indeed true?"

"Of course it is, Mamma. Will you tell me by what other coincidence you could find Olivia's name coupled with the words 'settlement' and 'addresses' in the same note?"

"It is very suspicious, certainly," said Aunt Fanny.

"I think it very convincing, aunt — not suspicious," said Miss Kennyfeck, proudly. "Here is something about 'friend,' and another word I can't make out."

"That's something about a 'saw,' my love," said Aunt Fanny.

"How absurd, aunt; the word is 'law.' I have it. See — here is the name — it is the conclusion of the note, and ran, doubtless, thus: 'Your present friend, and future son-in-law, — R. C.'"

Mrs. Kennyfeck leaned forward, and kissed her daughter's cheek with a degree of fervour she very rarely gave way to; and then, lying back in her chair, pressed her handkerchief to her face, while she, doubtless, revelled in a little excursion of fancy, not the less brilliant because tempered with anxiety.

If the moment was one of maternal ecstasy for Mrs. Kennyfeck, it was no less one of triumphant joy to her daughter. It was *she* who revealed the secret meaning; her skill and *ingenuity* had given light to the dark *mystery, and consistency* to its incoherence. What do-

mination could be too great for such services? It was then, like a legitimate sovereign assuming the reins of government, she said:

"I beg, Aunt Fanny, that you will not spoil the game this time, as most unquestionably you did before."

"Let us see that there is one to be spoiled, my dear," rejoined Aunt Fanny, snappishly.

"You are really too provoking, Fanny," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, removing her handkerchief from two very red eyelids. "You never are satisfied when you see us happy. Cary has shown you enough to convince any one ——"

"Any one disposed to conviction, Mamma," broke in Miss Kennyfeck, haughtily. "Hush, here's Olivia."

"Mr. Meek is reading the *Post*, Ma," said the young lady, entering, "and he has got the other papers in his pocket, but he says there's really nothing of any interest in them."

"I think Livy should be told, Mamma," whispered Miss Kennyfeck to her mother.

"I quite agree with you, Cary," said Mrs. Kennyfeck; "I never was a friend to any secrecy in families. Your father, indeed, I grieve to say, does not participate in my sentiments, but much may be excused in him, from the habits of his profession, and, I will also say, from the class in life he sprang from." Here Mrs. Kennyfeck, who had spoken like one delivering an oracle, stopped to drop a tear over the sad *mésalliance* which had condemned her to become the wife of an attorney. "Olivia, my dear, circumstances have disclosed the nature of the interview, which Mr. Kennyfeck would not confide to us. It is one in which y

are deeply concerned, my dear. Have you any suspicion to what I allude?"

Olivia assumed her very sweetest look of innocence, but made no reply.

"Mamma wants you to be candid enough to say, if there is anything in the way of particular attention you may have received lately, which should corroborate the impressions we entertain."

Miss Kennyfeck delivered these words so categorically, that her sister well knew how, in the event of refusal, a searching cross-examination was reserved for her.

Olivia looked down, and a very slight embarrassment might be detected in the quickened heaving of her chest.

"Tell us, my darling," said Aunt Fanny, "if — if any one has, in a manner so to say — you understand — eh?"

"Keep the blushes, Livy, for another time; they look beautiful with orange flowers in the hair," said her sister; "but be candid with us."

"If you mean attentions, Mamma ——"

"We mean attentions, 'and something more,' as Lord Lyndhurst says," interposed Miss Kennyfeck, who felt that she was the proper person to conduct the inquiry.

"I cannot positively say, Mamma, that we are engaged, but I believe that if you and Pa make no obstacles — if, in fact, you are satisfied that his rank and fortune are sufficient for your expectations, as I *own they are, for* mine ——"

"What humility!" exclaimed Miss Kennyfeck, holding up her hands.

"Hush, Cary — go on, Livy," said her mother.

"I have no more to say, Mamma. Sir Harvey told me ——"

"Sir Harvey!" cried Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"Sir Harvey Upton!" echoed Miss Kennyfeck.

"The man with the hair all over his face!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, whose western habits had not accustomed her to moustaches.

Olivia stared from one to the other in mingled fear and astonishment. She suddenly saw that she had been betrayed into a confession to which they did not possess the slightest clue; she also perceived that the tidings, for which she anticipated a most joyous welcome, were received with coldness and almost disdain.

"He is a Baronet, Mamma, with very great expectations," said she, proudly; for really, it was a large "bird" to bag, in the beginning of the season, too!

"Very possibly," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, looking to her elder daughter, with that silent eloquence which the Court occasionally bestows upon the Crown Counsel, meaning to say: "Have you anything to reply to that?"

"Mamma is aware that Sir Harvey is a Baronet, and a Captain of Hussars, and Jonas Upton of Summerton is his uncle, who may, or may not, leave him his large estates — a circumstance, most probably, mainly dependent on the alliance he may form in marriage."

"Yes, indeed! my dear," broke in Aunt Fanny; "and when the old man finds out that 'tis only an *Attorney's* daughter ——"

"Fanny, do you mean to drive me distracted!" screamed Mrs. Kennyfeck; "are my children to be taught to be ashamed of their father?"

"'Tis a lesson they might know by heart, this time of day, my dear," said the inexorable Fanny, who put up her spectacles, and smoothed down her apron — unmistakable signs that she was preparing for battle.

"You needn't 'beat to quarters,' aunt, as Captain Luttredge says; there is no one going to fire into you," said Miss Kennyfeck. "The question at present is, how is Olivia to free herself from an unhappy connexion ——"

"An unhappy connexion!" exclaimed Livy, in amazement.

"Listen to your sister, and don't interrupt her," said Mrs. Kennyfeck.

"I spoke advisedly, Livy," resumed the elder, "when I called your connexion with Sir Harvey Upton, unhappy. We have just learned that far higher views are opening to you — that no less a person than Mr. Cashel ——"

"Impossible, Mamma! he never notices me in the least. Our acquaintance is scarcely more than a cold act of recognition when we meet."

"Though love is hot sometimes, soon it grows cold," muttered Aunt Fanny, who believed she was quoting to the letter.

"There never was love in the case at all, aunt," said Olivia.

"Attend to *me*, Livy," said her sister, who seemed impatient at this digression. "It is sufficient — it ought at least to be sufficient — for you, that *we* know Mr. Roland Cashel's intentions. It is for you to establish a coolness with Sir Harvey. There is no difficulty in the task. I could not presume to instruct you in any matter of this kind, nor will I."

"Take a friend's advice, Livy dear, and don't throw out dirty water till you're sure of clean."

"What, aunt?" asked Olivia, who really was puzzled by the figurative eloquence of her relative.

"Pshaw!" said Miss Kennyfeck, equally angry at the counsel and the vulgarity of the expression it was couched in. "Livy, attend to *me*," said she again. "Mr. Cashel has sent for Papa this morning to make a formal — Hush, here is Pa himself." And Mr. Kennyfeck's heavy tread was heard approaching the door.

Mr. Kennyfeck's sudden entrance not only closed the discussion, but left the debaters in the difficulty of having no concerted line of conduct respecting the new arrival; and although Mrs. Kennyfeck's eyebrows were worked with a telegraphic activity, and Miss Kennyfeck's pantomimic replies as promptly returned, it was clear to see that neither comprehended the other. Kanitz lays it down as an axiom that "when two wings of an army are in presence of an enemy, and without means of rapid and certain communication, it is always better to act on the defensive than to attack, without some evident weak point of the adversary encourages a forward movement." It is more than probable that neither Mrs. Kennyfeck nor her fair daughter had studied the authority in question, yet with a tact quite instinctive they proceeded to act upon it.

"You are back early, Mr. Kennyfeck," said his wife, with a tone of half indifference.

Mr. Kennyfeck looked at his watch, and said it wanted twenty minutes to twelve.

"Has Mr. Linton returned, Pa?" asked Miss Kennyfeck.

"I believe not. I have not heard that he has."

"It would be little loss if he never did!" said Aunt Fanny, as she bit the end of an obstinate thread that would not enter the eye of her needle.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny!" exclaimed Olivia, in a deprecating tone.

"'Pon my word, my dear, them's my sentiments — whatever yours is."

"Mr. Cashel certainly thinks differently," said Mrs. Kennyfeck, glad to introduce the name uppermost in all their thoughts.

"I think of late there has been something like a coldness between them — you see them very rarely together. Did Mr. Cashel mention his name to you this morning, Mr. Kennyfeck?" said his wife; and by this sudden question revealing that they knew, at least, where he had been.

"Mere passingly, incidentally," said Mr. Kennyfeck, evidently amazed that his small mystery had been penetrated; then, after a slight pause, he added, very probably with a sly malice to pique curiosity, "Mr. Cashel is desirous of Mr. Linton's counsel on a step he meditates taking."

"Indeed, Sir; and has he much confidence in Mr. Linton's judgment?"

"In this instance, it is likely he will follow the dictates of his own, Mrs. Kennyfeck," said the Attorney, solemnly.

This fencing was too much for Mrs. Kennyfeck, in whom the Job-like element was always at zero. It was an insult, too, to her understanding, that Mr. Kennyfeck should skirmish in this fashion with her; and so, drawing herself proudly up, she said:

"Mr. Kennyfeck, I would wish to ask you, if yc

have, even upon one single occasion, discovered that *my* knowledge of the world, *my* tact, or my intelligence, were inferior to your own?"

"Never, Madam; I'm sure I never disputed the —"

"No, Sir, you never dared to contest the fact, though you may have endeavoured to escape from its application. I believe, Sir, the only instance of deficient judgment I can be accused of, *you*, at least, ought not to reproach me with. 'My family'" — this was a word Mrs. Kennyfeck used to enunciate with an emphasis that always impressed her husband, very little provocation might possibly have made her say, "Our house" — "my family, indeed, may refuse to forgive me" — she stopped, wiped her eyes, and then, with what seemed a heroic victory over her feelings, went on — "but the welfare of my children, Sir, may well be conceived dear to one, who would not league to them the unhappy descent she has herself suffered."

Mrs. Kennyfeck paused again. It appeared as though, do what she would, there was no escaping from the theme of her *mésalliance* when once she had touched it. It was very birdlime in its adhesiveness.

"When, therefore, Mr. Kennyfeck, the occasion presents itself of resuming, through my children — for, alas! it is lost to me in my own person — the station I have forfeited, I do think that I should at least be consulted, that my advice should be asked, and my guidance required. Don't you think so too, Sir?"

Now, of all men living, never was there one more *inept* to read riddles than poor Mr. Kennyfeck, and *while* he averred that he perfectly concurred in his wife's *opinion*, he had not the faintest glimmering of a notion *what* that opinion implied.

"Don't you think, Sir, also, it would be better to use a little candour with your family?"

"Yes, Pa, we know all about it," said Miss Kennyfeck, nodding significantly.

"Ay, indeed, we had it in black and white — that is, if we can call a bit of burnt —"

"Aunt Fanny, what are you about?" cried Miss Kennyfeck, in a voice of real terror, for she was shocked at the meanness she did not scruple to stoop to.

"Yes, Mr. Kennyfeck," reiterated his wife, "we know all! If, however, you still persist in maintaining that mysterious aspect you have assumed with your family, I must say, Sir, it is perfectly absurd."

"It is unnecessary, too, Papa," cried Miss Kennyfeck.

"And it's unfair to that young creature," chimed in Aunt Fanny, with a gesture towards Olivia, who sat, *en tableau* for injured innocence, next a window.

Possibly, if any could have read Mr. Kennyfeck's sentiments at that instant, they would have recognised the sufferings of a true martyr. To his own heart he muttered,

"This is very hard; it is being called upon to reply to a case without a copy of the affidavits."

At length, with a courage that he did not believe he was capable of, he said:

"I am confused, Mrs. Kennyfeck; I am overwhelmed; I may submit a plea of surprise — that is, I would move the Court, I mean — in fact, I must beg you will permit me to adjourn this case."

And with these words, and in an agitation very unusual with him, he hastened from the room. Scarcely had the door closed after him, than he reopened it, and putting in his head, said,

was it the tribute paid to some half-called up memory. It was none of these; though perhaps each entered into it as an ingredient. But what right have we to analyse its meaning? or ask how much of hope or fear it contained? — what portion of regret for one she was about to desert? — what shame for the faithlessness? Ay, what shame!

Coquetry is no virtue; but most certainly it is not the wholesale corrupter some moralists would make it. Miss Olivia Kennyfeck had been taught it from her earliest years, — from those pleasant days, when, dressed like some fairy queen, she descended from the nursery to stand beside Pa's chair on company days, at dessert, and be stared at, and kissed, and "dear-loved" by some scores of people, whose enthusiasm for childish beauty had all the warmth that springs from turtle and truffles, iced punch and Lafitte. She had been taught it by the French governess, who told her to be "aimable." The very dancing-master cried out, "Grace — more grace, if you please, Miss Olivia," at every step of her minuet; and the riding-master's eternal exhortation was, "Sit as if the whole world was watching you, Miss."

These teachings go further and deeper into the heart than we suspect. "The wish to please" — pure and amiable as the feeling can be — lies on the frontier of a dangerous land — the "wish to conquer." That passion once engendered in the heart, no room remains for any other.

To return to Miss Olivia Kennyfeck — for most ungallantly we are forgetting she is alone all this while. Her education had but one end and object — to obtain a good position by marriage. The precept had been instilled into her mind in a thousand differe

ways, and not only self-interest, but pride, emulation, and vanity had been enlisted in its support. So constantly was the theme presented to her, such day by-day discussion of the prizes and blanks drawn by others in the wheel connubial, that she really felt little or no interest in any other topic.

And yet, with all that misdirection of mind, that perverse insistance on wrong, there was still in her heart a void, a want, that neither vanity nor selfishness could fill. It might be, perhaps, to be found out by one who should make it the storehouse of high and generous impulses, of ennobling duties and tender affections; or, just as likely, lie like some fruitful but unknown tract — barren, waste, and profitless!

Three o'clock came! And now the house resounded with the buzz of voices and the hurried movement of feet. Carriages and horses, too, assembled before the door, and all the pleasant bustle of those bent on pleasure filled the air. Olivia arose, and screened by the curtain, watched the scene beneath. For the first time she perceived that Lady Kilgoff was in a riding-dress. She stood in the midst of a group before the door, amid which Olivia's eyes peered with restless activity.

No, Cashel was not there! She almost said the comforting words aloud; but at the same instant a cry of "Here he is — here he comes!" broke from those beneath, and every head was turned towards the road to the stables, along which Cashel was seen cantering a snow-white Arab of great beauty. As he came nearer it could be seen that he was seated on a side-saddle, while he *managed* the well-trained creature with the *most graceful address*.

"Are you quite certain I may venture, Mr. Cashel?" said Lady Kilgoff, as he pulled up in front of her; "remember, that I am neither so fearless nor so skilful as our fair Queen beside me, who, I must own, is far more worthy of 'Hassan Bey' than I am."

"I'll pledge my life on his good conduct," said Roland, springing from his back; "I've ridden him for an hour, and he is gentleness itself."

"He's over-trained for my fancy," said Miss Meek. "He's like one of the creatures you see in Franconi's, walking up a ladder to catch a handkerchief."

Lady Janet whispered something in her ear, at which she started and smiled, but evidently in ignorance of its meaning.

"What is that very wicked thing that Lady Janet has just told you?" said Lady Kilgoff, as she advanced to mount her horse.

"It was à propos to the handkerchief. She said 'Probably you were going to throw yours at Mr. Cashel' — I'm sure I don't know why."

Fortunately none but Lady Kilgoff and Cashel heard this speech, but both blushed deeply.

While this was enacting below, Olivia, who marked every gesture and every look eagerly, could not hear what passed. She could only see the respectful attention bestowed by Cashel on every wish of his fair guest; how, having seated her, he draped in graceful folds the long velvet habit, in which, and with a white hat and drooping feather, she resembled one of the court of Louis Quinze.

At last she turned her horse's head, and rode him slowly along before the house, evidently timid and afraid of the high-mettled animal. Cashel, however

walked at his head, and so they stood, while he arranged the curb-chain, exactly beneath the window where Olivia was standing.

She opened the sash noiselessly, and, bending down, listened.

"I assure you," said Lady Kilgoff, "I'll not continue my ride if you don't come. I have no confidence in these fine gentlemen cavaliers; and as for Miss Meek, she'd risk her life to see me run away with."

"I pledge myself to follow in ten minutes — nay, in five, if possible. I told Mr. Kennyfeck I should make my obeisances to the ladies to-day."

"Would to-morrow not serve?" said she, smiling.

"I believe it might — but, a promise! Besides, I have been sadly deficient in attentions there."

"Sir Harvey and his brother hussar have made the *amende* for your short-comings; but go, make haste and overtake us. I see 'my Lord' trying to understand Lady Janet, and I must not delay longer."

"Ride slowly," cried Roland, "and don't get run away with, till I'm of the party.

She nodded archly in reply to this speech, and joining the group, who were all awaiting her, rode off, while Cashel entered the house, and soon was heard ascending the stairs at a hurried pace.

Olivia could only close the window and resume her place, when a tap was given at the door, and the same instant Cashel entered the room. He stopped suddenly, and looked around, for at first he did not perceive Olivia, who, deep in her book, affected not to hear the noise of his approach.

The *rich coronet* of brown hair, on which an *evening sun was throwing* one brilliant gleam, caught his

eye, and he advanced near enough to see and be struck by that graceful attitude of which we gave our reader a glimpse at the opening of this chapter.

She was reading some old English ballad; and, as she closed the volume, murmured, half aloud, the lines of the concluding verse:

"And ye varlete, bounde upon a carte,
Was draggede to ye gallows highe,
While ye knighte that stole ye ladye's hearte
(And was not his ye gravere parte?)
Rode oute to see him die."

"A sad moral, indeed," said Cashel, in a low, soft voice.

"Oh, dear! oh, Mr. Cashel!" cried she, starting, and letting fall the book, "how you have terrified me."

"Pray forgive me," said he, drawing his chair near, "but when I entered the room I saw no one. I had come thus far ere I discovered that I was so fortunate."

"Shall I ring for Mamma and Cary; they are dressing, I know, but will be quite annoyed if you go before they come down."

"You must not inconvenience them on my account," said Roland, eagerly. "I'm certain," added he, smiling, "you are not afraid to receive me alone."

She hung down her head, and partly averting it, murmured a scarcely audible "No."

Cashel, who had evidently never calculated on his careless remark being taken thus seriously, looked silly and uncomfortable for a few seconds. There is a terrible perversity sometimes in our natures; we are disposed to laugh occasionally at times when nothing could be more ill-timed or unsuitable; and so, at moments when we would give anything in the world for som

common-place theme, to hang phrases on, we cannot, for the life of us, originate one.

"You've not ridden out, I think, since you came?" said Roland, at last, but with an air of sudden despair at his own stupidity.

"No. We have driven out once or twice; but — but —"

"Pray finish," said he, with a persuasive look as he spoke.

"I was going to say that your horses are so spirited, that I was really afraid to trust myself, and the more so as Miss Meek is so wild and so reckless.

"Never think of riding with *her*. Let me be your *chaperon* — shall we say to-morrow? I've got the gentlest creature that was ever mounted."

"Oh, I know her; that sweet white Arab I saw the groom exercising, yesterday?"

"No; not her," said Roland, blushing and confused, "a spotted barb, fully as handsome — some say handsomer. Will you do me the favour to ride her to-morrow, and, if she be fortunate enough to please you, to accept her?"

Olivia hung down her head full a second, and a deep scarlet covered her cheeks, and rose even to her temples, and it was with a voice broken and interrupted she said, "Oh, I cannot — I must not." Then turning on him a look, where the tearful eyes, swimming in a softened lustre, conveyed a whole story of deep suffering, she said rapidly: "You are too kind and too good ever to give pain; you are too generous to believe others *capable of it; but* were I to accept your beautiful gift — *were I even to* ride out with you alone, there is *nothing that would* not be said of me."

It was Cashel's turn for a slight blush now; and, to do him justice, he felt the sensation a most disagreeable one. It had not indeed occurred to him to make the proposal as the young lady took it, but he was far too long schooled in gallantry to undeceive her, and so he said, "I really cannot see this in the light you do. It is a very natural wish on my part, that I should show my guests whatever my poor grounds afford of the picturesque; and remember, we are not friends of yesterday." This he said in his very kindest tone.

"I *do* remember it," said she, with a low but most meaning sigh.

"That memory is, I trust, not so associated with sorrow," added he, leaning down, and speaking in a deep earnest voice, "that you recal it with a sigh?"

"Oh, no; but I was thinking — I must not say of what I was thinking."

"Nay, but you must," said he, gently, and drawing his chair closer.

"I dare not — I cannot — besides, you" — and there was on the pronoun the very softest of all-dwelling intonation — "*you* might be angry — might never forgive me."

"Now I must insist on your telling me," said Roland, passionately, "if but to show how unfairly you judge me."

"Well," said she, drawing a long breath — "but shall I trust you?" There was a most winning archness in the way she said this, that thrilled through Cashel as he listened. "No, I will not," added she, suddenly, and as if carried away by a passionate impulse, "you are too —"

"Too what?" cried he, impatiently.

"Too fickle," said she; and then, as if terrified at her own boldness, she added, in a tremulous voice, "Oh, do forgive me."

"There is really nothing to forgive," said Roland, "unless you persist in keeping from me an avowal that I almost fancy I have a right to ask for. And now, of what were you thinking?"

"I'll tell you," said she, in a low, earnest accent, "though it may lose me your esteem. I was thinking" — her voice here fell so low, that Cashel, to hear her words, was obliged to draw his chair closer, and bend down his head till it actually brushed against the leaves she wore in her hair — "I was thinking that, when we knew you first, before you had made acquaintance with others — when you sat and read to us — when we walked and rode together — when, in short, the day was one bright dream of pleasure to us, who had never known a brother —"

Pardon us, dear reader, if at so critical a moment we occupy the pause which here ensued — and there was a pause — by referring to our Aunt Fanny, only premising that we do so advisedly. It was one of that excellent lady's firmest convictions that every one in the world required some discreet friend, who should, at eventful passages in life, be ready to aid, by presence of mind, a wavering resolve, or confirm a half-formed determination. Now, she had waited for two mortal hours on that day for Cashel's coming, in a state of impatience little short of fever. She opened and shut her window, looked up one avenue and down another; she had watched on the landing, and stood sentinel on the stairs; she had seen Mrs. Kennyfeck and her elder daughter pass out into the garden, weary of long wal

ing; when, at last, she heard Roland's hasty step as he traversed the hall, and hurrying up-stairs, enter the drawing-room.

Drawn by an attraction there is no explaining, she left her room, and took up her position in a small boudoir, which adjoined the drawing-room. Here she sat, persuading herself she was at her work; but, in reality, in a state of suspense not very inferior to some prisoner while a jury is deliberating on his fate.

The conversation, at first conducted in an ordinary tone, had gradually subsided, till it dropped into the low, undistinguishable manner we have mentioned.

Aunt Fanny's inventive mind had suggested every step of the interview. She kept muttering to herself: "He is explaining himself — she is incredulous — and he tries to reassure her — she believes that his heart was given to another — he vows and swears it was always hers — she cannot credit the happiness — she is too unworthy."

It was just as our Aunt had got thus far in her running commentary that both voices ceased, and a stillness, unbroken by a murmur, succeeded. "What could it mean?" was the sudden question that flashed across her mind; and Napoleon's own dread anxiety, as he gazed on the wood, and hesitated whether the dark masses emerging from the shade were his own legions or the Prussians, was not much more intense than hers. At last — we are sorry to record it — but, alas! Aunt Fanny was only mortal, and an old maid to boot — *she* approached the door and peeped through the key-*hole*. The sight which met her eyes needed no second *glance*; she saw both heads bent down together, the ... waving hair of Cashel close to the nut-brown

silky braids of Olivia. Neither spoke. "It was then concluded."

This was the moment in which mutual avowals, meeting like two rivers, form one broad and sweeping flood. It was the moment, too, in which, according to her theory, a friend was all essential. According to her phrase, the "nail should be clinched."

Now, Aunt Fanny had been cruelly handled by the family for all the blunders she had committed. Her skill had been impugned; her shrewdness sneered at; her prognostications derided. Here was an opportunity to refute all at once; and, in the language of the conqueror, "to cover herself with glory."

Gently opening the door she entered the room, and stealing tiptoe over, till she stood behind their chairs, she placed, with all the solemnity of an archbishop, a hand on either head, and, in a voice of touching fervour, said:

"Bless ye both, my darlings; may ye be as happy as —"

As what? The history is unable to record; for a shrill cry from her niece, and an exclamation nearly as loud, and we fear far less polite, from Roland, cut short the speech.

Shriek followed shriek from Olivia, who, partly from the shock, and still more from shame, was thrown into an attack of hysterics.

"What the —" he was very nigh saying something else. "What have you done, Madam?" said Roland, in a state of mingled anger and terror.

"*It's only* your Aunt Fanny. It's me, my pet. *Livy, darling*, don't be frightened; and here, too, is *Mr. Cashel.*"

In this, however, the good lady was mistaken; for Roland had hastened up-stairs to Mrs. Kennyfeck's room, which finding locked, he flew down to the great drawing-room, thence to the library, and was making for the garden, when he saw that lady and her daughter crossing the hall.

"I'm afraid, Madam," said he, with all the composure he could summon, "Miss Olivia Kennyfeck is not well; nothing serious, I trust; but a sudden fright — a shock — Miss O'Hara somewhat imprudently —"

"Oh, Fanny again!" screamed Mrs. Kennyfeck; and without waiting for more, rushed up-stairs, followed by her daughter, while Roland, in a state of mind we dare not dwell upon, hastened from the house, and mounting his horse, galloped off into the wood.

There were times when Cashel would have laughed, and laughed heartily, at the absurdity of this adventure. He would have even treasured up the "tableau" as a thing for future ridicule among his friends; but his better feelings, born of a more manly pride, rejected this now; he was sorry, deeply, sincerely sorry, that one, with so much to fascinate and charm about her, could lend herself to a mere game like this! "Where are these deceptions to end?" said he, in passionate warmth. "Have candour, good faith, and honesty fled the world? or, are they only to be found among those whose vices make the foil to such humble virtues?"

Nor were these his only painful reflections. He was obliged to see himself — the thing, of all others, he despised — "a Dupe." The mark for every mean artifice and every ignoble scheme. The gambler — the flirt — the adventurer in every walk — regarded him as a prey. Wealth had done this for him — and

it had done no more! None cared for him as a friend or companion. Even as a lover, his addresses were heralded by his gold, not enhanced by qualities of his own. What humiliation!

Mary Leicester alone seemed unimpressed by his great fortune, and regardless of his wealth. She alone had never evinced towards him any show of preference above others less endowed by Fate. Nay, he fancied he could trace something of reserve in her manner whenever he stepped by chance out of his character of careless, buoyant youth, and dwelt upon the plans that mere money accomplishes. In these she showed no interest, and took no pleasure; while, to the adventures of his former life, she listened with eager attention. It was easy to see she thought more of the *Caballero* than the *Millionnaire*.

What a happiness had it been to have befriended her grandfather and herself; how different had been his reflections at this hour; what lessons in the true wisdom of life might he not have learned from one who had seen the world, not as the play-table for the rolling dice of fortune, but as the battle-ground where good and evil strive for victory; where a higher philosophy is taught than the lifeless, soulless dictates of mere fashionable existence!

CHAPTER XXIV.

But where are they alle, I do not see
One half of our goodlie companie?

HOME.

THAT day was destined to be one of contrarieties to the household of Tubbermore. Of the Kennyfeck family, none appeared at dinner. Lady Kilgoff, angry at Roland's breach of engagement, — for, although he rode at top-speed in every direction, he never overtook her, — also kept her room. The carriage sent for Miss Leicester had returned without her, a somewhat formal note of apology stating that Mr. Corrigan was indisposed, and his granddaughter unwilling to leave him; while Linton, usually a main feature in all the social success of a dinner, was still absent.

Of the assembled guests, too, few were in their wonted spirits. Sir Andrew and Lady Janet had quarrelled in the morning about the mode of preparing dandelion tea, and kept up the dispute all the day. Upton was sulky, dark, and reserved. Meek more than usually lachrymose. Frobisher's best mare had been staked in taking a leap, and Miss Meek had never discovered it till half an hour after, so that the lameness was greatly aggravated. Mrs. White had had a "tiff" with the author, for his not believing the Irish to be of Phœnician origin, and wouldn't speak to him at dinner; so that Cashel himself, constrained, absent, and ill at ease, found his company anything rather than a relief to his own distracted thoughts.

Among his other guests he found the same reserve and coldness of manner, so that no sooner had they assembled in the drawing-room, after dinner, than he

left the house and set off to inquire for Mr. Corrigan at the cottage.

"We had nine vacant places to-day at table," said Lady Janet, as soon as she had arranged her special table next the fire, with a shade in front and a screen behind her, and was quite satisfied that, in regard to cushions and footstools, she had monopolised the most comfortable in the room.

"I thought — aw — that we — aw — were somewhat slow," said Captain Jennings, with his habitually tiresome, pompous intonation.

"What's the matter with Upton?" said a junior officer of his regiment, in a whisper; "he looks so confoundedly put out."

"I'm sure I don't know," yawned out Lord Charles; "he has a very safe book on the Oaks."

"He's backing Dido at very long odds," interposed Miss Meek, "and she's weak before, they say."

"Not staked, I hope," said Frobisher, looking maliciously at her.

"I don't care what you say, Charley," rejoined she; "I defy any one to know whether a horse goes tender, while galloping in deep ground. You are always unjust." And she moved away in anger.

"She *is* so careless," said Frobisher, listlessly.

"Tell me about these Kennyfecks. What is it all about?" said Mrs. White, bustling up, as if she was resolved on a long confidence.

"They hedged against themselves, I hear," said Frobisher.

"*Indeed! poor* things; and are they much hurt?"

"*Not seriously*, I fancy," drawled he. "Lady Jane *knows it all.*"

Mrs. White did not neglect the suggestion, but at once repaired to that part of the room where Lady Janet was sitting, surrounded by a select circle, eagerly discussing the very question she had asked to be informed upon.

"I had it from Verthinia," said Mrs. Malone, with her peculiar, thick enunciation, "Lady Kilgoff's maid. She said that not a day passes without some such scene between the mother and daughters. Mrs. Kennyfeck had, it seems, forbithen Cashel to call there in her abthence."

"I must most respectfully interrupt you, Madam," said a large old lady, with blonde false hair, and a great deal of rouge, "but the affair was quite different. Miss Olivia, that is the second girl, was detected by her aunt, Miss O'Hara, packing up for an elopement."

"Fudge," said Lady Janet; "she'd have helped her, if that were the case! I believe the true version of the matter is yet to come out. My woman, Stubbs, saw the apothecary coming down stairs, after bleeding Livy, and called him into her room; not, indeed, to speak of this matter" — here Lady Janet caused her voice to be heard by Sir Andrew, who sat, in moody sulk, right opposite — "it was to ask, if there should not be two pods of capsicum in every pint of dandelion tea."

"There may be twa horns o' the De'il in it," ejaculated Sir Andrew, "but I'll na pit it to my mouth agen. I hae a throat like the fiery furnace that roasted the three chaps in the Bible."

"It suits your tongue all the better," muttered Lady Janet, and turned round to the others. "Stubbs, as I was saying, called the man in, and after some conver

sation about the dandelion, asked, in a cursory way, you know, 'How the lady was, up-stairs?' He shook his head, and said nothing."

"'It will not be tedious, I hope?' said Stubbs.

"'These are most uncertain cases," said he; 'sometimes they last a day, sometimes eight or nine.'

"'I think you're very mysterious, doctor,' said Stubbs.

"He muttered something about honour, and, seizing his hat, went off, as Stubbs says, 'as if he was shot!'"

"Honour!" cried one of the hearers.

"Honour!" ejaculated another, with an expression of pure horror.

"Didn't he say, Madam," said the blonde old lady, "that it wasn't his branch of the profession?"

"Oh! oh!" broke in the company together, while the younger ladies held up their fans and giggled behind them.

"I'm thorry for the poor mother!" sighed Mrs. Malone, who had seven daughters, each uglier than the other.

"I pity the elder girl," said Lady Janet; "she had a far better tone about her than the rest."

"And that dear, kind, old creature, the aunt. It is said that but for her care this would have happened long ago," said Mrs. Malone.

"She was, to my thinking, the best of them," echoed the blonde lady; "so discreet, so quiet and so unobtrusive."

"What could come of their pretension?" said a colonel's widow, with a very large nose and a very small pension; "they attempted a style of living quite unsuited to them! The house always full of young men, too."

"Yon wouldn't have had them invite old ones, Madam," said Lady Janet, with the air of rebuke the wife of a commander-in-chief can assume to the colonel's relict.

"It's a very sad affair, indeed," summed up Mrs. White, who, if she hadn't quarrelled with Mr. Howle, would have given him the whole narrative for the "Satanist."

"What a house to be sure! There's Lady Kilgoff on one side —"

"What of her, my Lady?" said the blonde.

"You didn't hear of Lord Kilgoff overtaking her to-day in the wood with Sir Harvey Upton? — hush! or he'll hear us. The poor old man — you know his state of mind — snatched the whip from the coachman, and struck Sir Harvey across the face. They say there's a great welt over the cheek!"

Mrs. White immediately arose, and, under pretence of looking for a book, made a circuit of the room in that part where Sir Harvey Upton was lounging, with his head on his hand.

"Quite true," said she, returning to the party. "It is so painful, he can't keep his hand from the spot."

"Has any one discovered who the strange-looking man was that was received by Mr. Cashel this morning in his own study?" asked the blonde. "My maid said he was for all the world like a sheriff's officer. It seems, too, he was very violent in his language; and but for Mr. Kennyfeck, he would not have left the *house*."

"Too true, I fear, Ma'am," said Mrs. Malone, "my *husband*, the Thief" — this was Mrs. Malone's mode of abbreviating and pronouncing the words Chief

ustice — "told me it was impothible for Mr. Cashel
› continue his extravaganth much longer."

"It's shameful — it's disgraceful," said Lady Janet; the kitchen is a scene of waste and recklessness, such s no fortune could stand."

"Indeed, so the 'Thief' said," resumed Mrs. Malone; he said that robbery went on, on every thide, and ıat Mr. Phillith, I think his name is, was the worst f all."

"Your husband was quite correct, Ma'am," said ıady Janet; "no one should know it better." And ıen she whispered in her neighbour's ear, "If the dage be true, 'Set a Thief to catch a Thief.'"

The party entrusted with this could not restrain er laughter, and for a space, a species of distrust ɜemed to pervade the circle.

We are certain that no apology will be required, if 'e ask of our reader to quit this amiable society — lthough seated at a comfortable fire, in the very easiest f chairs, with the softest carpet beneath their feet — nd accompany Roland Cashel, who now, with hasty ɜep, trod the little path that led to Tubber-beg ottage.

However inhospitable the confession, we are bound › acknowledge Cashel was growing marvellously 'eary of his character as a host! The hundred little ɔntrarieties which daily arose, and which he knew not ow to smooth down or conciliate, made him appear, ı his own estimation at least, deficient in worldly tact, ıd left him open to the belief that others would judge im even less mercifully. The unbridled freedom of is household, *besides*, stimulated all the selfishness of ɔse *who, in a better* arranged establishment, had

kept "watch and ward" over their egotism; and instead of presenting the features of a society the elements of agreeability were not deficient, resembled rather the company in a packet-ship, bent upon securing his own comfort, and only how to make his neighbour subsidiary to himself.

Prosperity, too, was teaching him one of its gracious lessons — "Distrust." The mean and natures by which he was surrounded were gra unfolding themselves to his view, and he was e the verge of that dangerous frontier where scep holds sway. One conclusion — and it was n least wise — he formed was, that he was ill sui such companionship, and that he had been h far happier, on some humble fortune, than as th proprietor of a great estate.

It was, while thus ruminating, Cashel found h at the little space which intervened between one of the cottage and the lake, and was struck l rapid movement of lights that glanced from wind window, appearing and disappearing at every ins

The dread that the old man was taken ser ill at once came over him, and he hastened forw eager anxiety to learn the tidings. Then, suc checking himself, he felt reluctant, almost sh that he was, to obtrude at such a moment. Fear advance, and unwilling to retire, he stood unc and hesitating.

As he remained thus, the door of the drawing *that* opened upon the lawn was flung wide, and T *passed* hastily out, saying, in a loud and excited "*I will have my own way.* I'll see Cashel *And with these words* he issued forth in haste.

however, had he gone a dozen paces, than he stopped short, and, clasping his hands firmly together, muttered aloud, "To what end should I seek him? What claim can I pretend — by what right appeal to him?"

"Every claim and every right," cried Roland, advancing towards him, "if I can only be of any service to you."

"What! actually here at this moment!" exclaimed Tiernay. "Come this way with me, Sir; we must not go into the house just yet." And so saying, he passed his arm within Roland's, and led him onward towards the lake.

"Is he ill?" said Cashel — "is Mr. Corrigan taken ill?" But although the question was asked eagerly, Tiernay was too deeply sunk in his own thoughts to hear it; while he continued to mutter hurriedly to himself.

"What *is* the matter?" said Roland at last, losing patience at a preoccupation that could not be broken in upon. "Is Mr. Corrigan ill?"

"He is ruined!" said Tiernay, dropping Cashel's arm, and letting fall his own as he spoke, with a gesture of despair.

"What do you mean? — How?"

"Ruined! utterly ruined!" re-echoed Tiernay; and there was that in his accent and the emotion of his manner that forbade any further questioning.

"It is not at a moment like this," said the Doctor, "that I can tell you a long tale, where treachery and falsehood on one side, and generosity and manliness *on the other, played* the game as ever it has been, and *ever will be played*, between such antagonists; — *enough, if I say* my poor friend became responsible

for the debts of a man who, but for his aid, would have had a felon's fate. This fellow, who possesses one terrible means of vengeance, threatens now to use it, if a demand be not complied with, which Corrigan may leave himself a beggar and yet not satisfy. The threat has been held over him for years, and for years he has struggled on, parting, one by one, with every little requirement of his station, and submitting with noble resignation to any and everything to stave off the evil day; but it has come at last."

"And what is the sum demanded?" said Cashel, hastily.

"I cannot tell. There are various bills; some have been renewed again and again, others are yet current. It is a tangled web, and, in our hopelessness, we never sought to unravel it!"

"But the danger is imminent?"

"So imminent, that my friend will be arrested to-morrow if bail be not forthcoming. I have not told him this; I dare not tell him so; but I have made up a story to induce him to leave this to-night."

"Where for?" cried Roland, anxiously.

"God knows! I lose memory as well as judgment in moments like this. I believe I advised Limerick, and thence by ship to some port in England, from which they could reach the Continent."

"But all this will be unnecessary if I offer myself as security," said Roland.

"For a sum of which you know nothing!" muttered Tiernay, sorrowfully.

"No matter; it cannot be, in all likelihood, more than I can meet."

"And for one who can never repay!" echoed the Doctor, still more sadly.

"Who can tell that?" said Cashel; "there's many a coinage costlier than ever the Mint fashioned; he may requite me thus."

The Doctor started. "You mean — no! — no!" cried he, interrupting himself, "that were too great good fortune. I must tell you, Sir," added he, in a firm voice, "that there is nothing — absolutely nothing — to give you in requital for such aid. My friend's alternative is a prison, or be your debtor for what he cannot pay."

"I am content — perfectly content," said Roland. "There is no need to say another word on the matter. Do not suffer him to endure any anxiety we can spare him; tell him at once the thing is done."

"We must think over this a little," said Tiernay, musing. "Con is a difficult fellow to deal with; there must be something which shall give it the semblance of a loan; he must be made to believe it is only a change of creditors."

"Could we not arrange it without his knowledge, while you could affect to have made some settlement which has satisfied the others?"

"Too late — too late, for that; he has seen Hoare himself."

"Hoare! — the money-lender from Dublin?" said Cashel, blushing at the recollection of his own acquaintance with him.

"Ay, Sir, of course you know him! A man cannot enjoy such distinguished friendships as you have, without the aid of usurers!"

Cashel smiled good-humouredly, and went on:

"*Where is this gen*tleman at present?"

"*Yonder," said* Tiernay, [pointing to the cottage

"but he intends shortly returning to the Inn at the village, where perhaps it would be better to meet him than here. If you'll permit me, I'll just step in and say as much, and then we can stroll that way together."

Cashel consented, and his companion left him to do his errand. It was only as he stood alone, and had time for reflection, that he remembered his conversation with Kennyfeck in the morning, and learned that, with regard to ready money at least, he stood in a very different position from what he supposed. That there would be difficulties and legal obstacles innumerable made by Kennyfeck to any sale of property, he well knew; but he had made up his mind as to his course, and would not be thwarted. He had but space for these reflections, when Tiernay joined him, saying,

"So far all is well. Hoare will follow us in a few minutes, and, for privacy sake, I have made the rendezvous at my house."

"And Corrigan — how have you left him?" asked Cashel.

"Like one in a dream. He seems neither to know whether it be misfortune or the opposite which impends him. Were it not for Mary, his poor heart had given way long since. Ay, Sir, there is more true heroism in one day of that humble life, than in the boldest deed of bravery even you have ever witnessed."

Cashel did not speak, but, in the pressure of his arm against Tiernay's, the other felt how the theme *had* touched him.

"You only know her by the graceful elegance of her manner, and the fascinations that, even to old men like myself, are a kind of sorcery; but I have seen her

in every trial, where temper and mind, and heart and pride, are tested, and come through all victorious; draining the very wells of her own hopefulness to feed the exhausted fountain which age and disappointment had dried up; lending to manhood a courage greater than his own; ay, and more — showing that her temper could resist the jarring influences of misfortune, and, like the bright moon above the storm-lashed clouds, soar on, glorious and lustrous ever. What are men made of?" cried he, energetically; "of what stuff are they formed, when such a girl as this can excite more admiration for her beauty, than for traits of character that ennoble humanity?"

"You speak with all a lover's warmth, Doctor," said Cashel, half smiling, while, in reality, the subject interested him deeply.

"And why not, Sir? I do love her, and with an affection that only such beings inspire. It is creatures like her that redeem years of disappointment and worldly disgust. It is in watching the single-heartedness of that young girl that I, an old man, hackneyed and hardened as I am, become trustful and hopeful of others. Love her! — to be sure I love her. And so would you, if the poor fopperies amid which you live but left you one moment free to think and feel as your own head and heart would lead you. I hope you take no heed of my rude speech, Sir," said he, hastily; "but it is the fault of my craft to believe that sweet things are only 'Placebos,' given but to earn the fee and amuse the patient."

"I thank you for it," said Cashel, pressing his hand; "few have ever cared to tell me truths."

"Say, rather, few have cared to resign their in-

fluence over you by showing they knew your weak points. Now, I have too deep an interest in *you*, and too slight a regard for any profit your acquaintance can render myself, to be swayed by this. You don't know — you cannot know — what a charm there is to an old fellow like myself, whose humble fortunes limit to a life of mere routine — to think that he has an opportunity of counselling one in your station — to feel that he has sown the seed of some good principle, that one day or other will bear its fruit. Yes, years hence, when you have forgotten the old village doctor — or if by chance remember him, only to recal his vulgarity or eccentricity — I will be an anxious watcher over you, flattering myself to think that I have had some share in instilling the precepts by which you are winning good men's esteem. These thoughts are poor men's treasures, but he that feels them, would not barter them for gold."

"I have long wished for such a counsellor," said Cashel, fervently.

"The advice will not be the less stringent that it comes when you are heart-sick of frivolity," said Tiernay. "What could your fine company up yonder teach you? Such of them as are above mere folly, trade in vice. I have seen them all since they have assembled here, and I am no mean physiognomist, and there is but one among them deserving of better than the poor heartless life they're leading."

"I can guess whom you mean," said Roland, half pleased and half fearful.

"Well, she indeed would merit a better lot; and yet I would she were gone."

"Why so? Do you grudge us even a passing 'gleam of virtue's brightness?'"

"She is more dangerous than the veriest coquette that ever lured a man to ruin. It is in such as her, where noble qualities have run to waste, where generous sentiments and pure affections have been blighted by the cold chill of a world that fosters not such gifts, the peril is ever greatest; for her sake and for yours, I would she were gone."

As they spoke thus, they had reached the wide esplanade in front of the great house, from the windows of which lights were gleaming, while sounds of festivity and pleasure floated on the night air.

Tiernay halted for a second, and then said, "Who could believe that the owner of that princely mansion, filled as it is with pleasure-loving guests, and every adjunct that can promote enjoyment, should leave it, to wander on foot with a poor old village doctor, whose only merit is to utter unpalatable truths!"

"And be happier while doing so! add that, my worthy friend," said Cashel, pressing the arm that he held within his own.

"Come along, Sir; this dalliance is pleasanter to me than to you. I begin to feel that I may have done you good, and you should be a doctor to know the full ecstasy of that feeling. Let us now move on, or this man will be before us." And so saying, they moved briskly forward towards the village of Dunkeeran.

CHAPTER XXV.

The debts we make by plighted vows,
Bear heaviest interest, ever!

HAYWOOD.

THE Doctor's little parlour was the very "ideal" of snugness; there was nothing which had the faintest resemblance to luxury save the deep-cushioned arm-chair, into which he pressed Cashel at entering, but there were a hundred objects that told of home. The book-shelves, no mean indication of the owner's "trempe," were filled with a mixture of works on medicine, the older English dramatists, and that class of writers who prevailed in the days of Steele and Addison. There was a microscope on one table, with a great bunch of fresh-plucked fern beside it. A chess-board, with an unfinished game — a problem from a newspaper, for he had no antagonist — stood on another table; while full in front of the fire, and with an air that betokened no mean self-importance, sat a large black cat, with a red leather collar, the very genius of domesticity. As Cashel's eyes took a hasty survey of the room, they rested on a picture — it was the only one there — which hung over the mantel-piece. It was a portrait of Mary Leicester, and although a mere water-colour sketch, an excellent likeness, and most characteristic in air and attitude.

"Ay!" said Tiernay, who caught the direction of his glance, "a birthday present to me! She had promised to dine with me, but the day, like most Irish days, when one prays for sunshine, rained torrents; and so she sent me that sketch, with a note, a merry bit of doggrel verse, whose merit lies in its local allusions to

a hundred little things, and people only known to ourselves; but for this, I'd be guilty of breach of faith and show it to you."

"Is the drawing, too, by her own hand?"

"Yes; she is a clever artist, and might, it is said by competent judges, have attained high excellence as a painter, had she pursued the study. I remember an illustration of the fact worth mentioning. Carringford, the well-known miniature-painter, who was making a tour of this country a couple of years back, passed some days at the cottage, and made a picture of old Con Corrigan, for which, I may remark passingly, poor Mary paid all her little pocket-money, some twenty guineas, saved up from Heaven knows how long. Con did not know this of course, and believed the portrait was a compliment to his granddaughter. Carringford's ability is well known, and there is no need to say the picture was admirably painted; but still it wanted character; it had not the playful ease, the gentle indulgent pleasantry that marks my old friend's features; in fact, it was hard and cold, not warm, generous, and genial; so I thought, and so Mary thought, and accordingly, scarcely had the artist taken his leave, when she set to work herself, and made a portrait, which, if inferior as a work of art, was infinitely superior as a likeness. It was Con himself; it had the very sparkle of his mild blue eye, the mingled glance of drollery and softness, the slightly curled mouth, as though some quaint conceit was lingering on the lip! all his own. Mary's picture hung on one side of the chimney, and Carringford's at the other, and so they stood when the painter came through, from Limerick, and passed one night at Tubber-beg, on his way to Dublin. I [illegible]

fasted there that morning, and I remember, on entering the room, I was surprised to see the frame of Carringford's portrait empty, and a bank-note, carefully folded, stuck in the corner. 'What does that mean?' said I to him, for we were alone at the time.

"'It means simply that *my* picture cannot stand such competitorship as *that*,' said he; '*mine* was a miniature, *that* is the man himself.' I will not say one-half of the flatteries he uttered, but I have heard from others since, that he speaks of this picture as a production of high merit. Dear girl! that meagre sketch may soon have a sadder interest connected with it; it may be all that I shall possess of her! Yes, Mr. Cashel, your generosity may stave off the pressure of one peril, but there is another, from which nothing but flight will rescue my poor friend."

A sharp knocking at the door here interrupted the Doctor's recital, and soon Hoare's voice was heard without, inquiring if Dr. Tiernay was at home?

Hoare's easy familiarity, as he entered, seemed to suffer a slight shock on observing Roland Cashel, who received him with cold politeness.

Tiernay, who saw at once that business alone would relieve the awkwardness of the scene, briefly informed the other that Mr. Cashel was there to learn the exact amount and circumstance of Corrigan's liabilities, with a view to a final settlement of them.

"Very pleasing intelligence this, Doctor," said the money-lender, rubbing his hands, "and, I am free to own, very surprising also! Am I to enter into an explanation of the peculiar causes of the liabilities, Doctor? or to suppose," said he, "that Mr. Cashel is already conversant with them?"

"You are to suppose, Sir," interposed Cashel, "that Mr. Cashel is aware of every circumstance, upon which he does not ask you for further information." There was a sternness in the way he spoke that abashed the other, who, opening a huge pocket-book on the table, proceeded to scan its contents with diligence; while Tiernay, whose agitation was great, sat watching him without speaking.

"The transactions," said Hoare, "date from some years back, as these bills will show, and consist, for the most part, in drafts, at various dates, by Mr. Leicester, of South Bank, New Orleans, on Cornelius Corrigan, Esq., of Tubbermore. Some of these have been duly honoured; indeed, at first, Mr. Corrigan was punctuality itself; but bad seasons, distress at home here, greater demands, the consequence of some commercial losses sustained by Mr. Leicester in the States, all coming together, the bills were not met as usual; renewals were given — and, when it comes to that, Mr. Cashel, I need scarcely say difficulties travel by special train." No one joined in the little laugh by which Mr. Hoare welcomed his own attempt at pleasantry, and he went on: "At first we managed tolerably well. Mr. Corrigan devoted a portion of his income to liquidate these claims; he made certain sales of property; he reduced his establishment; in fact, I believe, he really made every sacrifice consistent with his position —"

"No, Sir," broke in Tiernay, "but consistent with bare subsistence."

The violent tone of the interruption startled the money-lender, who hastened to concur with the sentiment, while he faultered out —

"Remember, gentlemen, I speak only from hearsay; of myself I know nothing."

"Go on with your statement, Sir," said Cashel, peremptorily.

"My statement," said Hoare, provoked at the tone assumed towards him, "resolves itself into a debt of three thousand seven hundred and forty-eight pounds some odd shillings. There are the bills. The sums due for interest and commission are noted down, and will, I believe, be found duly correct."

"Three thousand seven hundred pounds in less than five years!" ejaculated Tiernay. "What iniquity!"

"If your expression is intended to apply to anything in the conduct of this transaction, Sir," said Hoare, growing pale with passion as he spoke, "I beg you to remember that there is such a thing in the land as redress for libel."

"If the laws will warrant sixty per cent., they may well punish the man who calls it infamy," said Tiernay, almost choking with anger.

"That will do, gentlemen, that will do," said Hoare, replacing the bills in the pocket-book, while his fingers trembled with passion. "I was not aware that your object in this meeting was to insult me. I'll not expose myself a second time to such a casualty. I'll thank you to hand me that bill, Sir?" This request was addressed to Cashel, who, with his eyes riveted on a document which he held in both hands, sat perfectly unmindful of all around him.

"If you will have the kindness to give me that bill, Sir?" said Hoare, again.

"Shylock wants his bond," said Tiernay,

walked up and down the room with clenched hands, and brows knitted into one deep furrow.

Hoare turned a scowling glance towards him, but not trusting himself to reply, merely repeated his question to Cashel.

"How came you by this?" cried Roland, rising from the table, and holding out a written paper towards Hoare — "I ask, Sir, how came you by this?" reiterated he, while the paper shook with the hand that held it.

"Oh! I perceive," said Hoare; "that document has no concern with the case before us; it refers to another and very different transaction."

"This is no answer to my question, Sir," said Cashel, sternly; "I asked, and I ask you again, how it came into your hands?"

"Don't you think, Sir, that it would be more appropriate to express your regret at having examined a paper not intended to have been submitted to you?" said Hoare, in a tone half insolent, had deferential.

"I saw my name upon it," said Cashel; "coupled, too, with that of another, of whom I preserve too many memories to treat anything lightly wherein he bears a part; besides, there can be but little indiscretion in reading that to which I had attached my own signature. And now, once more, Sir, how do I see it in your possession?"

"Really, Mr. Cashel, when the question is put in this tone and manner, I am much disposed to refuse an answer. I can see nothing in our relative situations that can warrant the assumption of these airs towards me."

"Shylock, again!" exclaimed Tiernay, who

tinued to pace the room during this scene with hasty strides.

"Not so, Sir," said Cashel, as Hoare moved towards the door, against which, Roland now placing a chair, sat down. "Out of this room you shall not stir, till I hear a distinct and clear account of the circumstances by which I find you in possession of this paper."

"You have no right, Sir, to demand such an answer."

"Possibly not, legally speaking," said Cashel, whose voice became calmer and deeper as his passion increased. "You are more conversant with law than I am, and so I take it that your opinion is correct. But I have the right which a good conscience and strong will beget, and I tell you again, you'll not leave this room before you satisfy me, or you'll not leave it living."

"I call you to witness, Doctor Tiernay," said Hoare, whose accents trembled with fear and anger together, "that this is a case of false imprisonment — that a threat against my life has been uttered, if I do not surrender the possession of certain papers."

"Nothing of the kind," broke in Tiernay; "there is no thought of taking anything from you by force. Mr. Roland Cashel — doubtless for good reasons of his own — has asked you a question, which you, demurring to answer, he tells you that you shall not leave the room till you do."

"And do you fancy, Sir, that such conduct is legal?" cried Hoare.

"I cannot say," rejoined Tiernay; "but that it is far more mild and merciful than I could have ex

pected under the circumstances, I am perfectly ready to aver."

"May I read the paper out?" said Hoare, with a malicious scowl at Cashel.

"There is no need that you should, Sir," said Roland; "its contents are known to me, whom alone they concern."

"You can, I opine, have no objection that your friend, Doctor Tiernay, should hear them?"

"I repeat, Sir, that with the contents of that paper, neither you nor any one else has any concern; they relate to me, and to me alone."

"Then I must labour under some misapprehension," said Hoare, affectedly; "I had fancied there was another person at least equally interested."

"Will you dare, Sir!" said Roland; and in the thick guttural utterance there was that which made the other tremble with fear.

"If the matter be one, then," said he, rallying into his former assurance, "that you deem best kept secret, it would be perhaps a judicious preliminary to any conversation on the subject, that Doctor Tiernay should withdraw."

"I only await Mr. Cashel's pleasure," said Tiernay, moving towards the door.

"Then you will remain, Sir," said Roland, firmly. "Remain, and listen to what this gentleman has so menacingly alluded. Here it is: it is the promise, given under my hand, that I will espouse the daughter of a certain Don Pedro Rica, to whom, in the date herein annexed, I have been this day betrothed; or, in *forfeiture of such* pledge, pay down the sum of seventy *thousand dollars*, thereby obtaining a full release

the conditions of the contract. It was the rash pledge of a young and thoughtless boy, with regard to one who neither accepted his affection nor acknowledged the contract. I do not say this to absolve myself from the forfeiture, which I am ready to acquit this hour. I speak of it, that, as a man of honour, I may not seem to pay a debt of feeling by a check on my banker."

"But this betrothal," said Tiernay; "what does it imply?"

"It is a ceremony common enough in Old Spain and her once colonies, and is simply the public recognition of a private promise of marriage."

"You have forgotten two circumstances, Sir," said Hoare, whose eyes never quitted Cashel's face.

"Which are they?"

"One is, that this contract should be either fulfilled, or the forfeit paid, within two years; twenty-one months of which have already expired."

"True! and the other condition?"

"That the acceptance or refusal of the forfeit is optional with Don Pedro, who may, at his pleasure, select which clause he likes — the marriage or the penalty."

"I never acknowledged this interpretation of the document," said Cashel, reddening. "I know Don Pedro did, and there, we were at issue! Methinks it were somewhat hard to compel a marriage distasteful to both parties, and only to suit the speculations of a ruined adventurer."

"I hope, Sir, the likelihood of future relationship will moderate the warmth of your language."

"And is the man fool enough to fancy such a pr

mise could be legally enforced in this country?" said Tiernay.

"He is not without the opinion of learned counsel," said Hoare, "who are strongly of opinion that the interpretations Columbian law would put upon the document would be recognised by our own Courts, and recognise the marriage, as such."

"And does he, or do you, suppose," said Cashel, indignantly, "that I could expose her name, were I indifferent about my own, to be bandied about your assize courts, and printed in newspapers, and made the gossip of the town for a nine-days' wonder?" He stopped, for he saw by the elation of Hoare's features, with what triumph this avowal had been listened to. "And now, Sir, enough has been said of this — I come back to my former question — How came you by this paper?"

"I received it from Don Pedro, with whom I have had much business intercourse, and who left it in my hands a few days back."

"Then he is in the country?" said Cashel, anxiously.

Hoare nodded an assent.

"Here, in Ireland! and is Mari ——" He stopped suddenly, remembering to whom he was speaking; but Hoare, as if eager to show an intimacy with names and events, said,

"Yes, Sir, she is also here."

Cashel became silent; his mind, a very chaos of confused thought; memories of his buccaneer life — its lawless habits — its wild companionship — its adventures of love and war — of play — of heroism — and of mad debauch. The Villa and Maritaña were before him as last he saw her at the fountain; and from the

he came to his fine and lordly friendships, with all their fictitious warmth; and he began to fancy how would his present society — the very guests at that moment beneath his roof — receive or recognise his old associates.

The deep preoccupation of his look suggested to Tiernay's mind the notion that Cashel was overwhelmed by the intelligence he had just received, and drawing close to him, he said, in a whisper,

"That fellow is watching and enjoying your confusion; put a bolder face on the matter, and we'll see what is best to be done."

Roland started, and then, as if by an effort chasing away an unpleasant thought, he said to Hoare,

"Our first business is Mr. Corrigan's. The sum due is ——"

"Three thousand seven hundred and forty!"

"Will you accept my bill for this?"

"At what date, Sir?" said Hoare, cautiously.

"At whatever date you please; a month, or a week."

"A month be it."

"Does that release Mr. Corrigan from every claim so far as your principal is concerned?"

"All, up to this date."

"By which, probably, you would imply, that new liabilities may begin again. Is that so?"

"I think, from the nature of Mr. Leicester's claim, such an event is not impossible."

"Never mind the threat," whispered Tiernay. "It *is* but a threat."

"As to the other affair," said Cashel, approaching Hoare, "I will accompany you to town. I will see Don Pedro myself."

"That will be difficult, Sir. I am not at liberty to mention his place of abode; nor does he wish his presence here to be known."

"But to *me*," said Cashel, "this objection cannot apply."

"His orders are positive, and without qualification; but any proposition which you desire to submit ——"

"Can come through Mr. Hoare?" said Cashel, sneeringly. "I prefer doing these things in person, Sir."

"Leave this to me," whispered Tiernay; "I'll manage him better."

Cashel squeezed his friend's arm in assent, and turned away; while Hoare, reseating himself, proceeded to draw out the bill for Cashel's signature.

"You are aware," said Tiernay, "that Corrigan can give you nothing but personal security for this sum, and the lease of Tubber-beg?" But Cashel did not heed the remark, deep as he was in his own reflections. "There is a small sum — a few thousand pounds — of Mary's, settled at her mother's marriage. You are not attending to me," said he, perceiving the preoccupation of Roland's look. "I was mentioning that Mary Leicester —"

"Yes," said Cashel, talking his thoughts aloud, "to marry her would, indeed, be the true solution of the difficulty."

"What did you say?" whispered Tiernay, upon whose ear the muttered words fell distinctly.

"She would refuse me," Roland went on; "the more certainly that I am rich. I know her well; the rank, the station, the thousand flatteries that wealth bestows, *would be things* for her mockery if unallied with power."

"*You are wrong*, quite wrong," said Tiernay; "*her ambition is of* a different order. Mary Leicester ——

"Mary Leicester!" echoed Cashel; and, in his suddenly awakened look, Tiernay at once perceived that some mistake had occurred. Hoare relieved the awkwardness of the moment as he said,

"This wants but your signature, Sir, and the matter is finished."

Cashel wrote his name on the bill and was turning away, when Hoare said,

"These are the bills; they are now your property, Sir."

"For what purpose?"

"They are vouchers for your claim on Mr. Corrigan," said Hoare.

"His word will suffice," said Cashel; and gathering them up, he hurled them into the fire.

"A costly blaze that," said Hoare, as he watched the conflagration.

"Speak to him, Doctor; learn what you can of Rica for me; if money will do it, I'll not quarrel with the price," said Cashel to Tiernay, in a low tone. "Another point — I was nigh forgetting it — you'll not tell Mr. Corrigan how the matter has been arranged. Promise me this. Nay, I have a reason for it — a reason you shall hear to-morrow or next day, and will acknowledge to be good. Keep my secret for a month; I ask no longer."

"For a month, then, I am silent," said Tiernay.

"Let me see you to-morrow early," said Cashel. "Will you breakfast with me?"

"No; I'll not risk my character by going twice to your grand house in the same week; besides, I am *going* to Limerick."

"Good night, then," said Cashel; "good night, Sir." And with a formal bow to Hoare, Roland left the room and took his way homeward alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Devil's back-parlour — a bachelor's room!

MILYARD.

WHILE Cashel continued his way homeward a very joyous party had assembled in Lord Charles Frobisher's room, who were endeavouring, by the united merits of cigars, écarté, hazard, and an excellent supper, of which they partook at intervals, to compensate themselves for the unusual dulness of the drawing-room. It is well known how often the least entertaining individuals in general society become the most loquacious members of a party assembled in this fashion. The restraints which had held them in check before are no longer present. Their loud speech and empty laughter are not any longer under ban, and they are tolerated by better men, pretty much as children are endured, because at least they are natural.

At a round table in the middle of the room were a group engaged at hazard. Upton was deep in écarté with his brother officer, Jennings, while Frobisher lounged about, sipping weak negus, and making his bets at either table as fancy or fortune suggested. The supper-table had few votaries; none, indeed, were seated at it save Meek, who, with a newspaper on his knee, seemed singularly out of place in the noisy gathering.

"Eleven's the nick — eleven! I say, Charley, have at you for a pony," called out a boyish-looking Dragoon, from the middle table.

"You're under age, young gentleman," said Frobisher; *"I can't* afford to bet with you. Wait a moment, *Upton, I'll back* you this time. Twenty sovereigns *will you have it?"*

"Done!" said Jennings, and the game began.

"The King," cried Upton; "I propose."

"To which of them?" said a sharp-looking Infantry Captain, behind his chair.

"Olivia, of course," slipped in Jennings.

"I'd give fifty pounds to know if they have the money, people say," cried Upton.

"Meek can tell you — *he* knows everything. I say, Downie," said Jennings, "come here for a moment and enlighten us on a most interesting point."

"Oh dear! what is it? This room is so very cold. Don't you think, Frobisher, that a double door would be advisable?"

"A green one, with a centre pane of glass, would make it devilish like a 'hell,'" said Upton; upon which the company all laughed approvingly.

"What is it you want?" said Meek, approaching, glass in hand.

"Play out the game, and have your gossip afterwards," said Frobisher, who felt far more anxious about the fate of his twenty pounds than for the result of the conversation.

"A Queen of Hearts," said Upton, leading; then, turning to Meek, said, "These Kennyfeck girls — can you tell what the figure is?"

"Poor dear things," said Meek, piteously; "they should be very well off."

"I score two!" said Upton. "Well, have they twenty thousand each?"

"I should say more. Oh dear me! they must have *more!* Kennyfeck holds a heavy mortgage on Kilgoff's *estate*, and has a great deal of other property."

"Then it would be a good thing, Meek?" said Jennings.

"Game!" cried Upton, showing his cards upon the table.

"There is so much chaffing about girls and their fortunes, one can't play his game here," said Jennings, as he threw down a handful of gold on the board.

"Who was it ordered the post-horses for to-morrow?" said a youth at the supper-table. "The MacFarlines?"

"No; Lord Kilgoff."

"I assure you," cried a third, "it was the Kennyfeck's. There has been a 'flare-up' about money between Cashel and him, and it is said he'll lose the agency. Who'll get it, I wonder?"

"Tom Linton, of course," said the former speaker. "I'd wager he is gone off to Dublin to furbish up securities, or something of that kind."

"Who'd give Tom trust, or go bail for him?" said Frobisher.

A very general laugh did not sound like a contradiction of the sentiment.

"I heard a week ago," said the Cornet, "that Kilgoff would stand security to any amount for him."

"Ah, that comes of my Lady's good opinion of him!" cried Jennings.

"Nay, don't say that, it looks so ill-natured," sighed Meek; "and there is really nothing in it. You know she and Tom were old friends. Oh dear, it was so sad!"

"Where does Cashel get such execrable champagne!" said an Infantry man, with a very wry expression of face.

"*It's dry wine*, that's all," said Frobisher, "and *about the best ever* imported."

"We'd be very sorry to drink it at our mess, my Lord, I know that," said the other, evidently nettled at the correction.

"Yours is the Fifty-third?" said a Guardsman.

"No; the Thirty-fifth."

"Aw! same thing" sighed he; and he stooped to select a cigar.

"I wish the Kennyfecks were not going," said Upton, drawing his chair closer to Meek's; "there are so few houses one meets them at."

"You should speak to Linton about that," whispered Meek.

"Here's Jim's health — hip, hip, hurra!" cried out a white moustached boy, who had joined a Hussar regiment a few weeks before, and was now excessively tipsy.

The laughter at this toast was increased by Meek's holding out his glass to be filled as he asked, "Of course — who's health is it?"

"One of Frobisher's trainers," said Upton, readily.

"No, it's no such thing," hiccupped the Hussar. "I was proposing a bumper to the lightest snaffle-hand from this to Doncaster — the best judge of a line of country in the kingdom —"

"That's me," said a jolly voice, and at the same instant the door was flung wide, and Tom Linton, splashed from the road, and travel-stained, entered.

"I must say, gentlemen, you are no churls of your wit and pleasantry, for, as I came up the stairs, I could hear every word you were saying."

"Oh dear, how dreadful! and we were talking of *you*, too," said Meek, with a piteous air, that made every one laugh.

A thousand questions as to where he had been — whom with — and what for? all burst upon Linton, who only escaped importunity by declaring that he was half dead with hunger, and would answer nothing till he had eaten.

"So," said he, at length, after having devoted twenty minutes to a grouse pie of most cunning architecture, "you never guessed where I had been?"

"Oh! we had guesses enough, if that served any purpose."

"I thought it was a bolt, Tom," said Upton; "but as *she* appeared at breakfast, as usual, I saw my mistake."

"Meek heard that you had gone over to Downing-street to ask for the Irish Secretaryship," said Jennings.

"I said you had been to have a talk with Scott about 'Regulator;' was I far off the mark?"

"Mrs. White suggested an uncle's death," said Frobisher; "but uncles don't die now-a-days."

"Did you buy the colt? — Have you backed 'Runjeet Singh?' — Are you to have the agency? — How goes on the borough canvass?" and twenty similar queries now poured in on him.

"Well, I see," cried he, laughing, "I shall sadly disappoint all the calculations founded on my shrewdness and dexterity, for the whole object of my journey was to secure a wardrobe for our fancy ball, which I suddenly heard of, as being at Limerick; and so, not trusting the mission to another, I started off myself, and here I am, with materials for more Turks, Monks, *Sailors, Watchmen*, Greeks, Jugglers, and Tyrolese, *than ever travelled* in anything save a caravan with *one horse.*"

"Are our theatrical intentions all abandoned?" cried Jennings.

"I trust not," said Linton; "but I heard that Miss Meek had decided on the ball to come off first."

"Hip! hip! hip!" was moaned out, in very lachrymose tone, from a sofa where the boy Hussar, very sick and very tipsy, lay stretched on his back.

"Who is that yonder?" asked Linton.

"A young fellow of ours," said Jennings, indolently.

"I thought they made their heads better at Sandhurst."

"They used in my time," said Upton; "but you have no idea how the thing has gone down."

"Quite true," chimed in another; "and I don't think we've seen the worst of it yet. Do you know, they talk of an examination for all candidates for commissions!"

"Well, I must say," lisped the Guardsman, "I believe it would be an improvement for the 'Line.'"

"The Household Brigade can dispense with information," said an Infantry Captain.

"I demur to the system altogether," said Linton. "Physicians tell us that the intellectual development is always made at the expense of the physical, and as one of the duties of a British army is to suffer yellow fever in the West Indies and cholera in the East, I vote for leaving them strong in constitution and intact in strength, as vacant heads and thoughtless skulls can *make* them."

"Oh dear me! yes," sighed Meek, who, by one of *his* mock concurrences, effectually blinded the less astute portion of the audience from seeing Linton's impertinence.

"What has been doing here in my absence?" said Linton; "have you no event worth recording for me?"

"There is a story," said Upton, "that Cashel and Kennyfeck have quarrelled — a serious rupture, they say, and not to be repaired."

"How did it originate? — Something about the management of the property?"

"No, no — it was a row among the women. They said some scheme for making Cashel propose for one of the girls."

"Not Olivia, I hope?" said Upton, as he lighted a new cigar.

"I rather suspect it was," interposed another.

"In any case, Linton," cried Jennings, "you are to be the gainer, for the rumour says, Cashel will give you the agency, with his house to live in, and a very jolly thing to spend, while he goes abroad to travel."

"If this news be true, Tom," said Frobisher, "I'll quarter my yearlings on you; there is a capital run for young horses in those flats along the river."

"The house is cold at this season," said Meek, with a sad smile; "but I think it would be very endurable in the autumn months. I shouldn't say but you may see us here again at that time."

"I hope 'ours' may be quartered at Limerick," said an Infantry man, with a most suggestive look at the comforts of the apartment, which were a pleasing contrast to barrack-room accommodation.

"Make yourselves perfectly at home here, gentlemen, when that good time comes," said Linton, with one of his careless laughs. "I tell you frankly, that if Cashel *does make me such a proposal* — a step which

"A case of destitution, completely; what the newspapers call 'extermination.'"

"Exactly, Sir — tarnination, and nothing less."

"But how comes it that you are up here, on that account?"

"I was thinking, Sir, if I saw Miss Mary, and could get her to spake a word to the master — they say she can do what she plazes with him."

"Indeed! — who says so?"

"The servants' hall says it; and so does Mr. Corrigan's ould butler. He towld me the other day that he hoped he'd be claning the plate up at the big house before he died."

"How so?" said Linton, affecting not to catch the intention of the remark.

"Just that he was to be butler at the Hall when the master was married to Miss Mary."

"And so, I suppose, that this is very likely to happen?"

"Sure yer Honer knows betther than ignorant craytures like us; but faix, if walking about in the moonlight there, among the flowers, and talking together like whisperin', is any sign, I wouldn't wonder if it came about."

"Indeed! and they have got that far?"

"Ay, faith!" said Tom, with a significance of look only an Irishman or an Italian can call up.

"Well, I had no suspicion of this," said Linton, with a frankness meant to invite further confidence.

"An' why would yer Honer? Sure, wasn't it always on the evenings when the company was all together in the great house that Mr. Cashel used to steal down here and tie his horse to the wicket, and then gallop

back again at full speed, so that the servants towld me he was never missed out of the room."

"And does she like him — do they say she likes him?"

"Not like him wid a place such as this!" said Tom, waving his hand towards the wide-spreading fields and woods of the demesne. "Bather-shin! sure the Queen of England might be proud of it!"

"Very true," said Linton, affecting to be struck by the shrewdness of the speaker.

"See now," said Tom, who began to feel a certain importance from being listened to, "I know faymales well, and so I ought! but take the nicest, quietest, and most innocent one among them, and by my conscience ye'll see, 'tis money and money's worth she cares for more nor the best man that ever stepped! Tell her 'tis silk she'll be wearin', and goold in her ears, and ye may be as ould and ugly as Tim Hogan at the cross-roods!"

"You haven't a good opinion of the fair sex, Thomas," said Linton, carelessly, for he was far less interested in his speculations than his facts. "Well, as to your own case, — leave that in my hands. I may not have all the influence of Miss Leicester, but I suspect that I can do what you want on this occasion." And without waiting for the profuse expressions of his gratitude, Linton passed on and entered the garden, through which a little path led directly to the door of the cottage.

"At breakfast, I suppose?" said Linton to the servant who received him.

"The master is, Sir; but Miss Mary isn't well this *morning.*"

"Nothing of consequence, I hope?"

"Only a headache from fatigue, Sir." So saying, he ushered Linton, whose visits were admitted on the most intimate footing, into the room where Mr. Corrigan sat by himself at the breakfast-table.

"Alone, Sir!" said Linton, as he closed the door behind him, and conveying in his look an air of surprise and alarm.

"Yes, Mr. Linton, almost the only time I remember to have been so for many a year. My poor child has had a night of some anxiety, which, although bearing well at the time, has exacted its penalty at last in a slight attack of fever. It will, I trust, pass over in a few hours; and you — where have you been — they said you had been absent for a day or two?"

"A very short ramble, Sir — one of business rather than pleasure. I learned suddenly — by a newspaper paragraph, too — that a distant relative of my mother's had died in the East, leaving a considerable amount of property to myself; and so, setting out, I arrived at Limerick, intending to sail for Liverpool, when, who should I meet, almost the first person I saw, but my agent, just come in haste from London, to confer with me on the subject. The meeting was so far agreeable, that it saved me a journey I had no fancy for, and also put me in possession of the desired information regarding the property. My agent, speaking of course from imperfect knowledge, calls it a large — what a man like myself would style — a very large fortune."

"I give you joy, with all my heart," cried Corrigan, grasping his hand in both his, and shaking it cordially. "When wealth descends to men who have

shown their ability to maintain an honourable station without it, the chances are greatly in favour of its being nobly and generously employed."

"How I hope that I may not disgrace your theory," said Linton, "for I am not ashamed to assert that I have fulfilled the first condition of the category. With little else but good birth and a fair education, I had to start in the race against others with every aid of fortune, and if I have not reached a more elevated position, I can say that the obstacle lay rather in my own scruples than my incapacity. I declined Parliamentary life because I would not be a nominee; I had a glancing suspicion that my time would come, too, when, without other check upon my motives than the voice of conscience, I should stand in the British Senate a free and independent member. If I have waited patiently for this hour, I hope I have not abused the leisure interval, and that I may bring to the public service something beside the zeal of one who feels the importance of his trust."

"There is no failure with intentions pure and honourable as these," said Corrigan, warmly. "It does not need your talents, Mr. Linton, to insure success in such a path; one-half of *your* ability, so nobly backed, would reach the goal. And now tell me, if I be not indiscreet in asking some of your plans, what place do you mean to stand for?"

"Our good borough of Derraheeny," said Linton, half smiling. "I am in a measure committed to continue my canvass there, and, indeed, have already entered into securities to keep my pledge. I see these words sound a little mysteriously, but I intend to explain them; only I must ask one favour of you.

hope, before I leave the room, to show that I have, if not a claim upon your generosity, at least a plea to warrant my request. My entreaty is this, that you will never divulge to any one what I shall now tell you."

"Pray, my dear friend, consider for a moment what you are asking. Why make me the depositary of a secret? An old man, whose very years are like 'fissures in the strong keep,' where mysteries should be imprisoned."

"Could I participate in your reasonings, my dear Sir, there is yet enough in the present instance to make it an exception. This is a matter you ought to know for *your* sake, and to keep secret for *mine*."

"Then you have my promise," said Corrigan, frankly.

"I'll be brief with my explanation," said Linton. "When there was a design, some time back, of my accepting the representation of the borough, Cashel offered me his property of Tubber-beg, on terms which very nearly approached a gift. This — though at the time our relations were those of the closest friendship — I refused, but as I had made some progress in my canvass of the borough, there was a difficulty in abandoning the position, and so the matter hung, each hoping that the other would suggest some arrangement that might satisfy both. This fortunate device, however, was not to be discovered, and as, for some time back, our intercourse had become gradually less intifortune." [illegible]nce of such a solution diminished daily.

"I give you[illegible]y the affair stood, when, a couple of [illegible]gan, grasping his [illegible]elt it my duty, as one who really [illegible]rdially. "When we[illegible]a. to remonstrate with Roland on

a circumstance which, without any affectation of prudery, would have gravely compromised himself, and, worse still, another person. It was a case — I know not exactly how to touch upon a matter of such delicacy — enough if I say it was one where a persistence in his conduct must have ended in disgrace to him, ruin and misery to another. Poor thing! she is, indeed, to be pitied; and if there be extenuation for such cases, hers is one to claim it. I knew her as Laura Gardiner, the handsomest creature I ever beheld. Well, well, it is a theme I must not linger on. Cashel, so far from receiving my counsel as I hoped, and indeed expected, resented it with anger and rudeness, and even questioned the degree of intimacy on which I presumed to give my unasked advice.

"I am fortunately a man of cool temper, and so I bore this ungenerous return better than most others might; and seeing that it would possibly be the last occasion I should ever have of giving even unwilling counsel, I spoke to him freely and openly. I told him that his mode of living, while derogatory to the hopes conceived of him, was one that must end at last in ruin; that no fortune could stand his losses at play, and the wasteful extravagance of his caprices. I pressed the matter as strongly as I was able, and represented that his habits bore no reference whatever to his income.

"'It is quite true,' said he, with a sneering tone; 'I cannot readily forget I am chargeable with all these wasteful ways you speak of, nor do I feel that I make any the slightest defence of myself, in regard to habits, *where my generosity* has been as lavish as it has been *ill-bestowed.*'

"'I wish I knew if I understand you aright?' said I.

"'Your comprehension is of the quickest where there is question of a favour to be received.'

"I did not trust myself with any answer to this speech, which I well knew was a trait of his old buccaneer life. I withdrew, and hastening to his law-agent, Kennyfeck, I at once arranged for the purchase of this small property. The moment for me was propitious. They were in want of ready money, and the treaty was completed the same day. There is the title."

As he spoke, he threw down the parchment deed upon the table, and lay back in his chair, watching with intense delight the expression of sadness and disappointment on Corrigan's features.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the old man at last, "how deceived I have been in him!"

"I confess that is what wounds me most in the whole transaction," said Linton, with a mock emotion in his manner. "One is well accustomed through life to meet sordid motives in mere men of the world, and who deem their low-born subtilty, cleverness; but to find a young fellow, beginning life with an ample fortune and a fair position, surrounded by all the blandishments that wealth charms up —"

"Hold!" cried Corrigan, laying his hand on Linton's arm; "I cannot bear this. It is not at my age, Sir, that disappointments like these can be borne easily. I have too short a time before me here, to hope to *recover* from such shocks."

"I would not willingly give you pain, my dear Sir; nor, indeed, is this the topic on which I am most

ıxious to address you. Another and a very different ıterest led me hither this morning; and, although I ave thought long and maturely on the subject, I am ; far as ever from knowing how to approach it. My wn unworthiness to what I aspire recoils upon me ; every instant, and nothing but the indulgent kindness ith which you have always regarded me could give e courage. Forgive me this prolixity; I am like one ho fears to plunge, lest he should never rise again."

"If my estimate of you be correct," said the old an, laying his hand upon Linton's, "the goal must eeds be high to which you dare not aspire."

"It is, indeed, so!" cried Linton, as if carried vay by an irresistible emotion. "To me it means ation, hope, worldly success, happiness, — ay, life elf. I cannot longer tamper with your feelings, nor y own. The ambition of which I speak, is to be our son; not alone in the affectionate love which ready I bear you, but by the closest and dearest ties, be bound to you in the same chain by which she , who owns all my heart and all my destiny."

He stopped as if overcome; and Corrigan, com- ıssionating the agitation he seemed to suffer, said,

"Be calm, my dear friend; this takes me by rprise. I was not in any way prepared for such an ınouncement; nor have I courage to look at its ınsequences; poor, old, companionless as I should ; —"

"Nay, such cruelty was not in my thoughts. It as with far other intentions I became possessed of *e property. It was* in the glorious hope that it *uld be our home* — yours and mine together; not

to render your hearth desolate, but to give it another guest, whose duty would be his title to be there."

"Let me think, — let me reflect on this, — let me separate my own selfish thoughts from the higher ones that should guide me. You have not spoken to my daughter?"

"No, Sir: I deemed the more honourable course to have your sanction: or, if not that, to bury my sorrows in silence for ever."

"There is so much to consider, and I am so weak and infirm, so inadequate to decide. Your proposal is a proud one for any girl, I know it; and we are proud, although poor. Ay, Mr. Linton, poor to very necessity! If her affections were engaged by you, if I saw that your high qualities had made the impression upon her that they have on me, I own this offer would delight me; but can you say this is the case?"

"I hope, Sir, I am not indifferent to Miss Leicester. The humble fortune which has restrained me hitherto, and prevented my prosecuting an attachment to which I felt I had no claim, exists no longer. I am independent in means, as in opinion; and, however conscious of my personal unworthiness, in all that regards station and condition, I'm in a position to satisfy you. I only ask your sanction to address Miss Leicester, to know, in fact, that if I should prove acceptable to *her*, that *you* will not look unfavourably upon me?"

"This appears most candid and fair on your part; and it is a time when we must both use candour and fairness. Now, Mr. Linton, there are circumstances which at this moment involve me in considerable difficulty; I cannot enter into them just yet; but they

may offer grave obstacles to what you propose. I will, therefore, beg of you not to press me for my answer. I see this delay is displeasing —"

"Nay, Sir, I am ready to yield to anything you suggest; but is it not possible that my assistance and advice might be of service in these difficulties you speak of?"

"There is another point, Mr. Linton — and I know you will think better of me for all my frankness. Are your friends — your family I mean — aware of this step of yours; are you certain of their concurrence in it?"

"I have few relatives living, Sir," said Linton, reddening; "but I can answer for their participation in all that so nearly concerns my happiness."

"This evening, then; come to me this evening, then," said Mr. Corrigan, "and you shall hear my sentiments."

"This is most kind: I can ask for nothing more," said Linton, and with a most affectionate pressure of the old man's hand, departed.

END OF VOL. II.

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